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A FAMILY FLIGHT

FRANCE, GERMANY, NORWAY, SWITZERLAND

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
1969

MARY HORNER AT INTERLAKEN.

A FAMILY FLIGHT

THROUGH

FRANCE, GERMANY, NORWAY AND SWITZERLAND

BY

REV. E. E. HALE AND MISS SUSAN HALE

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON:
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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CHATEAU OF MAISONS.

A FAMILY FLIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

ARE YOU READY? GO!

"HERE is Tom!"

It was certainly the fifth time that this question has been asked since breakfast. To the somewhat excited apprehension of Mr. Horner, it seemed the twentieth. For Mr. Horner, though a man of affairs, was a little thrown off his balance, now.

"I don't care where he is," said he. "Let him stay with the newsboys, if he wants to."

The occasion was the filing under sheds, between piles of oranges and cotton bales, newsboys and draymen, of a procession, male and female, old and young, which tumbled out, both hands of everybody full, from carriages on the street, and in disorderly order came in sight of the black hull of the *St. Laurent*, on the outside of the landing-sheds of the Compagnie Générale Trans-Atlantique. This procession was the Horner family, leaving New York for Havre. Tom was the youngest of this family; and he had now disappeared for the fifth time since breakfast.

"Never fear for Tom," said Philip, who had risen to the emergencies of a departure, and allied himself to the side of authority. "Never fear for Tom, I will see to him as soon as I leave mamma's things

in her state-room. This way, mamma. This way, Bessie. Papa, you are quite wrong."

For Phil had been on board three times already with other boys from

AT THE PIER.

Mr. Newell's school, on one pretext or another, and was proud of being the pilot.

Across the gangway, where even the most timid could not tremble; between chattering French *bonnes* and dirty travelling pedlars; declining endless invitations to purchase rosebuds, neglecting all overtures from white-aproned waiters, who wished to take from him his mother's umbrella, camp-stool, novel, Bible, and plaid which, at the last moment, Phil had taken in charge, he threaded the way through the large, dark saloon. He pushed between a box of Apollinaris water and a steward with a tray, carrying champagne; he threw open a state-room door, and said with exultation, "There!" This was the large and spacious apartment of which Mrs. Horner had heard so much. Alas for human expectations and the limitations of language!

A "ROSEBUD" BOY.

"Now," said Phil, "I will find Tom."

In Jacob Abbott's travelling directions the instructions for finding a lost boy are these: "Look for him where the monkeys are." These directions Phil remembered. But there were no monkeys within a mile of the pier. Phil thought of the steerage passengers.

He ran down the pier to the place where they were buying their tin mugs, and the rest of their outfit.

For, if you be a child of the public, and travel in the steerage, Europe requires none of the long preparations which luxury exacts. If you are so fortunate as to travel as the masses do, you say at eleven o'clock, "I think I will go across, and see the old folks!" You take an Eight Avenue car up-town, for five cents; you run to the ticket office on the pier, as if it were the ferry to Jersey City, and you buy your ticket there. There is a woman handy at a bench, who will sell you a tin mug, a towel if you need, a basin if you are particular, and a brush and comb if you are luxurious; and having bought these, you go on board. As you cross the gangway, the man in charge cries, "All ashore!" the landsmen leave the ship, and you cross the ocean and see your father. For the Horners, alas! because they were more luxurious, more preparation had been necessary; and so it was that they had lost Tom, and that Phil was in search of him.

But Phil's first dive for Tom was wrong. He was not buying a tin cup nor a wash-basin.

"Here's your nice oranges, seven for a shilling," said a stout woman holding an orange in one hand, and opening a paper box with another.

Phil did not lose his temper, but asked if a little boy had bought oranges. Not a boy had been near the place.

Phil looked for an officer. Nobody but the uniformed men of the steamer were to be seen. They were amused, interested, but stupid; and spoke no language to any purpose, but French.

Phil tried the boys selling newspapers, also, but they were amused, and did their best to sell him. He tried a bootblack with no better luck.

At this moment, a very portly policeman in full metropolitan

uniform, strutted with dignity through the spectators and idlers, and touched the gangway man with his baton.

A BOOTBLACK.

"Go and call the ship's doctor!"

The first mate was standing close by, and quickened the man who was underneath: "Vîte, vîte; par ici!" he cried out, pointing to the upper deck, where the doctor was standing. The policeman turned slowly up, saying quietly to the Frenchman, "The boy has broken his leg."

Phil's heart sunk within him. But he rushed up through all the sheds,—jostling porters and expressmen, and steerage people with indifference,—came out into the sunlight, and there was master Tom, sitting on an upturned bucket, with a little dirty baby lying across his knees, whose mother, on her knees, was washing the child's face.

In fact, nobody's leg was broken. That was the policeman's exaggeration. The incident was well-nigh exhausted. Tom had not been able to resist the temptation to help these people out from the furniture wagon which had brought their trunks. The baby was rolled in the mud by a big dog. Tom went into the mud for him, as his costume well indicated. And when Phil led him from the scene in triumph, he was more dirty than he ever remembered to have been before.

"Here's your *Sun*, — *Herald*, — *Express*, — *Graphic*, and all the late second editions, for a quarter!"

"Here's your seven fresh oranges for a shilling!"

"Here's your nice new cups — no soft soder about them — towels, and basins!"

"Please take some flowers," said a shabby girl, courtesying.

But Phil resisted all these syrens.

"Come across the forward passage here, Tom! I can clean you before mamma sees you!"

Actually, the boy succeeded in leading his muddy brother to their state-room undetected. In a minute Tom's valise was open; he was bidden to dress himself in his "next better-most" clothes. Phil loitered on deck, as if unconcerned, just as Mr. Horner was adjusting his wife's arm-chair. Mr. Horner had already forgotten that Tom was lost.

ONE OF THE FLOWER GIRLS.

But Mrs. Horner said, "Oh, Phil, are you there? I was afraid you were lost too. What have you done with Tom?"

"Oh, Tom is in our state-room, mamma. He will be up in a minute."

Thus did the prudent lad save his brother from one reprimand.

"That's better than could be hoped," said his mother. "When they asked for the doctor, I was afraid Tom's neck was broken."

One worry had driven out another, and the boys found, not for the first time, that Tom's absence had not been so much noticed as it really deserved; the cause of anxiety now was the non-appearance of Miss Augusta Lejeune.

"I knew it would be so," plaintively said Mrs. Horner. "My plan was a great deal better, that she should spend the night with us and be all ready to start in the morning. To be sure, she hates an early breakfast."

"I never could find out," said Mr. Horner, "why we had it an hour earlier than usual, as the boat does not start till twelve."

"My dear, we should never have got here, if we had had a minute less time," rejoined his wife.

He looked at his watch. "It is only half-past eleven," he said. "She is sure to be here."

They were all anxious, though. The two girls, Mary and Bessie, stood watching the streams of people passing up the gangway, hoping to catch a glimpse of Miss Lejeune, while they kept up a desultory talk with their cousins, who had come to see them off, and who stood about without much to say, beyond envying them the trip, and urging them to be sure to write. The moment is too confused for deep thought or the interchange of serious sentiment, and it is hard to fill up the time with frivolities.

At last there seemed an unusual movement at the passage way nearest them; the buzz of voices, laughter, and gay chattering; and Miss Lejeune appeared below, escorted by two or three gentlemen and one or two ladies, all carrying bouquets or parcels.

"Here we are," called Philip, leaning over the rail. Miss Augusta looked up and nodded, and with her escort joined them above in a few moments.

"Well, Augusta, I knew you would be late!" reproachfully said Mrs. Horner.

"My dear, there is half an hour yet, but I did mean to be here sooner. It is so hard to get away, though! And we had a lovely breakfast. See all these flowers! What shall I do with them? Mr. Strain, do not hold them any longer. Put then down anywhere.

TRINITY CHURCH.

Has anybody seen my ship-chair? Oh, thank you, Mr. Horner; how thoughtful! Here it is, close by the others. Are we all here? Where is my friend Tommy?"

At this precise moment Tommy appeared from below. A vague thought passed through his mother's mind that those were not the clothes she had seen him in last; but the idea was diverted by talk and introductions, and last words to all the friends.

Mr. Agry, the partner of her father, had a great deal of teasing with Bessie, by way of farewell.

"Now, Bessie, what do you expect to see abroad that will repay you for going?" he asked.

"Oh, a great many things," said Bessie, rather embarrassed.

"Such as what? Come, now," he persisted.

"Well, mountains and churches—" the child began vaguely.

"Churches! now I will venture to bet with you, Bessie, a pound of the best sugar-plums you can buy in Europe that you do not see a single church finer than Trinity church, in New York."

"I do not believe I know how Trinity church looks," replied the frank Bessie, blushing. "I must have passed it ever so many times, but I do not look at these things much."

The laugh was against her.

"Take care and buy yourself a new kind of spectacles," said Mr. Agry, "or when you come back you will not know whether you have gained your bet or not."

Bessie promised to look particularly at churches in all the cities she should visit, and it was agreed that the first thing on her return, Mr. Agry was to take her to thoroughly inspect Trinity church, and pronounce upon its architectural merits, compared with the cathedrals of the old world.

CHAPTER II.

ON DECK.

AND now they could begin to see what wisdom and what folly combines, in a space not large, as three hundred people from one continent leave it for another.

Pretty Miss Wither reclined in her chaise-longue, and received the homage of her admirers, who came to say good-by, while tired Mrs. Wither, her mother, sat bolt upright beside her, and received very little homage. One young gentleman had brought a splendid nosegay, of fifty jaqueminot roses. Another, more modest, had brought fifty white lamarques. Miss Wither, gracious to both, had one in one hand and one in another. Then blushing Mr. Jourdan, more demonstrative, brought fifty moss-roses, and Miss Wither, still trying to be equal in her courtesy, was fain to lay the jaqueminots in her lap, that she might have a hand free for the moss-roses. Young Mr. Macullar sauntered round the group, quite indifferent. But the others all looked as if they would eat him, because he was going on the ship, and would be perpetually in Miss Wither's presence, while, alas! their nosegays would certainly fade. And fade they did; but one, she had promised to keep, lasted longer than the rest.

On the other side the deck was more tragedy. There, sweet, pale Mrs. Lampe, in her widow's cap, was kissing, — she could not kiss often enough, — Agatha and Laura, who were on their way to Wiesbaden to see the grandfather and grandmother whose dear faces they knew so well, but whom they had never seen.

"There's the boy! there's the boy!" cried Mr. Macullar. "This way, this way, quick!"

The boy was bringing Mr. Macullar's hat-box, which had been en at the Windsor.

"Has any one seen a man or a boy from the druggist's at the corner of Twenty-Sixth street?"

This question was drawled out to Phil by an old lady, who, at the last, had telephoned for toilet-powder.

His brother Tom joined him, after his rapid toilet, and, dashed a

HER FAVORITE ROSE.

little by Phil's brief but solid exhortations, which, to say truth, affected the boy more than his father's or mother's did, he kept quite closely

glued to him through the half hour which remained to them of America.

Of a sudden the horses on the pier were checked and drawn back, and eight or ten policemen, in a column of two, pressed forward. Two of these men took possession of one gangway, two of another. They would let no one pass either way. Even the orange-men and newsboys, impressed by the spectacle, stopped their clamor and gathered around the gangway, to look on. The commander of the policemen spoke to the mate of the ship, and in a moment more, four of them, with as many men wearing the ship's uniform, were hurried on board.

ORANGE WOMAN.

Phil and Tom were highly excited, and ran and called their father.

"Clearly," he said to them, "they hope to find some fugitive from justice, or some man or woman who is trying to escape to Europe; probably some thief who has stolen valuable property." And as the boys looked on and wondered, they saw, in a minute more, that no one below was permitted to come up to them; that no one on their deck was permitted to go down; no person aft was permitted to go forward, and no person forward, to come aft. In a minute more the captain of the policemen, who wore a newer cap and more gold lace than the others, passed

the guard at the companion way and came upon their deck. He touched his hat civilly, two or three times, as he passed gentlemen whom perhaps he knew; he looked very carefully at every one, not coming near to anybody. Then he strode by the boys upon the bridge, and looked down on the forward deck. Alas! in a moment all was over. From the depths of the ship up came a gabbling French sailor in his red shirt sleeves; and behind him followed the poor prisoner, with a parcel done up in a newspaper containing his possessions, and the policeman who had arrested him following the two.

"That is the man," said the officer hastily. "I am much obliged to you, captain."

Then he called to his men below, "Take him to the station! Good-day, sir; good-day, sir," and things began as before.

"Here's your seven oranges for thirteen cents!"

"Here's your *Sun* and *Herald!*" and the boys were left to wonder what had been stolen and what the prisoner's name was. Nobody knew, and, excepting themselves, nobody cared.

And now, very soon, people who were particularly afraid of being carried to France without their own consent, took leave. Miss Lejeune's friends bowed and shook hands; there was much kissing of the two ladies who had accompanied her, and a few last words in a low tone.

"You know, if the lace is eight inches wide it will do. I had rather have the pattern just right, than the width. Still, nine inches is better, you know."

"I know, my dear, exactly what you want; and then I am to give it to the Smiths if they are coming over; and if they spend the winter I shall easily find some one else."

There were plenty of well-wishers for each of the party. Phil's friends and Tom's were, alas! ignominiously caged in their respective schools, where the masters, tyrants that they were, could not be made to say that the sailing of the *St. Laurent* was an occasion of sufficient national importance to justify a holiday. But many of the girl friends of Mary and Bessie were there. And one by one they took Phil aside, and pressed on him little notes for Bessie which he was to keep secret, one till the fourth day, one till the fifth, and one till the

sixth of the passage, when they were to be put on her plate at breakfast as a surprise. And, lest Phil should forget, Tom received presents of barley sugar and candied fruit, in return for which he gladly promised to remind Phil. But Phil said, rather grimly and quizzically, that he thought he should remember better than Tom.

Thus there was much chaffing and laughing, but Miss Lejeune, even, was beginning to get tired of it, and Mr. Horner, who was unusually nervous on this occasion, and rather fussy, was bored by all these admirers. He heartily wished they would carry themselves off.

AT THE GUN.

"There is a bell!" he said pointedly, and true enough, something did sound somewhere. Every one started, and the parting-guest-speeders gathered themselves together with renewed hand-shaking and kissing, and promises to write. If the Horners had written all the letters they then agreed to, they would have had no time, through the year of their absence, to go anywhere, or see anything.

The friends now disposed themselves in favorable positions on the pier, for waving of handkerchiefs and other solemnities of good-bye. More hardy people, who had done the same thing often before, waited with audacity, till they should be ordered on shore by the officers. The sailors were at their posts. Few carriages came down the pier, and it was fairly still. For every cabin passenger had come half an hour early, and the steerage people came by street cars, and walked down the pier. But a messenger would hurry up with flowers, or an expressman

with state-room stores which had been delayed. And at last, with great fuss and display, came the gaily painted wagon with Uncle Sam's mails. These were bundled on board with much more parade, Phil thought, than the occasion justified. When they were fairly hidden away, Mr. Agry seemed to think the time had come.

"Give yourself no anxiety, old fellow," he said to Mr. Horner, as he gave his hand the last shake; "it will be all right."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Horner," as he turned to her. "If your husband writes a line about business, put it into the fire; if he says a word about it, kill him."

"One kiss, Miss Mary," to that young lady; "you are looking better already."

"Don't forget a yellow feather for your bonnet, Bessie. Rue Tom Dick and Harry, Numéro 99, remember." This was some further nonsense between them.

"My dear Miss Lejeune, why did not you ask me to come? I would have exploded dynamite under the offices, killed all the clients and customers, and joined you gladly.

"Phil, my lad, good-bye; you are the only level-headed person in this crowd. Do not let them work too hard, and take Tom to the Zoo.

"Tom, I heard you were lost, but you seem to be all right. Good-bye, all! Good-bye!"

"All ashore! all ashore!" cried the officer in good French-American dialect.

Mr. Agry ran ashore. The gangway rolled on shore. The bell rang, the whistle sounded and the screw turned slowly. Phil saw, with a certain reverence, the great piston slowly rise. In a moment he and Tom were on the bridge, and the others resting on the rail. Their handkerchiefs were flying, the school-girls on the pier were waving theirs. They could see Mr. Agry tie his upon a stick.

"Are you sick, yet?" cried Emma Fortinbras to Mary, as she waved her parasol. Everybody laughed at Emma's joke, and these were, as it happened, the last words which America addressed to the voyagers.

Phil staid on the bridge till the last handkerchief was out of sight;

to his surprise and disgust, as he put his own away, he found he was wiping fresh tears from his cheeks. How they came there he did not know. He led Tom to see the man at the wheel.

And so in less than half an hour, the pier was deserted.

A few people to whom the parting was a serious one, since those who now left them were going for a long time, perhaps never to return, lingered at the edge of the water to follow the receding steamer, as, after turning her huge bulk with difficulty, she was under way, and moved off with dignity through the heaving waves. When the long line of smoke was utterly confounded with the masts and confused lines of distance, even these with a sigh turned away, and slowly walked back through the empty warehouses to busy Broadway.

BUSY BROADWAY.

CHAPTER III.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

MARY was not very well in the spring. They took her out of school for a while, but she missed the society of the girls, and went back again. Her eyes troubled her when she was over a German dictionary, but she did not think of it when she was reading the novels which would get into the house, although Mrs. Horner did not altogether approve of any of them, and especially not of the fine print of cheap editions.

Decidedly Mary read too much and played too little. She was growing fast, and felt a little superior to the sports of the children, while she found herself shy and silent in the society of older people. She took no interest in breakfast, was apt to be late in the morning, and after looking with scorn upon the cold toast and warmed-over chop, to hastily drink some milk, snatch an apple for luncheon and start off for school, in a state of mind described as "cross" by the younger children. Her mother, having compassion on her, did not call such hard names, but thought this would never do, turned it over and over in her mind, and consulted her friends.

"Why don't you send her abroad," said a chance visitor.

"Don't you think it would be well to send her abroad?" said an elderly friend of the family.

"Change of scene," pronounced the family doctor. "Send her abroad."

In fact a chorus of voices filled the air, echoing, reverberating the advice "send her abroad."

Now this is a very dangerous influence to creep into a family. It soon pervaded the atmosphere, and undermined the stability of

the very foundations of the house. There began to be a feeling that perhaps Mary would go abroad, which unsettled the routine of every day. After such an idea was admitted, anything might happen. The very suggestion had given a little extra importance to the girl. She carried her head a little higher, and the color, too rare of late, showed itself in her cheeks. Almost without discussion it came to be an established fact that Mary was to go abroad, but the how, when and where, were still a mighty problem to be solved.

There was in the circle of the family a certain person much valued and considered by them all, young and old. She was not a relative, although called aunt Gus by the younger children, Augusta by the parents. She was supposed to have been an intimate friend of mamma's, ages ago, in that mystical period when she was a girl. Papa seems to have taken kindly to her at the time of his marriage to mamma, and since then she gradually became built into the family. She did not live with them, but in another part of New York, very independently, in rooms by herself. For aunt Gus was not married, but a spinster; one of that valuable class whose merits are growing more and more to be appreciated as the world grows older, and they grow younger; since it is a singular fact that whereas such persons used to be called "old maids" they are now acknowledged to possess the advantage of perennial youth.

Miss Augusta was highly accomplished, well-informed and agreeable. She had been abroad several times, and spoke several languages, "well enough to get along," as she herself expressed it. The very first thing Mrs. Horner thought of about Mary's going, she confessed to her husband, would be to have Augusta take her.

But would Augusta go again and leave her cosy little apartment, all her charities and philanthropies, her book-clubs and cook-clubs, her Decorative and Useful Arts, her tiles and her embroideries? For Miss Lejeune dabbled a little in everything.

Miss Augusta would go. She would sell her shares in the Arizona Smelting and Mining Company, and go with that. It was now five years since she had tasted Europe, and she would like to try it again, and besides she felt it a duty to relieve poor dear Jeannie

MARY HORNER.

of her worry about Mary. Jeannie was Mrs. Horner. Persuade any single woman that a pleasure is a duty, and she is secured for it.

And now about the heads of the Horners, came tumbling avalanches of advice, suggestion and warning. Guide-books and maps poured in, as it were, at the doors and windows. Experienced travellers talked to them by the hour of what Mary must and must not do, as if the future of the American nation depended upon the arrangement of her plan of travel. Long before they had really begun to think what she should do, or where she should go, or how long she should stay, all these things had been discussed and decided by friends and relatives, far and near, who thus had themselves all the pleasure, and none of the anxieties, of planning the trip.

Mr. Horner contemplated these ominous symptoms rather gloomily, although he had assented at first to the plan. He was very fond of Mary, and liked to have her about. He had never been abroad, and had an idea, perhaps exaggerated, of the size, and especially of the depth, of the Atlantic ocean. On general principles, he disapproved of American girls travelling, and he professed a vague fear that Mary might be snapped up by some foreigner, — by which he meant matrimonially.

But who can resist the attraction of travel, when it once is in the air! Miss Lejeune came round in the evenings, and different routes were discussed. Little time-tables of steamers were lying about, and the conversation turned frequently on the respective merits of the different lines. Mr. Horner was all for a Cunarder. He had always heard they were so safe, and a number of wise saws of the same description, as that Britannia rules the seas; that the English steamers are the best in the world; that the captains sit up all night and change the watch themselves, and that speed is not so important as a steady keel. He was even a little disposed to have them go to Boston and sail from there; since the Boston Cunard steamers, being smaller and dirtier than the New York ones, would be in proportion safer.

Miss Augusta Lejeune, on the otber hand, was in

White Star line. She had been put off with Cunarders, — yes, once even with a Boston Cunarder, — all her life, on account of the safety, and had always longed for a White Star. The reputation of this line is more established every year, and really it was ridiculous in her estimation, to doubt its safety, and to allow such doubts to outweigh the great comfort and enjoyment of the clean, big state rooms, and well-ordered management.

Thus they talked; but as it happened, Miss Augusta even now failed to go by her favorite White Star line. There seemed to be no real reason for going first to England, as one of their settled wishes was to get soon to Paris. The Horners liked to please themselves with the idea that so much outlay and expense was for the benefit of Mary's languages, as well as of her health; it appeared, in one sense, to be a waste of material to be travelling in England, where no dictionary is needed. Miss Lejeune had spent a good deal of time in Paris, and felt more at home there than in London, and then the Stuyvesants were in Paris, old friends, who would be delighted to have Mary come straight to them. And so they one day decided to "cut the little island entirely for the present," as Miss Lejeune expressed it, and to take a state-room in the French steamer *St. Laurent.*

In this way they would avoid crossing the channel, and if they chose to stop at Brest, they would avoid the channel altogether. This was Mr. Horner's proposal, whose feeling was that every drop of the ocean was one drop in the bucket too much; Miss Augusta held her peace, knowing pretty well that when they were fairly on the voyage, twenty-four hours more or less would not make much difference, and that Havre would prove to be, most likely, their destination. Miss Augusta hated so much discussion, though she bore it pretty well. "If only once we get off," she thought a dozen times a day, "we can settle everything as we please."

One thing being established, their steamer, plans began to take a definite aspect; and the delightful task of adopting and rejecting became the sole occupation of the little circle. *Pater familias* was getting interested. He talked Europe with people

ALSO AUGUSTA LEJEUNE

BACHARACH.

down town who convinced him, by turns, of the absolute importance of a great many things. One day he came home full of the Fair at Nidji Novgorod, which they must not miss whatever they did; another time he brought the prospectus of a pension in Bacharach.

a small town in the western part of Bavaria, where they could talk the language, and learn more than by any amount of travelling.

On one particular day Mr. Horner came home with an air of something unusual about him. He got through dinner talking less than ordinary, and when towards the end, the children slipped off as they usually did, especially if the pudding lacked attraction, even Mary on this occasion, though she of late stayed to talk with the elders, going away to prepare for a concert, —

"My dear, —" said the father of the family, and then paused.

"Well, what is it, Philip?" said Mrs. Horner. "I see that something is on your mind."

"Well, Jeannie," he continued, then paused again; but added with a jerk, "Brown thinks we had better all go!"

"All go!" repeated Mrs. Horner in amazement.

There was no question in her mind about the words, though they might seem to require amplification. "Go" meant "go abroad" and "all" meant the Horners, *en masse*. The subject had so filled their minds of late that there was no room for any other.

Mrs. Horner gasped a little, and then said calmly, "Why not!"

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT CAME ABOUT.

THUS it was settled that the whole family should go abroad, and this is why they were all to be found on the deck of the steamer *St. Laurent* in the first chapter.

The plan once admitted, excellent reasons were found to cover each member. Mr. Horner needed a change. Stocks had been rising and travelling is always a safe investment. Its dividends are good health and good spirits, funds of information and retrospect, without mentioning photographs and carved work, or the clothes from Paris which are brought back in the trunks of the returning tourists.

BESSIE'S BEST DOLL.

Bessie was delighted. In the original plan, nobody had much thought about her interests. She was one of the plump, easy-going children, whom no one thinks much about, because they have a knack of looking after themselves. She was a year younger than Mary, perfectly well, per-

fectly good-natured, quiet in her movements, and prone to accept the existing order of things. So she had not grumbled at "all the fuss," as she might have called it, about Mary's health and Mary's trip; but now it was decided that all were to go, her round face beamed like a full moon; she immediately set about packing a small box with her favorite dolls,—for she was one of the girls who kept up her affection for dolls, even to the age of thirteen, and promised herself that pleasure until she should be married.

The oldest son of the family was named Philip, but as this was his father's name, he had come to be called Jack, very generally, no one knew why, exactly. He at once recognized the advantages of a long holiday, and total freedom from school. More than any of the rest, he dwelt on the pleasures of the voyage, and looked forward with impatience to the trip on the steamer. His mother had to caution him, in private, not to talk too much about this part of it before his father, who detested the sea and boats of every description, who visibly flinched whenever he thought of ten days on the steamer, and wished they could wait till balloons, or a tunnel, were invented for crossing the Atlantic.

Master Tommy rejoiced in the general excitement, and that something was going to happen. Mary told him he would have to learn French, or he might starve if he got left by himself anywhere by accident; he therefore applied himself to acquiring the French names for things to eat, but his slight lisp, and heedless ear, prevented any very rapid progress in the language.

It was feared that Miss Augusta Lejeune might not altogether like the change of plan; but she did.

"To tell the truth, Jean, it is a great relief," she said to her friend, as soon as they had a chance to talk it over.

"After the first glow of assenting to go with Mary, I have been torn with anxiety!"

"You worry!" exclaimed Mrs. Horner, "what nonsense; as if single women ever had any real worry."

"I mean on account of the responsibility," continued Miss Lejeune, "if Mary had been homesick, or ill, or anything. Now, you can take

care of her, and besides she will not be; and if any admirers make up to her, you can take care of them."

Mrs. Horner laughed: "No, I think I shall leave that department to you. You will know best how to handle them."

"Ah, my dear," replied Augusta, "that is what I want to say now. As you are all going, I think I may as well stay at home. I was the what-do-you-call-it, round which we built the arch, but now it is done, you may as well take me out."

She said this lightly and pleasantly, but before her sentence was half through, Mrs. Horner began to interrupt her, hastening to say:

"What nonsense, Augusta, we were afraid you might begin to talk like that; but we shall not hear of it. Philip says he should not think of going without you, and I'm sure I shouldn't. We have neither of us been abroad, and we depend upon you entirely, and as for the children —"

More was said of this sort, and it may be that Miss Lejeune only felt the need of being urged a little; for she soon gave in, only ending the subject by saying as she laughed, "Very well, then, I go in the capacity of female courier to the party."

After this all was bustle and joy for the children, and bustle and misery for the parents. The servants all gave warning at once, though the greatest pains had been taken to shut the door whenever the subject was to be discussed; but Tommy admitted telling his nurse that he was going to Africa, he believed, one Saturday night when she was emptying his pockets.

The house, which was advertised to be let, was overrun by applicants coming to look at it, whose only real object seemed to be finding out what was kept in the closets. When it was let, which luckily happened at once, it had to be put all in apple-pie order, and every housekeeper knows what that means. Mrs. Horner was quite worn out.

But the worst of all was the advice of friends, which had indeed begun very early in the matter, and the quantity of comforts for the voyage which poured in upon this travelling family. Mary received four brush-bags, three shoe-bags, seven catch-alls, and nine omnium-gatherums, all to be nailed on the walls of her state-room. The other

members of the family got almost as many, and while they were trying to persuade themselves that they would all be useful, Miss Lejeune roundly ordered that every one must be left at home, as superfluous on the voyage, and a perfect nuisance after you got anywhere.

POOR MAMMA.

Some of the things people gave them however were good. An india-rubber bottle with a screw-top, to hold hot water for the feet, Miss Augusta said one day might go, "although," she added, "I never need any of these things, but you may some of you be sick."

Mr. Horner left the room, as he always did when the voyage was mentioned. The others laughed, and Mary said, "poor papa! I feel as if I were dragging him to the stake."

"Never you mind," cried Miss Lejeune, "he will like the stake well enough when he gets to it; I dare say it will be still harder to bring him home again!"

The fact is that for the Atlantic voyage, which after all is but a matter of ten or eleven days, it is unwise to encumber the small staterooms with superfluous things. Take of course everything you want, but why accompany your toilette on these days with machinery which stands untouched on your dressing-table, year in and year out? If a sea-passenger is sick, the very sight of these decorations of the cabin is odious to him, and it is a burden to have to move them about when they are in the way, as they always are, of his tottering steps. If by good luck he is well and jolly, the last thing he desires is to stay one minute longer than necessary in his cl[illegible]ffy state-room. The deck is the goal he longs for in the

morning when he hears the water splashing and slopping about over his head, as the sailors are scrubbing it down. A brief, though thorough toilette, is all he can stay for, in his haste to reach the bracing breeze above, for a brisk walk of several turns up and down before breakfast.

Thus discoursed Miss Augusta Lejeune, the wary old voyager; but she allowed the excellence of a few things, sea-chairs on the deck, lots of wraps and rugs, a good novel or two, and above all a bottle of smelling-salts, the kind called "Preston" being her favorite.

"My dear," she said to any "dear" in general who might chance to be on hand, "you can have no conception of the immense number of bad smells that keep coming. There are periods when every smell seems to be a bad one, and then, if you can just put your salts to your nose for a moment you tide over the sensation, and very likely you are all right again."

Mr. Horner was so much impressed with this that he ordered a gross of smelling-salts of the kind she described, and thus each member of the family was supplied. Miss Augusta herself had an imposing bottle with a gold top, which some one had given her for her first voyage; but she declared that the common ones were much better, as indeed they were.

A flower-pot, containing a tall and branching plant, a sure preventive of sea-sickness, the gift of an anxious admirer of Mrs. Horner, was left at home. A miniature edition of Shakespeare in thirty-seven volumes, was left out of the state-room valise, and it is feared never crossed the water. Bessie petitioned hard for her favorite game of Authors, consisting of fifty cards, and Miss Lejeune reluctantly yielded this point.

"But you will hate them," she groaned, "when the ship is rolling some day, and every one of the fifty cards comes sliding down from the shelf into a different place under the sofa." And this prediction was verified, on the third day out.

On the whole, the packing and preparations went on very well. As soon as the decision was made for a general departure, an early time was fixed for sailing. Luckily the French steamers were running not

very full at that time and excellent state-rooms were secured for all the party in the *St. Laurent*, sailing October first.

It was not without much discussion, and inspection of different lines, that Mr. Horner made the difficult decision in favor of this one. Where

AN EXCURSION STEAMER.

all are so good, chance is perhaps the best guide in selecting. Miss Lejeune sighed as she thought of her beloved White Stars, but her

familiarity with the French steamers, in one of which she "had crossed" before, consoled her.

One of the steamers was at the wharf at the time they were making up their minds, and Jack and Tommy went with their father to inspect it, and see what kind of accommodations there were for the passengers. It was a beautiful day, the harbor was full of ferry-boats and excursion steamers, the sea rough, but sparkling and bright, tempting them to cross the Atlantic at once. The boys gazed with awe at the immense size of the hull, and with wonder at the extreme smallness of the cabins; the two were to share one state-room, and they were a good deal impressed with the limited space to put all their things. Jack, who had a reflective turn, went home, and considerably reduced the pile of indispensables he had set aside to be packed for him. Tommy, who never reflected at all, described joyfully the ladder by which he was to ascend to his upper berth.

The day came. It was fine. The tide served to sail at noon, so they had all the morning before them. Mr. and Mrs. Horner, the girls and Tommy, were packed into the carriage, while Jack mounted with the driver. This was because Mrs. Horner, turning nervous at the last, could not bear to be separated from her family. For the same reason, the luggage, twelve large trunks, and the three portmanteaus for the voyage, followed close on behind in an express wagon. Miss Lejeune was to meet them at the boat (a horrible arrangement, Mrs. Horner thought), but it could not well be otherwise, as she was receiving a parting breakfast from a few of her intimate friends. However she was sure to be there in time.

So they drove off, the neighbors looking out of windows, for it was quite a procession, the servants waving aprons and smiling, the cook shedding a few natural tears. Ann, the nice woman who had been with them for years, came out to the carriage with an armful of wraps, tucked the mamma into her place, poked handbags under the seats, scolded the girls a little, gave a final tug to Tommy's coat and shut the door with a bang. The impatient horses departed at the sound.

They started off down the street, the family looked back waving and

nodding. Ann seemed to be making frantic signs to the driver. Something must be forgotten. With infinite pains he was induced to stop; she screamed out to him:

"Be sure you don't miss the boat."

That was all.

And he did not.

NEIGHBOR AT WINDOW.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE.

THEY were off. The pier looked in the distance like the smallest speck, and waving handkerchiefs were indiscriminate among masts and smoke. Even the fondest love could descry no further sign of the vanishing friends, and the passengers now turned to see what could be made of their present surroundings for consolation or amusement.

There is a sad element in the departure of a steamer, even when you are accompanied by all your household gods. Mrs. Horner sat with her handkerchief near her eyes. The girls stood quietly by her side. Tommy and Jack were with their father at the stern of the ship, the former leaning over the side to watch the churning of the screw upon the foamy water.

Miss Lejeune was already scanning the deck, to find out, if possible, the nature of their fellow passengers, and the chance of agreeable companions, but not much was to be learned as yet, for only a few were scattered about upon the seats. Almost every one was below, "shaking down" into the cabins; and, to create a diversion, she proposed that they should follow this example. Hand-bags, shawl-straps, bouquets, were now assembled, and an inspection was made of the premises. Nothing could be more convenient than the arrangement of their state-rooms, the girls close to their mother, the boys not far off, Miss Lejeune near at hand.

On the French steamers, the *salle à manger* stretches across the stern of the ship, with windows all round, just under the upper deck. This brings all the state-rooms down below, opening on long narrow passages running the whole length of the vessel. There are no deck state-

rooms, but those below are large and comfortable, each with a sofa which may be a third berth.

Mrs. Horner privately thought them very small, and could not imagine why the term "large" had been used in their description. She wondered how she could ever get through ten days in that "mite of a place," but decided she should pass most of the time on deck. Alas! that day was not over before she was glad to come back to her cabin, and it was some days before she made a regular appearance in the dining-room.

STERN OF STEAM-SHIP.

But it is not worth while to dwell on the early sufferings of the Horner family during the voyage. Suffice it to say that after three days they were all acclimated, and ready to enjoy the delightful life on the ocean waves. Miss Augusta is never sick; her example, and the salt water plunge bath which it is always possible to have on the French steamers, kept the two girls well up to the mark. Mary, the delicate, was the one who minded least the motion. Bessie—but we are to say nothing of that. As for Mr. Horner, it was wonderful how he enjoyed it. All his dread of the mighty Atlantic vanished. He was the first on

deck in the morning, the gayest of the party at breakfast, and always all day in the best of spirits. Freedom from routine and the cares of business was, most unexpectedly, so great a relief to his mind, that his wife began to think the great merit of the trip was going to be this renewal of his youth and spirits.

One morning, about four days out, our party assembled for the first time in a bevy on deck, in the place where it afterwards became their custom to establish themselves. It was the first appearance of Mrs. Horner. She was carefully installed in her sea-chair, and tucked in with wraps. Now was the time to put to use all the travelling appliances given her by anxious friends. The india-rubber hot water bottle was at her feet; a patent air-cushion at her back, a knit head-rest behind her, a crochet affghan on her knees, an embroidered shawl upon her shoulders; a marvellous sea-hood protected her ears, an uncut French novel was on her lap, and the celebrated Preston salts in her hand.

"Now, mamma," said Mary, "you look like the typical traveller, "and we shall leave you for our usual exercise on deck."

Mary already had a soft color in her cheeks and looked gay and animated. Bessie was waiting for her below, outside the saloon window, and the two started off, to make the whole length of the deck to the bows; no slight excursion, and excellent exercise when repeated half-a-dozen times or more.

"That old lady has come out of her state-room, and is sitting in there," said Bessie. "I was going in to write some more on my letter, but she looks so pale and miserable, I guess I will leave her alone."

"Oh yes, come along and walk," said Mary. "You will have plenty of time for your letter."

Mr. Horner settled himself near his wife and Miss Lejeune, who was sitting upright without any wraps or veils, closely buttoned into a thick tightly fitting jacket, with her book at her side and her knitting in her hand. A strip of plain knitting, about four inches wide was the inevitable companion of Miss Lejeune. Yards upon yards fell from her rapid needles. No one knew what became of the stripes. She always said they were for an affghan, but the affghan

was never seen. She now began, in a low voice, to point out some of their fellow passengers, and to describe them, as far as she could,

BESSIE.

at present. Tommy came and sat down at his mother's feet, and Phil lingered about to join in the talk.

"Those people are Germans," said Miss Augusta; "odd they should

be on a French steamer. I think they are Jews. See the diamonds! That fat one is the mother of the little ones, I think — their noses are so exactly alike, all of them — but I guess the daughters are by another marriage, for they don't treat the mother very well.'

MR. LEVI

"There's the father," said Jack. "He is named Mr. Levi. I heard the steward call him so."

The captain was walking up and down upon the bridge, a stout man, with a gold band round his cap.

"He is real cross," said Tommy. "I fell against his legs once, and asked his pardon, and he did not say it was no consequence."

"Did you try him in French, Tom?" asked his mother.

"See," said Jack, "I think that is a very nice family sitting over on the other side. They are near us at table, and they seem very jolly, now they are over being sick."

It was all very bright and pleasant on deck. The sun was shining, a soft wind was blowing, but it was not too cold with wraps. The gentle thumping of the screw came in like an undertone suggesting steady progress, with the wash of the water along the sides of the ship. The sea was covered with bobbing little waves, and all around, in every direction, nothing was to be seen but the great round world of water, and the bright glowing sky shutting down over it. Sails in the distance, and as yet birds occasionally, were the only objects to be seen, except the plunging porpoises that sometimes followed their course, humping their curved backs out of the water, like a school of submarine boys turning somersaults.

MARY'S FIRST SKETCH.

On the deck of the *St. Laurent* all was tranquil. Little groups of passengers chatted together, enjoying the scene, counting the bells, which strike every half-hour, and either dreading or longing the approach of luncheon time.

Mary even attempted, in her sketch-book, a few studies of attitudes in charcoal, without much success.

"That reminds me," said Miss Lejeune, "that I have made an acquaintance at dinner, and I want to show him to you. We have had our end of the table quite to ourselves once or twice, and had a good deal of talk. He is Mr. Hervey; don't you remember the Herveys we met at Mount Desert once? They are Boston people,

MT. DESERT.

I seem to remember, and I should think so by his accent; in fact I believe they have the very best Boston grandmothers. Anyhow he is agreeable, and is apparently alone, but perhaps all his party are below."

Pretty soon Mr. Hervey came along, and was introduced all round. He proved to be the very man with whom Mr. Horner had smoked

the first cigar he ventured upon. They were soon laughing and talking of the miseries and comforts of the voyage, and before it was clearly understood how things got so far, Tommy was perched upon the new gentleman's knee. For Tommy, though he was getting a big boy, retained some of the habits of a baby.

Mr. Hervey proved a valuable addition to their party. He was alone, and confessed he liked travelling alone, and picking up his companions as he went along. Mr. Horner liked him. They shared those mysterious rites of smoking and shaving and discussing stocks which occupy men when they are left to themselves. Mrs. Horner liked him because he was nice with the children, and for

BRUNO'S ESCAPE.

the same reason he was liked by the children themselves. Mary, the reserved and dreamy, and the easy-going Bessie, alike took him into favor. Philip thought he was "splendid," and Tommy must

have bored him dreadfully, for there was no moment when he was not close at his heels. But he never betrayed any such feeling, though he had a skilful way of disengaging himself when he chose, by attracting the boy's attention to something far off on the ship. Very early in their acquaintance, he introduced the young people to the live-stock in the forward part of the steamer. There were cocks and hens, turkeys, lambs, and an immense great dog not allowed to move about, but shut up in the charge of the butcher. It is quite surprising how often he reminded Tom of these animals, and fostered the interest which Tom readily got in their welfare. Perhaps the butcher did not enjoy it as well as the others did at their end of the ship. There was some little stir one day when our young friend let the dog loose, in the interests of humanity, and as a member of the S. P. C. A., so that he rushed up on deck and came suddenly in contact with the legs of a second class passenger, who was taking his first walk after sickness, and rather unsteady. It took several sailors, and a good many minutes, to secure Master Bruno, and put him back in his place. Tom prudently retreated from the scene, and never was actually known, though suspected, to be the author of the mischief.

It is well to be able to record that none of the party were very seriously affected by sea-sickness, and that after some days every one was in good condition to enjoy the fine weather and the excellent table of the *St. Laurent*. They readily fell in with the French system which is in use on the steamers of this line.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BELLS.

EVERY morning Michel, the steward, brought a cup of coffee and a crooked Vienna roll to the berth of each of the ladies. Michel was a vivacious, lean little Frenchman, clad in dark blue, with alert and softly gliding steps, who fulfilled the duties of a chambermaid very adroitly, making the beds, tucking in and turning down the blankets, with more than the skill of a woman.

In France, the Horners got used to seeing this, but at first this man-maid was an anomaly. Michel was very obliging, and it was cheering to have him come in every morning, with his *plateau* and "bon jour!"

A good comfortable breakfast at nine or later, and dinner at four, were the meals of the day. There was lunch at some time between, but the Horners, except Tommy, seldom went down to it, preferring to pass the long day on deck, and here after dinner they again assembled, having the coffee brought to them then. And this was the pleasantest part of the whole, comfortably digesting a good dinner, reposing on well arranged chairs and pillows, with plenty of wraps, to see the day pale and the stars come out, chatting gayly or quietly on all possible subjects. Every one was surprised to find how agreeable every one else was; there was plenty of time to talk and think, and discuss, which is seldom the case in our busy American life.

At four bells in the evening the little party broke up, for only Tommy was sent off earlier. Mrs. Horner and the girls went to bed at once and slept like tops. Mr. Horner smoked a final cigar, at this time, while Miss Lejeune and Mr. Hervey had a way of stopping

in the dining-room for a Welsh rare bit and a bottle of Apollinaris which they both declared was the very best thing to go to bed upon.

The business of the bells and dog-watches was a fruitful subject for talk. The boys understood it at once, the girls got at it after many explanations; Mrs. Horner did not pretend to understand it, and Miss Augusta asserted that it was useless to try, because "they" changed it so often, a statement Mr. Hervey pronounced unfair, seeing the system was invented by Columbus, and had been used ever since his first voyage without the slightest change.

Tommy was a little puzzled by this, but Philip and Bessie told him afterwards that once for all, he had better believe nothing that either aunt Gus or Mr. Hervey said when they were "chaffing."

"You can believe papa always," said Philip, "and mamma too, only she does not know much."

"And Mr. Hervey," added Bessie, "when he is alone; it is only aunt Gus that makes him tell lies."

The real fact about the bells is that they are planned for the benefit of the sailors, and not for the passengers. The intention is to divide the day of twenty-four hours, into six watches, of four hours each. The bells strike every half-hour, first ONE, then TWO, till they reach EIGHT, which of course takes four hours, and then they begin again. At noon, when eight bells strike, is the time they are most generally noticed by passengers; at half-past twelve, the light stroke is little perceived. Two bells at one o'clock, suggests to many a biscuit, a tumbler of iced champagne and a nap, and so on through the day, each set of bells has an association that long after the voyage is over, comes back with the familiar sound. There are two places, one near each end of the ship, where the bells are struck, so that one set is heard first. then the other, remote and faint like an echo.

So much seems easy to understand, but now comes the dreadful subject of the "dog-watch." The watch means six different sets of sailors who are on duty by turns, for four hours at a time. It would not be fair to have the same set always on duty at night, which is the most disagreeable time, and so they change the order by making

two half-watches instead of one long one, between four and eight P. M., thus:

Eight o'clock, P. M. is eight bells.
Midnight, twelve o'clock is eight bells.
Four o'clock, A. M. is eight bells.
Eight o clock, A. M. is eight bells.
Noon, twelve o'clock is eight bells.
Four o'clock, P. M. is eight bells again.

But the sixth watch only lasts two hours, from four to six P. M., and the seventh, also two hours, from six to eight; so as there are only six sets of men the time of watching is uneven, and never the same.

The daily variations of time caused much talk among the children, and indeed the older ones were sometimes puzzled in trying to explain these subjects clearly. Bessie had a little watch which had been given her as a parting present, and as it was her first, she took much pleasure in winding it up and consulting it. She did not like to "jog it ahead" as Jack urged her, half an hour every day, and so it grew more and more behindhand, until it was really easiest to tell time by the bells and verify it by the watch.

"The fact is," she said, "we are cheated out of half an hour every day. To-day we breakfast at nine o'clock and dine at four. Day after to-morrow we shall seem to be doing the same thing, but in reality we breakfast and dine a whole hour sooner. So the day we start we breakfast at nine and dine at four, but the day we get there those hours will be four o'clock in the morning for breakfast, and eleven o'clock for dinner."

"You will have the hours made up for you going home," suggested Miss Lejeune, "then you have to wait half an hour to catch up with the bells and it seems very long."

"Don't speak of going home!" exclaimed Mary gayly. "I wish we were going all round the world in this very steamer."

Her mother groaned gently. Although her ill feelings were over she was not fully reconciled to the motion of the ship; but it was a great pleasure to see Mary so soon recovering her good spirits.

The seat at table next to Bessie was always vacant through the first week of the voyage, but on Sunday, after all were seated, there was quite a little stir in the dining-room as a majestic old lady sailed in, followed by her maid carrying a cushion and wraps. This was the old lady she had noticed before, Mrs. Chevenix, making her nineteenth trip across the Atlantic. She was gorgeously arrayed in a lace cap with scarlet poppies nodding at one side, and a cashmere shawl was drawn over her shoulders. A delicate girlish color, suggestive of rouge, mantled her cheeks, and the light puffed curls on her brow were marvellously black. She was led to the vacant seat by Bessie, and the young Horners gazed at her with awe and amazement. The captain, who spoke but little in general to the others, saluted her with great deference, and she at once began a lively French conversation with him across the table.

"You can leave me, now, Mary," she said to the maid, who had been adjusting the cushion to her back, and a foot-warmer at her feet. "I shall do excellently now. I mean to make an excellent dinner. Everything is sure to be *au meilleur* on a French ship, and *garçon*, tell them to send me a bottle of *vin extraordinaire*."

She looked about graciously upon her companions, and even put up her glasses to scan them more closely, whereupon:

"You have forgotten me, I fear, Mrs. Chevenix; I am Mr. Hervey Mr. Clarence Hervey, of Boston," said that gentleman.

"Ah! my dear sir, not at all; delighted!" replied the old lady. "I should have recognized you at once, but I am so *myope*, you know; absolutely nothing without my glasses."

Mr. Hervey now introduced the Horners, and a great deal of amusing talk followed; for Mrs. Chevenix was still a delightful woman of the world, very agreeable, in spite of her affectations. She told a number of her adventures on previous voyages with great spirit; but alas! before the salad was removed, an unfortunate lurch of the ship was too much for her; she turned pale under her rouge, and moved back hastily, calling:

"Mary! I must have Mary!"

Mary Horner, who was remarkably quick and observant, sprang

forward at once, and half-supporting the old lady with one arm around her, led her quickly to the door of the *salle à manger*, where the faithful maid, who was not far off, received her, and bore her away to her state-room.

After this Mary Horner became a great favorite with Mrs. Chevenix, who soon recovered from this last little attack of sea-sickness, and took her place regularly at meals, entertaining the whole party by her vivacity and shrewd remarks.

Otherwise, they made few intimacies, but many acquaintances on the ship. There was a shy and awkward young man named Buffers, who hovered about the girls a good deal, and finally gained courage to join them in their walks up and down the deck. He had a small moustache, which he fostered much, and a cane with which he was not yet very familiar; but when they came to know him, Bessie did not laugh at him very much, and Mary pronounced him to be a nice boy.

MRS. FREEMAN.

There was a pretty woman travelling alone, Mrs. Freeman, who received a great many attentions from all the gentlemen on board, until one of them grew so devoted as to drive away all other aspirants. She was said to be a widow, and he was said to be a rich bachelor. It was hoped by all observers that it would be a match, and the assiduities of the gentleman, and the coyness of the lady, were much watched and criticised.

Tommy found several boon companions of his own age, who bade

fair to make existence miserable by tearing up and down the stairway, climbing booms, and endangering their lives by hanging over the rail; but the discipline of the ship was strict, and elders were in the majority, so that the nuisance of a horde of ill-disciplined children let loose upon a steamer, was happily escaped. Strange to say there was no boy of Philip's age, which kept him much with his sisters, and in the society of his father's friends.

Thus the voyage drew quietly towards its end; an exceptional passage, every one said, in regard to weather, for they had no storm, and only a few days of drizzling rain. That it had been remarkably pleasant, even Mrs. Horner was willing to allow.

On their approach to France, the question came under discussion, whether they should land at Brest, or go on to Havre. As Miss Lejeune had anticipated, it was easily decided for the latter course. Not only most of the passengers, but the pleasantest ones were to keep on to Havre, and it seemed a pity to break up their agreeable party till the last moment. As it happened, the stop at Brest was made in the middle of the night, a few travelling agents were put on shore in a boat, and the rest saw nothing of the place, but the next day steamed along the channel with a fresh breeze, and some distant glimpses of the rocky coast of northwestern France.

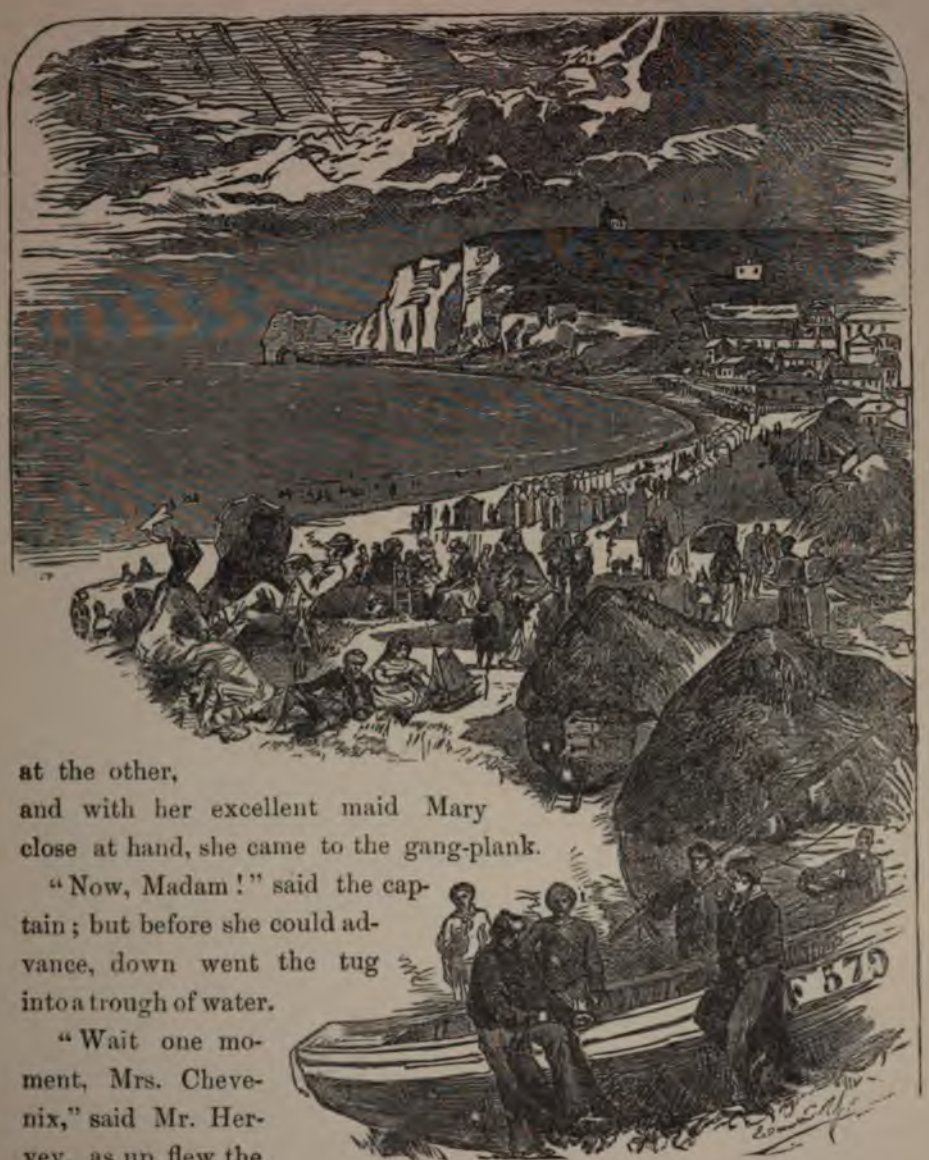
CHAPTER VII.

THE ARRIVAL.

IT was low tide when the *St. Laurent* came to anchor, and it was necessary to land by means of a tug which came alongside of the steamer for that purpose. Being Americans, all the passengers were in a hurry to get off, and each one wished to be the first to leave the ship; they crowded about the gangway long before it was time to go. There was a good deal of wind, and the harbor was full of little waves, which kept the tug bobbing up and down, so that now it was high up above the level of the steamer, and now down below, and it was no easy matter to keep the plank between the vessels steady long enough for the passengers, one by one, to cross.

Our party stood a little aside, watching the exodus with some gloom. Much as she had longed for the end of the ten days and for *terra firma*, Mrs. Horner wished now she need not leave the dear *St. Laurent*, all her fear of the sea returning which had been forgotten during the prosperous voyage. The boys longed to spring upon the tug, and were only kept back by moral and physical suasion. "No hurry," "there is plenty of time," their mentors were obliged to keep saying; they were forced to content themselves with watching those who went before.

Among the rest came dear old Mrs. Chevenix, of whom they had become very fond at last, she was so good-natured, in spite of her little foibles, which they began by laughing at. Mr. Hervey sprang forward through the crowd to help her; she was quite stout and rather blind, and decidedly timid. With the captain, who himself deigned to show her this attention, at one elbow, and Mr. Hervey



THE COAST OF NORMANDY.

at the other, and with her excellent maid Mary close at hand, she came to the gang-plank.

"Now, Madam!" said the captain; but before she could advance, down went the tug into a trough of water.

"Wait one moment, Mrs. Chevenix," said Mr. Hervey, as up flew the tug in their faces.

"Now!" "Not yet!" "Now! now!" were the directions following close upon each other, till it seemed as if years went by, before the plucky old lady was deposited in safety on the grimy, smoky little boat, which looked like an impudent little puppy, after their big

Newfoundland of a steamship. The Horners followed close upon Mrs. Chevenix and Mr. Hervey, and the latter, turning quickly as soon as he saw she was safe, succeeded in swinging the ladies across from Mr. Horner, who stood on the steamer. They all joined Mrs. Chevenix, who was in high spirits at her prowess, and very talkative.

"Very polite, that captain, and you too, Mr. Hervey; always trust a Frenchman for gallantry to the ladies; but I told him that was the worst landing I ever made, and he ought to have it attended to. With all the talk about the docks at Havre, it is a pity you can not get into the country without being drowned and breaking your neck. But that is the French all over, they are all for *la gloire*."

Bessie did not see the connection in these remarks, for she had not paid enough attention to the old lady to understand her style.

The tug went puffing and bobbing on its way, and they could enjoy the sunset light on the water. A packet, crossing the channel from England, swept along, from which the passengers had evidently been watching their late struggle. The people at the bow of the little steamer all looked fresh and in good order, as if the dreaded channel had not kept up its reputation for roughness.

Land was soon reached, but the trials of the party were not yet over. The stone docks are very magnificent, but very steep, especially at low tide; there is a long flight of steps, very damp and slippery at first, built into the stone rampart. It had taken so long to get off the steamer, that it was already growing dark, and very grewsome it was to climb one by one the many steps which led to the top; but at last it was reached. The children, dazed and bewildered with the jargon of a new language, and by the sudden change from their sea life, could hardly now take note of events. Philip said afterwards the only thing he remembered was the queer feeling of a real bed, at the hotel where they passed the night. He felt the motion of the ship more now than at any time since the beginning, and, in fact, it was two or three days before any of them were wholly rid of it.

No time was to be wasted at Havre. Miss Lejeune and Mr. Hervey

ON THE PACKET.

cast longing eyes in the direction of Trouville sur-mer, only about half an hour off, and told the girls some amusing tales of that gay watering place. As the train which they intended to take did not

leave till afternoon, a part of the family strolled about the city, saw the statue of St. Pierre, the author of Paul and Virginia, and the many modern, not very interesting, buildings of the handsome town. Far more amusing Philip found it, to look into shop-windows, and to stare at the strong muscular horses, drawing heavy loads.

The first foreign town in one's experience seems very foreign, even

HAVRE FROM A DISTANCE.

if it is cosmopolitan and modern. The commonest sights and sounds of the street are strange and new, and it is these that at first absorb the whole attention. Tommy was amazed and awed. He walked along silently, holding pretty tight to his father's hand.

Tommy did not practice his French in Havre but once, when, left alone with the *garçon*, who was arranging the tray with coffee and eggs in their *salon* in the morning, he said to him rather softly, "*Parlez-vous Français?*"

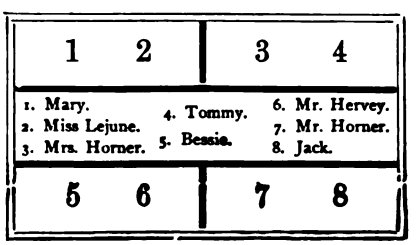
The waiter did not notice the question at all, he was so busy with spoons and cups, and Tommy was glad he did not, especially when the man, tapping immediately afterwards at the door of Mrs. Horner's room, said with a strong Irish accent:

"Breakfast is ready, mum.'

Everything in the hotel struck them as odd; the windows and doors *à deux battants* opened like folding-doors, never shutting very tight, but with a tremendous clang, with handles like corkscrews, large and clumsy. This waiter was an amazing creature, who climbed countless stairs with a tray on his shoulder, containing coffee and cups and long beams of bread, and *oeufs à la coque*, which was all they were allowed for breakfast. They could have ordered beefsteak and even buckwheat cakes; but this subject had been talked over before, and they all agreed with Miss Lejeune's advice, viz: not to carry their national habits about with them, but to do, in each country, as its inhabitants do. Their life on the French ship had accustomed them somewhat to the plan of a light breakfast. They also prepared themselves manfully for going without iced-water without grumbling, till they reached again the land of Tudor and refrigerators.

Mr. Hervey very simply fell into their party for the present. He joined them in the morning, went with Mr. Horner to look after the luggage at the *Douane*, and, indeed, was of great service, from his knowledge of French and travelling. The French of Mr. Horner, like many another *paterfamilias*, was that of the classics, rather than of daily life. He could recite you pages of Phædre, and was familiar with the *Code Napoléon* in the original, but to call suddenly in French for a bootjack, was beyond him.

It was not long before they were in the train, flying express from Havre to Paris, and, once for all, it may be here described how they usually shook down into their compartment. Mrs. Horner and Miss Lejeune in the seats of honor, the gentlemen opposite them, and the children appropriating the win-



dows. Of course there were changes from time to time in this arrangement.

It worked very well, though not previously planned, that their number just filled a railway carriage; and this they owed, among many nice things, to the addition of Mr. Hervey. There is, to be sure, something to be said on the other side. A large party, filling up one carriage, and always together, is shut out from that contact with other travellers, which is a source of much amusement, and often great pleasure, to a smaller one. But this cannot be helped, and the compensation is being free from the annoyance of disagreeable intruders. On the present occasion, as the train was very full, at a way station a French woman was crowded in upon them, in spite of their number. She was very voluble, and full of apologies. She had a parrot in a

ST. OUEN, ROUEN.

cage in one hand, and she put a basket under the seat, which, she afterwards explained, contained kittens. She would have told her

whole history to Miss Lejeune, who was the only person who could understand half what she said, but that another place was found for her by and by, in a "third class," where she belonged.

She left the travellers rather discouraged about their French, but Mr. Hervey assured them that she talked a *patois* that nobody could understand.

With this exception, their whole attention was turned to the scenery from the windows, as the train hurried them along through

ROUEN.

a level, somewhat monotonous, but very pretty country, looking "just like pictures of France," as Bessie observed. Long rows of poplar trees, or willows, and far-stretching fields with neat little houses on them, were all delightfully different from Springfield and Hartford. The trim, well-ordered condition of the road-bed, the tidy little stations, almost always surrounded by neat, bright patches of flowers, enchanted and surprised them; they amused themselves by trying to pronounce

the funny names of the stations, as they flew by the white boards on which they were painted. The quiet and method, the absence of hurry, so different from the bustle and confusion of travel in America, even now began to impress them, and to tell upon the nerves of the elders, giving them a feeling of repose, even while in motion.

The trip from Havre to Paris is only five hours, direct, and they had decided not to stop at Rouen and see the cathedral, while resolving to do so later. Many travellers have made this resolution, and failed to come back, but it is not possible to turn aside for every monument on the road, and Paris is a magnet that draws, with a steady pull, those who are set towards it.

ROUEN FROM THE RIVER.

So they contented themselves with the pretty view of Rouen, from the river, as they crossed the Seine.

It was nearly dark, as they drew near Paris, but not enough so to prevent them from seeing everything distinctly, and the sunset light gilded the windows, and spires, and little bits of water, making them

sparkle. There was real excitement, which they need not pretend to hide, for all were in harmony, and they had no wish to appear bored or indifferent, as they approached the great capital of the world, which has been so often the centre of human interest. Crossing and recrossing the Seine, they caught glimpses of St Germain, and saw and heard the names of places they had been reading about all their lives; before they could take it all in, through tunnels and by bridges, and over and under streets they found themselves at a standstill in the gare (or station) of the Rue St. Lazare.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEAR PARIS.

IT was dark; the station appeared vast, strange, and gloomy. Our party was hustled, with the rest of the crowd, into an immense dreary barn of a place, where they sat upon a hard bench, to wait for the inspection of the luggage. The gentlemen hovered about near them, at the same time watching their chances of identifying their trunks. The first thing had been to secure outside a small omnibus which would contain them all.

All over Europe the system of baggage checks, used in America, is unknown. Good Americans wonder why it is not introduced universally, and perhaps it will be, one of these days. Meanwhile, at every arrival, it is necessary for each passenger to go and pick out his own pieces. The boxes are all brought and tossed down upon a long sort of counter, pell-mell, as they are in our stations, only a big, separate room is devoted to them, with the hard bench running round it. Each trunk must be identified, and, what is more, inspected by the Custom House officer, and marked with a white cross, in chalk. This inspection does not amount to much, in the case of a long train full of trunks, like the present, and the whole affair passes off more quietly and quickly than might be supposed. "There is no hurry," is the great lesson which Americans begin to learn the moment they go out of their own country.

Twelve trunks to be found and identified, seemed like looking for a whole paper of needles in a hay-stack, in all that mass of big and little luggage; but thanks to the red and yellow bar, and other conspicuous signs, Mr. Horner got his things together, crossed off, and away, in not much more than half an hour, which they were

told was surprising luck. Mr. Hervey, meanwhile, had found his own convenient little valise, and they now went to their omnibus, which seemed just a pattern for them. While the tired and timid Horners sat within, the powerful French porters piled the luggage on top of the omnibus, climbing up by a little ladder. As each great trunk crashed down upon the slight roof, they started, and it was indeed an alarming sight to see such a pile upon so apparently slight a foundation. But it appeared to be a mere matter-of-course to the porters; there were, indeed, no Saratogas, and not much sole-leather. So they rattled off at a brisk trot, and heard, for the first time, the click of horses' feet upon the Paris asphalt, driving through the narrow streets to the broad and brilliant *boulevard*, now all lighted

BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

with streams of gas, within and without the shops, and columns of electric light. Gaiety, light, movement, are the characteristics of Paris. New York, which follows fast in its footsteps, has not reached yet the air of joyous living which pervades the French city. Even at this hour, people were sitting at the little tables before the *cafés* ordering ices or *absinthe*.

On arriving at Havre, Mr. Horner had found a letter telling him

that his rooms were engaged, as he wished, at the Hotel du Rhin, Place Vendôme. He had then only to telegraph the hour of his arrival, in order to be expected at the right time. So now they travelled down the brilliant Rue de la Paix, and round the column to the opposite corner, and under the archway into the odd little court of the ancient hotel.

WAITER.

Here Mr. Hervey left them for the present. He was to put up, much against his will, at the Grand Hotel, on account of a business appointment there. Promising to see them often, without any more definite arrangement, he drove off alone in their omnibus, leaving them to shake down in their new quarters.

The Stuyvesants, who were the chief friends in Paris of the Horners, lived in an apartment in the Rue Joséphine, which is one of the streets of the newer part of Paris, and quite at a distance from the Place Vendôme. But urged by their mentor, Miss Lejeune, the Horners wisely decided to place themselves in the heart of the city, near the shops and theatres, the river and bridges. The hotels are old, and without modern conveniences for the most part, but that in itself makes them more foreign than the modern apartments, which are too much like New York houses to be amusing for their novelty. The older part of the town is more essentially French, and foreign than the other, and therefore "a great deal better fun." So the narrow entry and stairway, rather dirty and not very well lighted, pleased them more than a splendid modern hotel entrance would have done. For that, they should have gone to the Grand Hotel, whose immense courtyards, with wide stairways, elevators, fountains, gilding and mirrors, remind an American of a New York hotel, and fail to give that impression of novelty and antiquity combined, which we ask for in Europe.

So they found themselves soon in a pleasant *salon*, which formed

the chief room of their apartment, sitting down to a comfortable little dinner brought to them there. Doors opened from this room, on either side, into bedrooms for Mr. and Mrs. Horner and their daughters. Miss Lejeune appropriated a pleasant bedroom near at hand, although not *en suite*. The boys, to their great glory, were relegated to a room *au cinquième*, by themselves. This was the first time that Tommy had ever gone so far from the maternal wing to roost. Philip good-naturedly consented to look after him, and they went off to bed in great state, followed by the anxious eyes of their mother, who feared something might happen to them in that strange hotel. And thus ended the first whole day of the Horners in a foreign country.

The next morning, when the boys woke up, the first thing that met their ears was the click, click, trot, trot, of the horses' feet in the Place Vendôme, on which their room looked. Suddenly followed a burst of music, from a band in the square. They both sprang from their beds, and ran to look out Their window, literally in a French roof, was reached by a high step and window-seat, from which they could conveniently look down, far into the place below, and across to the Vendôme column, just before them in the middle of the square.

"My! Is it not just like our paper-weight!" cried Tommy.

VENDOME COLUMN.

The celebrated Vendôme column has been reproduced, in reality, almost as often as it has in miniature for a table ornament. It was originally built by the first Napoleon, to commemorate his victories, in 1803. It was taken down by the Communists in May, 1871; but

as the fragments were preserved, it has since been again erected.

The statue of Napoleon on top has gone through similar changes. The original one, which he put there himself, made of Russian and Austrian cannons, melted up for the purpose, was taken down by the Royalists in 1814, and the metal employed to cast an equestrian statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf. It was replaced by a monster *fleur-de-lis*, surmounted by a large white flag. In 1831, Louis Philippe caused a new statue of the Emperor to be put on the top of the column, cast of the metal of guns captured at Algiers. This was removed in 1863 to Avenue de Neuilly, and replaced by the present one, representing the Emperor in his imperial robes, and supposed to be just like the original one. The other statue in the Avenue de Neuilly, was thrown into the Seine by the Communists, in 1871.

Such are the ups and downs of the effigies of the great men of France, as well as their own, and the dynasties they represent. M. Maréchal, the proprietor of the hotel where the Horners were, is said to have offered the Communists five hundred thousand francs, if they would spare the Vendôme column. They said: "Make it a million, and we will see." M. Maréchal kept his money, and the column was destroyed.

The boys were so absorbed, half-dressed with their heads out of window, in watching the lively movement of the street, which was full of little carriages and cabs, the sidewalks crowded with people, gay uniforms, maids with caps, workmen in their blue blouses, and all different from the long lines of busy passengers they were used to in Broadway, that they heard no knock at the door, when their father came to call them, nor his voice, until he crossed the room and put a hand upon the shoulder of each.

"Oh, papa! is it not splendid fun! Can we go down there right off?" cried Tommy.

"Dress yourselves first, and stop for coffee at No. 27," replied his father. "After that you can go out, if Phil will take you."

The boys thought the view from their parlor was less amusing than that they had left, for the windows looked upon the street which

leads from the Place Vendôme to the Rue St. Honoré. It is narrow and crowded, and not so gay as the wide square. They found their family, however, refreshed and animated by the sound sleep of the night, and soon Miss Lejeune joined them. The boys were persuaded not to go out till some plan of action had been made for the day; and they were glad of this, by and by, when a tap at the door announced Mr. Hervey, who came thus early to rejoin the party which he had found so attractive hitherto.

"Forgive me," he said, turning to Mr. Horner, "for mentioning the word plans, since you and I are agreed on the two essential rules of travel: First, never to have any; second, never to mention them."

"You are always saying that," exclaimed Philip, rather impatiently; "but I'm sure I do not know what you mean."

"He means, Phil," said his father gravely, "that it is wise in travelling not to allow yourself to be hampered by a plan, made before starting, so much as to lose doing a great many things which may turn up afterwards."

"And then," cried Miss Augusta, "after you have decided to do a thing, do not go and tell everybody, and thus grow tired of your plan before carrying it out."

"However," continued Mr. Horner, "an able general must reveal some plan of battle, I believe, to his troops, before opening the campaign; and I must say I should like to consult with my aids and lieutenants seriously before we advance further. Mrs. Horner thinks," he went on, addressing Mr. Hervey, "that we may as well settle down here for a month or more, before going further, and thus *do up* Paris now. This will accustom us to foreign life, and to the sound, at least, of French; and as we mean to leave the real travelling part till summer, there is no reason for hurrying away from here now."

The young people exchanged glances of delight which was moderated a little as their father went on.

"Miss Lejeune thinks it might be worth while for the girls, at any rate, to take regular French lessons, and perhaps Philip; at all events, we want to have some system in our sight-seeing, and not

devour our Paris like a box of *bonbons*. Many people go away with very little idea of the historical monuments of the city; and yet, in that regard alone, it is one of the most interesting places in the world."

The others agreed. Bradshaw and Murray, maps and plans were brought out, and a deliberation seemed about to ensue, when Mr. Hervey, observing the long faces of the younger ones, said, laughing:

"Do not you think they might begin with a nibble at the *bonbon* box? Let every one go out and amuse himself as he likes for to-day. They can not get lost, if they use their Yankee wits."

The grateful children added their entreaty, and, with the condition only that Tommy should keep with one at least of the elders, and with pocket money in moderation, the four youngest members of the party sallied forth from the courtyard of their hotel for their first expedition in brilliant, bewildering Paris.

HOTEL DE VILLE.

CHAPTER IX.

SIGHT-SEEING.

THE result of these deliberations was, that the "famille Horner" were to settle down for a month, at least, in Paris. They soon fell into a certain routine of life which proved very agreeable. Every morning, after the usual cup of coffee and delicious bread and butter, some out-door excursion to "see sights" was made, either in groups or by the whole party, at noon, or later, they lunched at any good restaurant which happened to be in their way; but generally, every one came home to rest or study during the afternoon. At six, or later, a cosy little dinner was served in their own apartment. Two evenings in the week, a French abbé, M. Burin, accomplished, instructed, and agreeable, came to talk French, and to direct the French exercises of May and Bessie, who found time in the afternoons, to write and learn what he gave them to do. He proved so pleasant that every one was glad to join these French conversations, and he soon came to be considered an important member of the family group. His suggestions were most useful as to the direction of their search after objects of interest in and about Paris, and he sometimes went with them to some favorite point of historic or picturesque importance.

The boys were allowed to be free from regular lessons during this time. It may be thought that too little attention was given to study; but Mr. and Mrs. Horner considered that the monuments of Paris, intelligently considered, were in themselves an education for their children, while the language was surrounding them on all sides. In fact, they tried to keep themselves as much as possible in a French atmosphere; and, though careful not to neglect their numerous Ameri-

BRIDGE OF ST. LOUIS.

can friends. they avoided all dinners and invitations of a simply social character. They went often to the theatre, but otherwise stayed at home in the evening; the rest and quiet were most welcome after their active day; and maps and guide-books, volumes of history and reference covered the tables of their pretty salon, and came out every night for consultation.

Mr. Hervey had not been committed to any agreement to stay as long as they did; no one asked him his plans, and he said very little about them. The Horners understood that he had some busi-

ness, and many friends, to attend to in Paris. Nevertheless, he was not seldom found in their gay little evening-circle, and often joined or led the morning excursion. Boys and girls grew equally fond of him; his presence was felt by all to be an addition, his absence a disappointment.

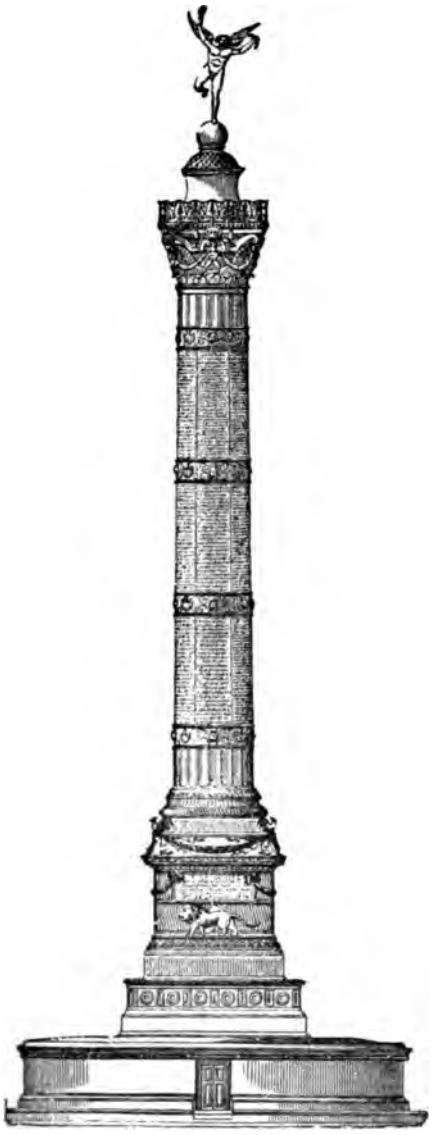
In the excursions about the streets of Paris, the party seldom went in a body. Sometimes Mr. Horner headed one expedition, Mr. Hervey another. Miss Lejeune was often missing on these, which she called

PLAN OF THE TUILLERIES AND LOUVRE.

rudimentary trips, being, as she said, too familiar with many things to care to repeat; so she spent that time in visiting old friends.

Mrs. Horner saved her strength by resting at home nearly every other day. But Mary and Bessie, Philip and Tommy, were indefatigable sight-seers, and often slipped off a second time in the afternoon. They soon got an insight into the topography of Paris, and could find their way easily, even in the narrow and intricate streets, on the right bank of the river, wherever they found the most interest.

Their first excursion of importance was the walk through the boulevards, so wisely recommended by their beloved Baedeker's Guide. A bird's-eye view of old Paris, which shows the bulwarks as they



COLONNE DE JUILLET.

looked before the time of Louis XIV., gave them a very good idea of the old limits of the city, and an understanding of how it came to be thus laid out.

In the year 1670, Louis XIV. had these fortifications which then surrounded Paris, removed, and the moats filled up. In their place a line of streets grew up, ever since called boulevards, and these streets are still as gay and brilliant as the newer ones built to rival them. Starting from one end of them at the Place de la Bastille, and walking to the Madeleine, gives a chance to see some of the most striking features of Paris.

The Place de la Bastille itself is interesting as the place where stood the celebrated old prison of which the children had already heard and read. This building was destroyed at the beginning of the Revolution of 1789, and no sign of its gloom remains in the modern column which marks the spot; but it was easy to call up the vision of the dismal old dungeon, where for more than four centuries prisoners of state were shut up, often for no reason at all but some caprice of government. The column of July is erected over the remains of the so-called July Champions, who took part in the revolution of 1830, which made Louis Philippe king. It is of iron, one hundred and fifty-four feet high, with a figure on top of Liberty, holding a

OLD PARIS.

torch and a broken chain. Near by is the place where Archbishop Affré was killed, in 1848, which again was the last stronghold of the Communists, in 1871.

Walking through the streets towards the Madeleine, they become gayer and gayer, the shops larger, with huge windows filled with all sorts of amusing things. The children took up the plan proposed in Miss Ticknor's charming book, *Young Americans in Paris*, which they had all read and liked very much, of trying to see how many of the things in the shops they could name in French as they passed by. Bessie lingered long before a window full of delicious dolls, dressed to represent a wedding. The bride, a fair young blonde doll, was attired in a white satin dress with a long train; she wore a veil with orange blossoms. The little bridegroom stood by her side in irreproachable costume; the parents, the priest, the bridesmaid and "assistants," as the French say, were all there.

As they came through the Place du Chateau d'Eau, a flower-market was going on. The large square was filled with rows of tables heaped with all sorts of flowers from the country, and although it was late in the season, the variety of bright and gay flowers was great. They passed the Grand Opera House, and the Grand Hotel, and came on through the brilliant boulevard des Capucines to the Madeleine.

THE OPERA.

The three older children, Mary, Bessie and Philip, had made this trip by themselves; for with the help of a plan of Paris, they found their way about easily, and they grew to enjoy more and more these excursions of discovery. Things they found out themselves seemed far more important than those which were pointed out to them by experienced elders; and some historical fact, told by a chance old

woman in a doorway, became far more real than if they had read it in a guide-book.

They were to meet the elders at a restaurant on the Place de la Madeleine at twelve o'clock. For a wonder, no one was very late, and they had a merry lunch together. Philip, in the hope of becoming a connoisseur in such matters, always studied the bill of fare with great attention, and sometimes ordered a dish purely for the singular name it had; as for instance, *potage à la gibier de l'enfer*. He made,

CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

in this way, some discoveries of dishes that were excellent; but in general the Horners found it wiser to order "un bon bifstek," or to confine themselves to the dishes which they knew to be solid and good, from their experience on the *St. Laurent*. They believed in good, hearty, nourishing food, and plenty of it; for nothing is so fatiguing as sight-seeing on an empty stomach. Mary was especially sensitive to these physical conditions, as her appetite was still delicate. When she began to be nervous and a little irritable, Philip was in the habit of saying, "Do be quick, and let Mary have something to eat! She is getting cross." People are not enough aware how much

amiability of temper depends on a good digestion, caused by regular and wholesome food.

It is an easy and short walk from the Madeleine through the broad and straight Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde. The Horners especially wished to see the obelisk of Luxor, which stands in the

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

middle of that square, to compare it with the one just put up in their own Central Park, in New York.

"How different it looks!" was Tommy's first exclamation, and a true one; for although the obelisk itself is much like the one in New York, the pedestal is different, and the rough corners and the crabs which are such an important feature in the mounting of ours, are wanting. The difference is, however, more in the surroundings of the two. The French one looks slight and elegant, but dwarfed at the same time, in the middle of its square, by fountains and statues and high buildings, and appears less at home

than the one in Central Park, standing alone and grand in the midst of simple and natural scenery, away from the noise and bustle of the streets.

The monoliths themselves are very much alike, and the Horner children were pleased to recognize the cartouche of their friend, Ramses II., which they had learned to know at home. The French obelisk was presented to Louis Philippe in 1830, by Mohammed Ali, who was then Pasha of Egypt; in the next year a vessel was sent to bring it home. The task was so difficult that the ship did not return with its costly freight till 1833, and the obelisk was not erected in its present position till 1836. The expenses of the whole undertaking amounted to two millions of francs, and as the obelisk weighs five hundred thousand pounds, it used to be said in Paris that the stone of which it consists, cost four francs per pound.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AT HOME.

While Mr. Horner and the boys, with Bessie, remained in the Place de la Concorde to further recall its historical associations, Mary and her mother, summoning one of the brisk little fiacres which are always to be had at a signal of the hand or parasol, stepped into it and were soon rolling lightly over the asphalt pavement of the Champs Elysées. Miss Lejeune had been standing with them, a little undecided what to do; for an open carriage such as they preferred, only holds two comfortably, though there is a little seat at the back of the driver's box, where a young person like Mary may be precariously wedged in. At that juncture Mr. Hervey was seen rapidly crossing the street towards them, through the many vehicles, horses and passengers that crowd that part of busy Paris. He was looking for the party, knowing it was their plan to meet in the Place at that hour.

"Ah, here you are!" he cried. "I was afraid I should miss you.

LE PARC MONCEAU.

I have been waiting more than an hour for my man with whom I had an appointment for this morning, but as he has not come yet, I determined to cut him."

"How fortunate we did not miss you," said Mrs. Horner; "to meet by chance in Paris seems like looking for a needle in a hay-mow."

"Cleopatra's needle, mamma, is easier to find than most," remarked Bessie, rather pertly.

The Horners did not snub their parents as much as many American children do, but it sometimes happened.

"We are going to see the Stuyvesants," said Miss Lejeune to Mr. Hervey, "will you walk up with me, and join the others there?"

He smiled. "With pleasure," he replied, "but either they must make a very long call, or we must walk tremendously fast."

"I'll tell you," said Miss Lejeune. "Jeannie, you shall drive round the Arc de l'Etoile and get out and look at it, if you like, which will fill up the time, and we will meet you later at the Stuyvesants."

So it was agreed; the driver received the proper directions, and they separated.

CHAPTER X.

A VISIT.

DOUBTLESS the Champs Elysées is the most beautiful street in the world; it is very wide, sloping gently upward, for a little more than a mile, to the Arch of Triumph, flanked by handsome buildings and planted with elm and lime trees. The first part of it is full of cafés-chantants, juggler's-shows, marionettes, and all sorts of gay entertainments, which make it more amusing to walk than to drive. Nurses in white caps pushing perambulators, little goat-carriages containing happy children, girls with button-bouquets, and a constantly moving mass of passengers fill the broad sidewalks, while the street is crowded with gay equipages, high-stepping horses elegantly harnessed, handsome liveries and gorgeously dressed women; for from two to six are the fashionable hours for driving to the Bois de Boulogne, which is reached by this avenue.

These things so absorbed Mary and her mother that on this occasion they hardly saw the palaces and buildings on their way. Dismissing their little carriage at the Arch of Triumph, they spent some time looking at this graceful and and beautiful monument, called the Arc de l'Etoile, because it stands in the centre of a star of avenues which radiate

from it, called boulevards, after the other boulevards, although without the same right to the name.

The first Napoleon meant to erect four triumphal arches in commemoration of his victories. Two, only, have been completed; the one in the Place du Carousel, near the Louvre, by himself, and this one, later, by Louis Philippe. There is a little staircase within the side of the arch, leading to the platform, from which there is a beautiful prospect; but this ascent was postponed for the active legs and easy motion of the boys. Mrs. Horner reserved her strength for the top of the Tower St. Jacques, which gives the best bird's-eye view of Paris, on account of its central position.

TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

The Stuyvesants lived in an apartment directly on the corner of Avenue de la Reine Hortense, with a beautiful view looking directly down the Champs Elysées. Their rooms, to be sure, were *au cinquième*, but the stairs were easy and the situation charming when they reached them, with a little balcony overlooking the street, into which they could look down and watch the carriages and people made small by the distance, and hear the gay trot, trot, of the horses' hoofs on the pavements, and the peculiar cracking of the whips of the Parisian coachmen.

Miss Stuyvesant, the daughter of the house, took Mary out on the balcony, where they rather shyly began an acquaintance, while the mammas conversed within. The ladies were old school-friends, but they had not met for several years, during which time the Stuyvesants had been living in Paris, and had become a part of that large American colony, which stays on year after year, thinking itself on the apex of earthly bliss, but, in fact, having but a dull time of it.

Paris, in the judgment of people like the Horners, is a delightful

place to visit for a time, and the best place in the world to study art, or pursue any special object of intellectual culture; but to live in without any such aim, it must be monotonous, at least, for good Americans who are better employed at home in helping the progress of their young country.

Miss Stuyvesant was a pale, rather pretty girl, a little older than Mary, wonderfully well-dressed, with very little to say, after she had asked a great many questions about the voyage, and regretted repeatedly that the Horners were so far down town, a thing she took very much to heart.

Mary was glad when she saw in the distance Miss Lejeune and Mr. Hervey, coming briskly along towards the house. They, of course, were the only people she recognized, though Miss Stuyvesant could tell the names of a number of ladies rolling along in their open carriages, with bright parasols over their heads. Although it was now late in October, the day was warm and sunny.

"Well, that visit is off my mind," said Mrs. Horner with a sigh of relief, when they were in the street again, "although we are in for a dinner there. I begged Mrs. Stuyvesant to postpone it, however, till we are a little more settled."

"Mamma, I think Mr. Stuyvesant is a great deal nicer than the others," said Mary.

"Yes, that is true," her mother replied; "he is an old friend of your father's and he is very fond of him."

"So you did not get on very well with Miss Emily?" asked Mr. Hervey.

"Well, no," said Mary; "it seems as if I had seen more of Paris already than she has, though I have only been here three days."

"Are you tired?" he asked of the ladies in general; "for if not, it would be a nice chance to see the Parc Monceau, which is only a little way off on this street."

These grounds, which formerly belonged to the domain of Monceaux, were bought by the father of Louis Philippe, in 1778, and laid out in a style intended to be entirely novel, differing from both French and English established notions, so as to surprise and delight the

visitor at every step. Thus the park became at that time one of the most fashionable resorts of the gay world; balls, plays, and fêtes of the most brilliant description were celebrated there.

The Revolution converted the park into national property; at the Restoration it again fell to the house of Orleans, but eventually

PARIS UNDER GROUND.

came into the possession of the city and is now a public promenade; and although not to be compared with the Bois de Boulogne, it has the advantage of being within the precincts of the city. The original fantastic character of the grounds has been to some extent restored, as in the *Naumachie*, an oval sheet of water bounded by a semi-circular Corinthian colonade.

The party were not too tired to spend a little time looking at the rather gaudy, but handsome decorations in the Russian church, which happened to be open on that day, and they then returned to their quiet dinner in their apartment, easily persuading Mr. Hervey to join them.

They found the others still talking of what they had seen; for

they had been walking all the afternoon. They crossed the river by the Pont de la Concorde, on leaving that Place, and saw the Hotel des Invalides, the public buildings along the Seine, the Quai Voltaire with its open stalls of old second-hand books, where book-lovers were searching for bargains amongst a mass of apparent rubbish, and so along the river to the island and Notre Dame. Crossing by two bridges they were again back on the upper side; passed the Hotel de Ville, the Tower St. Jacques and the Louvre, with whose façade they were now very familiar, but whose inside treasures were postponed for the present. This was only a sort of preliminary trip, "to get used to the outside of the places," Philip said. They did go, however, to see the tomb of Napoleon, under the dome of the Invalides,

AT THE BOOK-STALLS.

and all of them, even Mr. Horner, climbed to the top of the Tower St. Jacques.

"Three hundred and ten steps, mamma!" cried Tommy, "and you must go up there."

"You really must though, mamma," urged Bessie, "for it is lovely

HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

up there. You can see everything, — the river and the streets, — it is just like a map; and off into the distance the sky and the sunset are splendid."

At dinner they were all talking, more than listening; but every one laughed when Philip was heard to say: "All the places in Paris seem to be scenes of bloodshed, and monuments put up by one man and pulled down by another. I could be a guide to Paris now. All you have to do at each place is to say:

PONT NEUF.

"This was founded by Louis XIV., and destroyed in the Revolution, rivers of blood, &c.; Napoleon I. restored it; Louis Philippe took down everything Napoleon put up. Then Louis Napoleon made an entirely new city of it, and put N on everything, and then the Communists destroyed all, and there were more rivers of blood."

"That is not a bad account of it, Philip," said Mr. Horner gravely, "but you must not get in the habit of thinking lightly of these rivers of blood, although you hear so much of them at every turn. When M. l'abbé comes this evening, who stayed in Paris all through the

siege and insurrection, he will tell you that it was no laughing matter to witness those scenes."

"It is a pity that the French have such a passion for destroying their own monuments," said Mr. Hervey. "When I remember how magnificent the Tuilleries, the Hotel de Ville and other buildings were in 1867, at the time of the great Exposition, when Louis Napoleon was at the height of his glory, and then see, as we do now, the workmen still busy restoring the ravages of the Communists, I wonder how long it will be before all is to do over again."

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

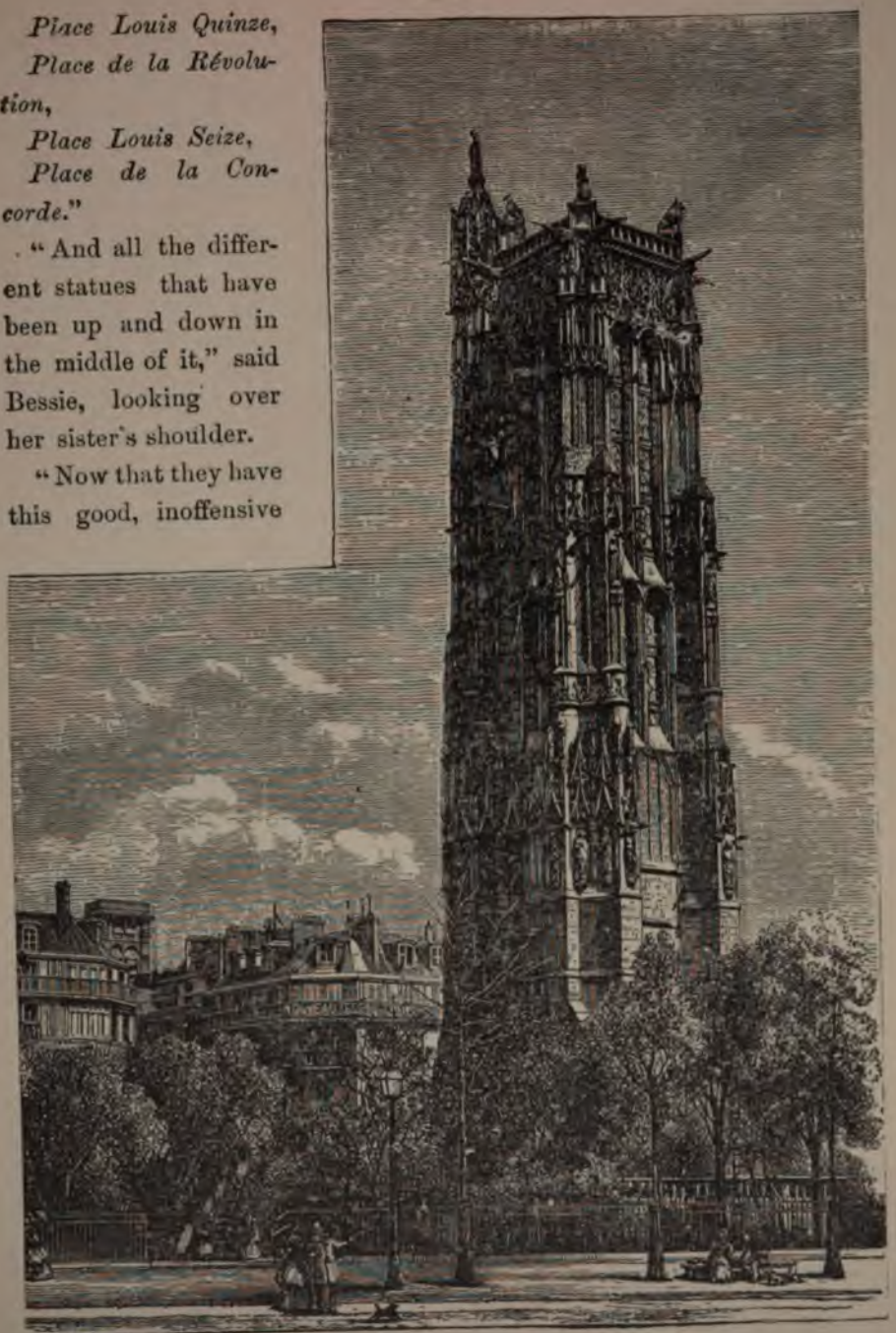
"The French are now building on firm foundations," said Mr. Horner. "I have a good deal of faith in their new republic."

"But only think," said Mary, who had left the table over which the others lingered with nuts and grapes, turning over the leaves of her Baedeker, "how many times the Place de la Concord has changed its name:

Place Louis Quinze,
Place de la Révolution,
Place Louis Seize,
Place de la Concorde."

"And all the different statues that have been up and down in the middle of it," said Bessie, looking over her sister's shoulder.

"Now that they have this good, inoffensive



TOWER ST. JACQUES.

obelisk there, it may be left unmolested, I hope," said Mrs. Horner.

"But, mamma, they have had a fight there since, in the Communists' times, but 'notwithstanding the violence of the conflict, the obelisk fortunately escaped injury.'"

It was late; Mr. Hervey said good-night, and all retired to sleep soundly.

STEAM TRAMWAY.

CHAPTER XI.

VERSAILLES.

AS the weeks went on, the elder Horners were pleased to find that without a system of study too rigid, the children were beginning to learn something more definite about the history of the country they were in, than they had ever acquired from the books they had read. Paris itself is a record of the alternating periods of splendor and ruin, of which France has been the scene; and in the blank spaces left by monuments destroyed, as well as in those that remain, may be read the changes that have swept over her.

In but little more than two centuries has France, and especially Paris, gone through so many reverses, and been the scene of so many triumphs and so much suffering. In 1643, Louis XIV. began to reign, and in 1875 the Republican constitution was *finally* adjusted, — if any importance may be attached to this word. In the meantime the English people have quietly, and, with but little bloodshed, dispossessed their Stuarts, and established the House of Hanover upon the throne; and in the meantime, the United States has been born and grown up to be a lusty and self-asserting member of the company of nations.

It was now the last week in October, but the weather continued soft and lovely, and the Horners availed themselves of it for excursions out of Paris, knowing well that in November such trips would lose their charm. One of the pleasantest of these expeditions was the day they spent in Versailles, which they reached by the tramway, thus getting their first experience of a French steam-horse-car, and coming home by the way of St. Germain, and the ordinary railway.

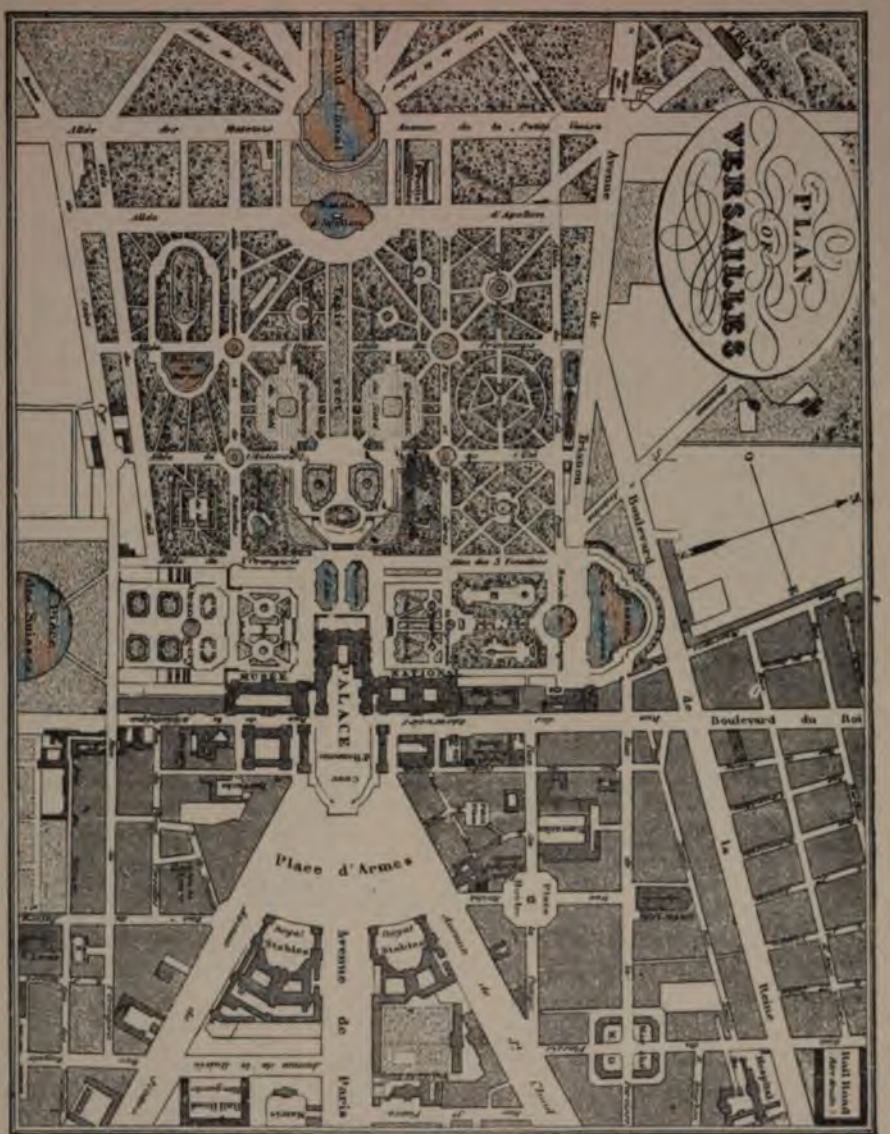
The children, on arriving, were surprised to find themselves in a town to all intents and purposes as closely built as Paris.

"I thought Versailles was a palace!" exclaimed Tommy, who, as may well be supposed, did not trouble himself with guide-books and histories. He lived for the pleasure of the moment, and although he picked up a great deal of information, it was less from study than observation. His quick eye and sharp little mind helped him to a great many discoveries passed over by his elders.

Versailles is indebted for its magnificence to Louis XIV. It was called by Voltaire *l'abîme des dépenses*, because its palace and park cost the royal treasury a thousand million francs, and to keep it up required every year an immense sum. The palace was the head-quarters of his court, and is intimately connected with the history of the period. It witnessed the zenith and the decline of the prosperity of Louis XIV., as well as the life of his successor, Louis XV. The unfortunate Louis XVI. saw the palace sacked by a Parisian mob, and since then it has been uninhabited. During the revolution it narrowly escaped being sold; Napoleon neglected it, and the Bourbons in their restoration merely prevented it from falling to decay. Louis Philippe at length restored the building, and converted part of it into an historical picture gallery.

At Versailles on the 18th of January, 1871, the Prussian monarch, with the consent of the German States, was first saluted as Emperor of Germany. Since the departure of the German troops, in the following March, it has been the French seat of government.

As this was the first palace they had visited, the Horners felt obliged to "do it" pretty thoroughly, and they therefore went through all the rooms which are now open to the public; many of them, being occupied by the government, are not to be seen. It is no small amount of walking which is entailed by this, and by the time they had been over all the parquetted floors, and up and down the stairways leading from one suite of apartments to another, they were all thoroughly tired in spite of the interesting things they had seen; among others, the celebrated *Salle de l'oeil de Boeuf*, so called from its oval window, and the bedchamber of Louis XIV., with its furniture now nearly the same as in his time. Miss Lejeune, who had been lately reading the memoirs of St. Simon, gave them an amusing



account of the daily habits of the great king. When he got up in the morning, ever so many people, valets, chamberlains and physicians were always present. The chief gentleman gave him his dressing-gown, everybody came in time to find the king putting on his shoes and stockings, which he did himself, "with address and grace." Every

was full of charm. The leaves were already falling; dried ones were floating about, and dropping on the green grass.

"What a pretty name," said Mary, repeating it; "*tapis vert!*"

"You would not think 'green carpet' such a very romantic name," said Philip, who was lying flat upon it, with his heels in the air, having noted the absence for the moment of every form of policeman.

GARDEN LAID OUT BY LE NÔTRE.

"No, that's it," said Mary; "the French language makes everything pretty, just as all their things are pretty. I think they are a pretty people."

"A very pretty people, I should say they were," rejoined Phil, "to take so much pleasure in destroying all their own monuments."

Miss Lejeune was very desirous to drive to Marly and St. Germain, after the manner so often described by her beloved St. Simon as the frequent excursion of Louis XIV. and his court. As Mrs. Horner

was tired, she decided not to attempt this; and after their hearty and well-earned lunch at a restaurant outside the palace grounds, she went back to Paris by rail with Tommy, while the rest joined Miss Augusta. They were glad they did so, for the drive having rested, and the lunch refreshed them, they were able to see all they cared to of St. Germain, its château and town, and to stroll in the beautiful forest. It was

CHATEAU OF ST. GERMAIN.

here that James II. of England, exiled from his country, lived for twelve years and died, while Louis XIV., who was born here, was building and improving Versailles. Louis grew tired of the cost and bustle of Versailles, however, and, persuading himself that he should like something quiet and solitary, he hit upon Marly, between the two places; and beginning with the idea of having no expense whatever, he spent more money upon it than even at Versailles.

ROBERT DE COTTE, ARCHITECT OF LOUIS XIV.

chiefly in clumsy great machines to bring water to the latter place. Building and changing his plans, were the great delight of this funny old King Louis XIV.: to put up and pull down, to arrange and then alter, was

'—— the chief of his diet,
and yet this old monarch could never be quiet.'

The Horners talked and read so much about him, that he grew to be an intimate friend. His portraits at Versailles and at the Louvre made him familiar to them. It is said that he invented high heels, to make himself look tall and dignified, but he must have been really fine-looking; and, when he was "got up" in his flowing wig, velvets, embroideries, and laces, was, doubtless, an imposing figure. He was a wonderful man; for it must not be forgotten that his water-works and his carp-basins were not the only things which occupied his mind. Great wars, and great victories, too, throughout his reign, were due to his determination and energy. The contest with England and her allies, which lasted so long, and in which the victory was often on the side of France, in spite of the triumphs of Marlborough and Prince Eugéne, who fought against Louis, was owing, as much

STATE EQUIPAGE.

as to any other cause, to the persistent friendship of Louis to the exiled Stuarts. When a battle was taking place near at hand, he would get into his immense old-fashioned coach, with half a dozen ladies, and drive out to see how the fighting was going on. In the

coach, during these journeys, there were always all sorts of things to eat, such as meat, pastry, and fruit, and the king was always urging his companions to eat, although he did not himself.

The Horners saw some huge coaches at the Little Trianon, which is a part of Versailles, and amused themselves with fancying the royal party seated in one of them, and having to eat when they were not hungry, because the king wished them to.

Louis employed many architects, one of whom was Robert de Cotte, of whom Rigaud, a portrait-painter of the time, made a fine picture which gives a good idea of the costume of the time.

Louis XIV. reigned from 1643 to 1715.

NOTRE DAME

CHAPTER XII.

TOMMY'S LARK.

WHILE the others were thus following the fortunes and reviewing the character of *le grand monarche*, Mrs. Horner and Tommy were not without their little adventure.

In their compartment of the train going back to Paris, who should they find but Mr. Stuyvesant, who had been to Versailles, not as a pleasure-trip, but on a matter of business. He was what the children called a very jolly man; very different from his family, they thought. He now proposed to Mrs. Horner the plan of stopping at Sévres, in order to walk across the pretty park of St. Cloud, and there to take a steamboat back to Paris, on the river. Tommy's eyes sparkled; his lunch had restored the natural activity which had been taken out of him by the long walk through the galleries at Versailles, and he was rather gloomy at the thought of settling down to pass the afternoon in the Hôtel du Rhin. But Mrs. Horner was really tired; so she said:

"I think, if you don't mind taking Tommy, I will go home alone. Mr. Horner has given us such careful directions I am not afraid; it is only to take a cab at the station."

At this moment the train whizzed up to the Sévres station; there was no time to discuss the matter, and Mr. Stuyvesant and Tommy jumped out. Just then, a gentleman was springing into the compartment they were leaving, who bowed to Mr. Stuyvesant.

"Ah, Monsieur! allow me to recommend to you my friend, Mrs. Horner, *une Américaine* who goes quite unattended to Paris."

The door banged, the train swept off, leaving Mrs. Horner a little embarrassed at finding herself alone with a strange Frenchman, whose name, even, she had been unable to catch.

She was a good deal chaffed about this adventure by her family afterwards. The gentleman, M. Rohan-Condé, proved very polite, and, although he did not speak a word of English, succeeded in understanding her French, though Philip was in the habit of describing it as only rudimentary. He pointed out to her the many objects of interest on the route, and, on their arrival in Paris, not only found a cab, but insisted on driving with her to the door of the hotel, where he left her raising his hat with the most elegant of bows, and the most fervent expressions of gratitude for being allowed to protect her.

Mrs. Horner shut herself up in her room for a nap, rejoicing in the exceeding quiet of the empty apartment. Just in time for dinner, the others arrived, tired, but in the best of spirits, Mr. Hervey with them; but where was Tommy? Dinner was served, and yet he did not come. Mrs. Horner now reproached herself seriously for losing sight of him. The gentlemen urged her not to worry, and constantly repeated their assurance that all was right; but a little feeling of doubt hung over the party, till between eight and nine, when the door flew open with a b ng, and Master Tommy appeared alone, in a state of noisy triumph after his expedition.

"Well!" cried the girls; "where did you come from?"

"Where is Mr. Stuyvesant?" asked the father of the family.

"He just left me at the door," replied Tommy; adding with an air of great consequence, "we have been dining at Véfour's."

Everyone shouted. Véfour's is a luxurious restaurant in the Palais Royal.

Mrs. Horner wanted to embrace her prodigal little son, but he broke from her, so full was he of his adventures.

"And it is splendid in the evening, all sparkling and glittering with shops, and diamonds, and jewelry. See what Mr. Stuyvesant bought me."

It was a ridiculous little cane, with a gilt top, like those carried by gentlemen, but adapted to Tommy's size.

"You are not hungry then, I suppose?" asked mamma.

"No, but I do not mind a few more nuts," replied Tommy, transferring a handful of almonds to his pocket.

"You see," he explained, "we did not stop at Sévres, but walked right along through the Park of St. Cloud to the top of a place where there is a splendid view. Mr. Stuyvesant bought us some *gaufres*; they are a superior kind of waffle. You can see Paris, and the Arch of Triumph, and the Invalides, and the river, all covered with boats and business. It was hot there, in the sun. You ought

AT ST. CLOUD.

to have seen a man who wanted to sit down on a bench that had just been painted.

"I was afraid we should have to go all over another palace, for my legs ached still, from Versailles; but luckily it is all pulled down, so we did not have to do that, only look at the views; and then we went down to the quai, and luckily there was a steamboat, for they have stopped running, only this is some kind of a feast-day; and so it came along, and it is the greatest thing we have done yet, to see all the people jabbering French on board, and the little tugs and things snorting about on the river. Then going under the bridges! And I saw a great many principal buildings on the banks, which Mr. Stuysevant explained to me."

"Stuyvesant," corrected Philip.

"Well, Stuysevant," repeated Tommy. "Well, when we got to the place to land, it was after six, and we thought it was better to take our dinner at Véfour's, before coming on up here"

"You should have told Mr. Stuyvesant that your mamma would be worried," said Mr. Horner, in mild reproof.

"I did, papa, I did, really; but to be sure I did not think of it till we got to the ice-cream. Then he said that he had been thinking of that, but he hoped we should not be very late, and that you would excuse us, just this once."

"Well, go now to bed, for it is long past your bed-time," said his mother. "You will want to be well rested before to-morrow, for we are thinking of making an early start for the Louvre."

"What! another palace, so soon?" groaned Tommy.

They shut the door upon him, and he scrambled off up the stairs to his bedroom *au cinquième*.

St. Cloud is named after St. Chlodoald, the grandson of Clovis, who founded a monastery there. It is just near enough to Paris to have been the scene of many a battle in the mediæval contests. Henri III., when besieging Paris in 1589, pitched his camp at St. Cloud, and was assassinated there by Jacques Clement. The palace, now a ruin, was built by a wealthy citizen in 1572. It was bought and rebuilt by Louis XIV., who presented it to his brother, the Duke of Orleans. In 1782, it was purchased by Louis XVI., for Marie Antoinette.

It was a favorite resort of the first Napoleon, and afterwards became the principal summer residence of Napoleon III.

In October, 1870, the château, the barracks near it, and many of the houses in the town, were completely burned down No town in the environs of Paris suffered so severely in the Prussian war, or presented so melancholy an appearance after it. For two years or more, the streets were a chaotic mass of ruins; but many of them have since been rebuilt, though the château has not been yet restored.

The attraction of the place is, therefore, the park, laid out by Le Nôtre, in the same stiff fashion as Versailles, and the beautiful

view of the river and the city beyond, which Tommy enjoyed while he was eating his cakes.

After this, Mr. Stuyvesant and Tommy became very intimate. When Mr. Horner had convinced himself that his old friend really

OUTSIDE THE PALAIS BOURBON.

liked the boy, and did not suffer himself to be imposed upon by him, he was only too glad to lend Tommy for excursions about Paris; and thus he came to see things which the others missed, and of which he afterward boasted to the end of time.

He was with Mr. Stuyvesant one day in the beginning of November, when the members of the legislative assembly were gathering at the Palais Bourbon; and Mr. Stuyvesant pointed out to him M. Gambetta, now the leading man in French politics, toward whom the world was then looking in wonder whether he would favor a time of tranquil

M. GAMBETTA.

republicanism for France, or if he might be plotting a *coup d'état.*

He took him to the Bourse, in the very height of its business-hour; and here he saw from the gallery the *corbeille*, as it is called, where brokers of the stock exchange were gathered in an immense crowd. The noise, the bawling, and excited gestures of the speculators were

wonderful to Tommy, although it was almost frightening; the only intelligible words amidst the din were: "*je donne! je prends! je vends!*"

The others saw the busy scene from the outside; but it was only Tommy, who penetrated, with his experienced guide, to the very heart of it.

OUTSIDE OF THE BOURSE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LOUVRE.

IT was not according to the Horners' system to do up the Louvre as many tourists are obliged to, in one long, fatiguing tour of inspection. Their day at Versailles would have taught them how unsatisfactory this sort of sight-seeing is, if they had not known it before. Staying, as they did, more than a month in Paris, they had plenty of time to go again and again to the palace, and as their hotel was not far from it, they rather often made the Louvre their place of meeting.

LOUVRE.

In general, walking through any museum, without a special object, is the most tiresome thing in the world; tiresome to eyes, brain, and legs. The intelligence soon refuses to take any note of the objects seen, and the process becomes a mechanical advance from corridor to gallery. Practiced travellers acquire a knack of passing rapidly through a collection of pictures, or of curiosities, and with a catalogue and a few well-thrown glances, they manage to pick up a vague idea of the things shown; but to do this, some previous knowledge of their nature is necessary.

Mr. Horner was careful to induce the children to have some special object of interest each time they went to the Louvre. Their plan

PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE.

was, to study thoroughly one part of it at once, and no other; not to stay very long, above all, not long enough to get tired and hungry.

In this way, they never came to consider the Louvre such a bore as Miss Stuyvesant had described it to Mary on her first visit, though Tommy's countenance sometimes fell, when he found the Louvre was made the programme for the day.

Thus the pictures, the statues, the Egyptian collection, etc., were all taken separately at different times, and recurred to afterwards, according to the inclination of different members of the family. The Egyptian antiquities were very attractive to every one of the party, and if they spent less time there than they would have liked, it was because other things seemed more pressing, and they all combined to form a plan, or a vision, rather than a plan, of going up the Nile sometime, to see for themselves the Ramses family at home.

Miss Lejeune had a fair knowledge of the history of art, and of the merits of pictures ancient and modern. She thought Mary was old enough to be interested in the fascinating subject, and, indeed, at school the year before, Mary had been pretty well grounded in the early schools of art, by a course of lectures illustrated by photographs of the pictures of the oldest masters. She had with her the little note-book she had made containing dates of the lives of the Bellinis, Carpaccio, and others of the early Venetian school, to which the lectures had been chiefly devoted; and she was now interested in finding all the examples of their work she could, to see whether she could recognize them by her recollection of the photographs. This excellent preparation made her enjoy many old pictures which Bessie did not hesitate to declare horrid old things. Mary and Miss Lejeune got but little sympathy for their preraphaelite tendencies, and therefore went by themselves, whenever they made a pilgrimage to the shrine of ancient art.

It is a study which grows with exercise. Mary soon began to wish that the gallery of the Louvre contained more old pictures, and to hope that their tour would take them to towns where these are to be seen at their best. Miss Lejeune told her that at Berlin, and Dresden, and also at London, on their way home, they should have a chance to see some of the most celebrated works of the old masters; though

Florence, Venice, and Rome, where the best are, must be left for another trip, and Spain also. There are enough examples of the works of the most celebrated masters of art at the Louvre, to satisfy a beginner, at least. Miss Lejeune was delighted to find that Mary was willing really to study these pictures, and to compare the characteristics of different artists. To her own surprise, Mary found she was soon able to recognize a Fra Angelico, or a Bellini, and guess pretty nearly, if not always right, the school of painting to which a picture belonged. The early Venetian pictures, for instance, she came to know by their rich coloring, as well as by the grave simplicity of the subjects. A Raphael she could soon recognize at the first glance. As for Peter Paul Reuben, as Philip disrespectfully called him, they all soon became familiar with his positive reds, blues, and yellows; his blowzy Marie de Médicis, surrounded by fat angels. The girls found them delightful to follow, in connection with the history of

PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

this poor queen, driven out of her country by a managing cardinal, just when she had made her palace, the Luxembourg, luxurious to live in.

PALAIS ROYAL. VIEW FROM THE SQUARE.

PALAIS ROYAL. VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.

There are twenty-one large pictures of scenes from her life, ordered by her from Rubens. He made the original sketches for them which are now at Munich; for the Louvre pictures are chiefly the work of his pupils, executed under his direction. The mixture of history and allegory in them seems absurd, and Rubens' ideal of feminine beauty is too fat and florid to please all; but the series serves to show the events of the life of their heroine in an entertaining manner. Seeing Henry IV. in the character of Jupiter, and Mary de Médicis in that of Juno, larger than life and twice as blooming, made them remember better than learning it in a chronological table, that Henry IV. and Mary de Médicis were husband and wife.

Miss Lejeune begged Mary to reserve her judgment of Rubens as a great master till she should see his finest work at Antwerp; and meanwhile, to think of him not only as a painter of stout women, but a great traveller and accomplished gentleman, and a good friend to the exiled queen, who finally died at his house in Cologne.

The pictures of their friend, Louis XIV., and of the people of his time, they sought out upon the walls, wherever they could find them, by Rubens, by Rigaud, and by Vandyck, whose portraits are unrivalled in the world.

On the whole, before they left Paris, Mr. Hervey and Miss Lejeune were satisfied in feeling that their young friends were beginning to know how to look at pictures, which was all they hoped for, in these early days. They had found out that a gallery is not like a shop window, where you may stare, admire, pass on, if you like, or stop and buy what you please; but a place to be approached in reverence, and with the acknowledgment of ignorance.

"That's pretty!" "that's horrid!" "I don't think much of that!" were the criticisms they heard one day in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, from two young persons with a strong American accent, one of them nibbling from a box of sugar-plums, the other hopelessly lost in her catalogue. The Salon Carré contains the gems of the collection, and a few of the most celebrated pictures in the world. It would be well, if, instead of judging at a glance of these pictures, as of a piece of cambric on a counter, these young women had tried to think

LANDSCAPE IN THE LOUVRE.

why they were world-renowned, and to weigh the importance of the judgment of several centuries against their own flippant taste. This would have helped them to an interest in the pictures and subjects, a[illegible]haps after they had looked a little into the intention of the [illegible]heir methods, their lives, and the causes of their fame, they

would find their own opinions modified, and without affectation would be able to detect beauty and marvellous skill where they at first had seen but a daub.

The Horners did not ask for their children a precocious perception

GUIDO'S SAINT SEBASTIAN.

of the excellence of good pictures. They wished them to know, however, what is a really correct standard of taste in these matters,

BY ALMA TADEMA.

and to feel that if they differed from this, it was a defect in their judgment, and not the blunder of the world's verdict.

They all found pictures which they liked, not on account of being marked with a star in Baedeker, or attached to a famous name; such as charming landscapes, the triumph of the modern French school, realistic reproductions of classic scenes, in which Alma Tadema excels, and many others.

IN AN OMNIBUS.

To linger over the treasures in the Louvre, would fill up our book, and take the Horners but one step on their year's trip. Their month in Paris was too short to do these collections full justice, and especially

OLD COURT-YARD.

as they had so many other things to fill up their time and attention.

Their interest in Marie de Médicis, which the Rubens pictures had increased, made the Horners ready for the Palais du Luxembourg, and here they saw some more modern pictures. The day they devoted to this gallery, Tommy was rewarded for his general good behavior

of late, on such occasions, by a long excursion in an omnibus with his father, in that part of Paris on the left bank of the Seine, generally spoken of as the other side of the river, although it occupies as much as a third of the city, and is full of objects of interest. The streets are, for the most part, old and narrow, sometimes with openings into quiet old courts, as remote and tranquil as if the bustle of the boulevards was in another world.

This expedition wound up with a visit to the Jardin des plantes, where Tommy was never tired of watching the monkeys, with their friendly cats domesticated among them, and "Martin," the bear, who seemed to understand French as well as, or better, than he did himself. Later in their travels Tommy had a chance to make acquaintance with Martin's relations.

Another day Mr. Stuyvesant, who took every chance to improve his intimacy with Tommy, gave him a delightful tour in the Bois de Boulogne, and all about the Jardin d'acclimatation, which is another collection of animals scattered about in the open air, with all their natural surroundings, as far as possible.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST DAYS IN PARIS.

IT would be in vain to detail all the things our friends, the Horners, saw and did during their month in Paris. As the difficulty was then to select what to see and what to neglect, so it is now what to describe that they did see, and what to omit. At first the visit before them seemed so long, they thought, even the wisest of them, that there would be time for everything. As they found out more and more what was to be done, the days seemed too short, and their strength inadequate for their sight-seeing, without falling into a senseless, mechanical routine of going from one museum to another, checking them off as they went in their guide-books.

THE LEADER.

They went several times to the theatre, especially to the Théatre Français, although Sara Bernhardt had already left that stage, and was probably, at that time, superintending the marvellous costumes with which she was to astonish the American world. At first the young people could not enjoy the play much, but as they became more accustomed to using and hearing French all the time, the meaning of it all seemed to open upon their ears, and before they left Paris, they listened, almost as to an English performance, and could now recognize the stately pronunciation and careful diction which is insisted upon at this classical theatre.

Two Sundays, in the afternoon, Miss Lejeune went to Pas-de-loup

concerts, by the orchestra celebrated under the name of this leader. Mr. Hervey from the first confessed himself unmusical, but this defect was, though unwillingly, condoned, on account of his great excellence in other particulars. Mary and Bessie both enjoyed music, without having, either of them, talent enough to cultivate by taking lessons. The different churches and cathedrals were visited in turn, and they heard, one Sunday, the military mass at the Invalides.

Mr. and Mrs. Horner were not able to avoid a few dinners and evenings given them by their American friends. A dinner at a boulevard restaurant, which genial Mr. Stuyvesant insisted upon giving, was a very gay affair.

MISS STUYVESANT.

Miss Lejeune had many friends in Paris, and was constantly meeting acquaintances of former visits to Europe. But she managed to keep with her party almost always.

"You see, my dear," she said one day, to a charming little French lady with whom she had once spent a month at Nice, "you see I am here this time with a purpose. These Horner children must be educated."

"I see, *ma chère*," replied the countess, "that among you all, you will make prigs of them. Who ever heard of taking our dear Paris

au sérieux to such an extent! Even the Communists made a joke of it, when they were knocking down our best buildings. I declare, I felt sorry for those two pretty girls you were drilling in the Louvre the other day, you and your *beau jeune homme.*

"Don't be afraid," laughed Miss Augusta. "If our adventures should be written, I am sure there would not prove to be too much system in them. But we really wish our young people to leave Paris not without a few ideas.

"Ideas!" exclaimed Madame de Mersac, "if that were all. I am afraid, however, that they will suffer from a real indigestion of facts!"

"Heaven forbid!" uttered Miss Lejeune, and they parted, for it was in a shop, and each had an engagement.

Miss Lejeune would have thought the education of the girls very ill-conducted without some practice in intelligent shopping in Paris, not only at the gorgeous magazines of the boulevard, but the wonderful intricacies of the Bon Marché, and the *Printemps*; the latter, alas! burned down since the Horners saw it; but doubtless, like the natural spring, to blossom forth again.

ON THE BOULEVARD.

The Bon Marché is an immense warehouse like Macy's in New York, "only more so," as Philip said. It is a little world in itself, where everything buyable may be found. The people who sell are

assiduous and affable, and not aggressive, which makes shopping easier than it is sometimes found to be in New York and Boston.

Mary, who was left one day with Bessie at a counter trying on gloves, rejoiced to practice her sprouting French with the clerk who showed them to her. She talked more than the occasion really required, for she thought she was getting on pretty well, and that it was a good chance to pass herself off as a real Parisian. She imitated, as well as she could, the man's accent, and reproduced his terms of expression in her own sentences. When the business was over, which took some time, for she and Bessie were each buying a dozen to take away with them, the clerk said, in the best of English:

"Shall I send these for you? You are staying, I believe, at the Hôtel du Rhin."

Mary stared at him, amazed and mortified, and at the same time afraid the man might mean an impertinence; but he came from the State of Maine, had been a clerk at Arnold and Constable's, in New York, and knew her mother by sight perfectly well. He had seen them all once or twice at different public places in Paris, and thus, with republican familiarity, ventured to scrape acquaintance.

Mary took it good-naturedly, but as Bessie told the story afterward, it caused a general laugh at the expense of Mary's French.

Perhaps the pleasantest part of the Paris period, as the Horners looked back upon it, was the quiet evenings at home in their salon at the hotel, when, resisting theatres, concerts, restaurants, and invitations, they settled down about their moderateur lamp and round table, to talk over the events of the day, with the pleasant French abbé, and, as the case might be, Mr. Stuyvesant, Mr. Hervey, or others dropping in. Not a few agreeable people had discovered the charm of this intelligent little family circle, and the only regret attaching to it was, that it was not permanent in Paris.

One evening Miss Lejeune was repeating her little conversation with the French countess, whereupon Mr. Horner said:

"Well, children, come now, do you suppose we really have learned anything?"

"Of course we have!" mumbled Tommy very sleepily, from a

corner of the sofa where he had been dozing, with his head jammed up against his mother.

"I think we have learned," remarked Mary, "that there is a great deal to learn."

"And I think," said Philip, "that we have found out how and where to find out more about the things we do not know."

"Yes," said Bessie, who was knitting a long and mysterious thing, a feeble imitation of Miss Augusta's everlasting stripe, "if we do not forget to find them out afterward."

"I think it would be a good plan for all of us," said Mrs. Horner, "when we get to some quieter place, to write out our impressions of all the things we have seen in Paris."

"Do you think, mamma," said Philip, coming to take the place by her side, which Tommy had reluctantly left to go to bed, "do you think we shall ever get to a quieter place, until we get home? There will always be a museum, or something."

"Tell me now, Phil," said Mary, lightly, "before you fall asleep, who was Marie de Médicis?"

"Second wife of Henri IV.," replied Philip, promptly, "mother of Louis XIII., grandmother of Louis XIV.: poor old queen who quarreled with Richelieu and got turned out of France, made a great deal of trouble, and died in the Pays-bas."

"Good for you!" continued Bessie, "and Louis XV. was great-grandson of Louis XIV., because the other heirs to the throne kept dying between, and Louis XIV. would live forever; and then by the time Louis XVI. came to the throne, the money was all spent, and the splendor was all gone, and the people rose up and guillotined all the royal family, and that was the end of the great house of Bourbon."

"Oh no! you forget Louis XVIII., and—"

"No," said Bessie, very positively, "because that I do not count. After the revolution, comes Bonaparte, and then with a little gap of republics and trifling kings, Louis Napoleon, with the second empire."

"You would do well, my dear, at your leisure to look up your gap and your trifling kings," remarked Miss Lejeune, "for they are really not without importance."

The abbé, who understood English very well, was laughing at this summary fashion by which his country's history was disposed of.

"If you had lived through all that gap, Miss Bessie, you would not think it so trifling."

"Oh, I did not mind that," said Bessie hastily, and coloring, "only these other times seem more like landmarks to fix dates to."

The old abbé patted her shoulder lightly.

"You do very well, my young Miss, to have so any an idea of my monarchs."

"Papa is the man for Napoleon," cried Philip. "He and I went all over the Invalides, which the rest of you have not yet, and I believe papa has seen every relic of him that can be found in Paris."

"Yes," said Mr. Hervey, "while the rest have been otherwise occupied, you two have been working up your Bonapartes, I believe, thoroughly."

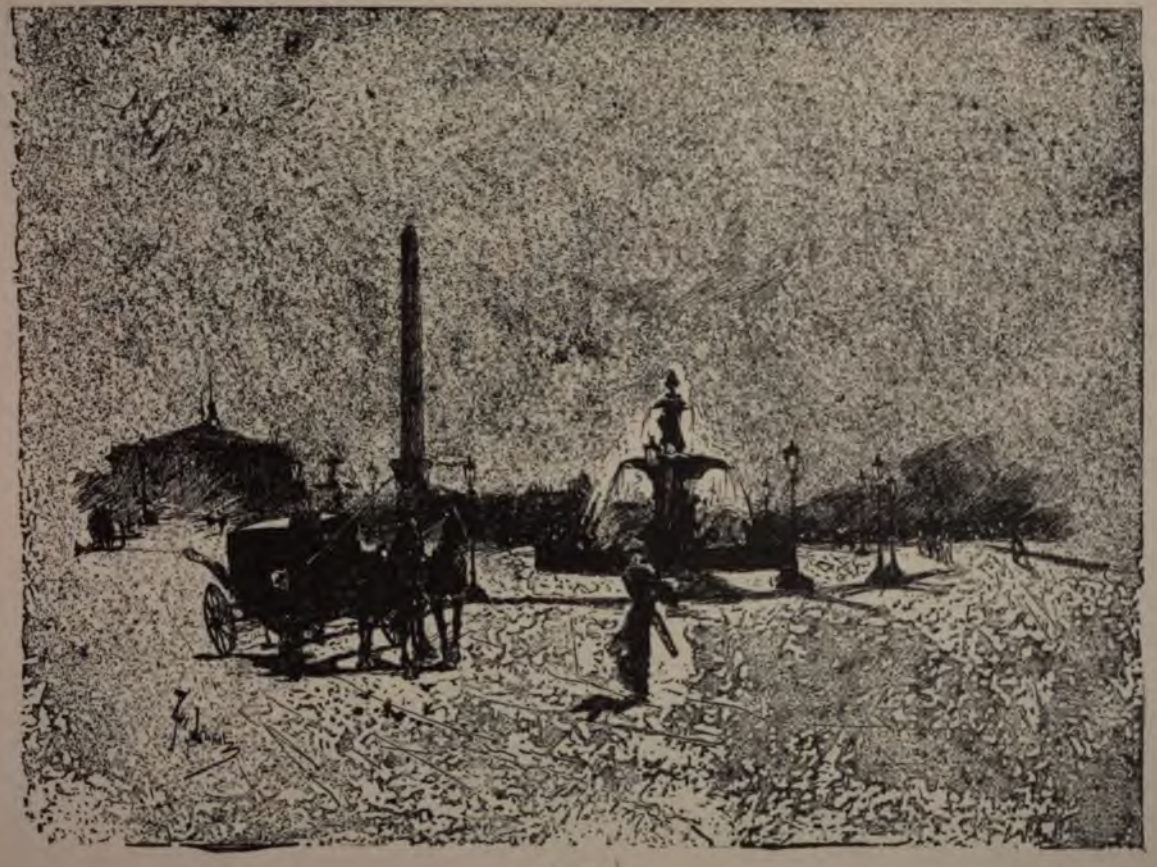
"After I got Abbot's history of him out of my head," said Philip, "I could begin to enjoy his battles and his ambition. But that is so flattering, full of accounts of his magnanimity, and giving crowns to small boys — "

"You mean taking crowns from large kings," said Mary.

"Oh pshaw, Mary! " exclaimed Philip. "I mean a lot of anecdotes about his clemency, illustrated by cuts."

"I believe," said Mr. Horner, "those florid histories of Napoleon which were written at first, really injured his glory by giving a false account of him. The more I read of him, and the feats of his tremendous will, as well as his weak and mean traits, the more remarkable he appears."

It was now late in November. The weather had been unusually mild for Paris, but of late, the days were chilly and raw, so that the Horners had a fire in their salon. But the stupid little French grate has no power, apparently, for giving out heat. The dull coals glowed, but warmed not; Philip pulled up and down the blower attached to the fire-place in vain; they all shivered, even when close to the hearth. The very day after this last conversation when they woke up, the streets were white with snow! A brisk flurry was



SNOWING.

falling on the fountains and the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde.

It was a warning that they had stayed long enough. Paris in winter, in a hotel, is uncomfortable, and it was their plan (if they had any) to settle in Germany for the short months of the year, and especially, to spend Christmas in some essentially German town.

In a few days their establishment was broken up, their trunks were packed, and they were actually over the border. Mr. Hervey accompanied them to the station and saw them finally off, promising, however, to meet them somewhere soon.

And so with infinite regret they were leaving their dear Paris, and their pretty French language, to become Germans!

FRENCH ROOFS.

CHAPTER XV.

OUT OF FRANCE.

OUR travellers were now for the first time to be put to the severe test of a long, unbroken railway journey of hours, riding night and day until they should reach Frankfort.

There are evidently two opposite plans of travelling, which might be called the "kill-yourself-but-get-there," and the "take-it-easy" systems. If the first of these is adopted, an immense amount of ground may be covered in a short time. Tourists, on the continent, are at all times to be met, with their guide-books at their noses, and their Hendschel's railway-guide ever open before them, rushing by express-train from one large town to another, doing in each its cathedral and checking off its gallery, and then off and away for the next.

The natural result of this method is, that the tourists who employ it fill their heads with the names of towns, routes, and countries. They show a remarkable power of remembering where they have been, but a feeble recollection of what they have seen.

The take-it-easy plan, as it sounds, is more comfortable, and more improving. The take-it-easy people are far more entertaining about their travels, although in talking with the other sort they are frequently tripped up by the question:

"Did you go to so-and-so? No? oh! you ought not to have missed that! Why, it is the only place on that route worth seeing. Let me see; what was it we saw there? oh, the cathedral, of course. What! no cathedral? no, to be sure; it was a bear we saw there."

Still, there are faults in the take-it-easy plan. It must be admitted that in the fable of the hare and the tortoise, the hare got over the

most ground in a given time, and life is too short for the tortoise business nowadays.

Some experienced travellers, therefore, believe in a judicious combination of the two plans, and their way is to stay and rest, observe, and learn in some important place, and then to take great swoops, even across continents if necessary, in express-trains, regardless of fatigue, in order to alight in the next place they wish to thoroughly examine.

It was now well on in December, and the season was too late for attractive study of nature. This was no time for the Rhine, or for short excursions among the towns of Holland.

Mr. Horner resolved, therefore, to strike at once for Germany, where they were to settle down, in a measure, for the winter; he bought through tickets for Frankfort-am-Main, on a road between that town and Paris, tolerably direct, passing through a country where they would not be tempted to linger, and would not miss much during the night part of the journey. The ground is that fought over so sadly by the French, in the last war with Germany, and the stations, Saarbrück, Kaiserlauten, etc., had a melancholy sound to those of the party who remembered the daily telegraphic rumors and reports of that bitter struggle of 1870.

It was an experiment to risk this long trip; but if it were a success, it would ensure the success of the whole European excursion. It might prove that the family health could not stand it. They might all be so used up on arriving at Frankfort, that they could neither go forward, nor enjoy a rest. The family temper might not stand it. Perhaps the children would all grow so horribly cross, in their long confinement to one railway carriage, that they would be mutually unbearable. It sometimes happens. Or, if only one of the party should develop violent symptoms of selfishness, he might easily make matters so disagreeable for the rest, that they would all agree, since they could not separate, to give up in future such a trying experience.

But Mr. Horner had a good deal of faith in the nerves, tempers, and good breeding of his little band, and especially of their bodily good condition and good digestion, upon which all other qualities depend so much. Mrs. Horner was not very strong, but was cheerful,

even when tired. Mary, in spite of her delicacy, showed a wonderful capacity for endurance, and her temper was so sweet, there was only danger of her allowing herself to be put upon. Bessie, solid and stolid, expected to sleep as well in her corner of the "car," as they still called it, as in her own little bed at home. Philip did not care whether he slept or not, and rather enjoyed the idea of a wakeful night. As for Tommy, they were only afraid he might get lost, in trying private excursions on his own account; but he promised all manner of obedience and propriety, and was indeed learning these virtues. Poor Miss Lejeune! She hated a night in the train, being rather fussy, as the children thought, about where and how she slept; but she fully believed in the rapid transit plan, and had advocated it from the first. It was suspected she was rather glad that Mr. Hervey was not going with them, on account of her "crinkles" in the morning, but the others were loud in their grief at parting from this dear man. Mr. Hervey, from the first, assumed that he was to be left in Paris. He was with them, however, to the last, and nodded cordially at them from the platform as the train rolled out of the station.

"How I shall miss you," he said, as he stood at the open door of their wagon, waiting the signal of departure.

"What are you going to do, now we are gone?" asked Tommy.

"Hush, Tommy!" said his mother. "Mr. Hervey never tells his plans."

Mr. Hervey laughed, saying: "My plans now are not interesting enough to tell. That business I spoke of," he added, glancing at Mr. Horner, "detains me here, I know not how long. Mind you keep me informed of your movements; and I dare say I may turn up again."

The porter shut the door, the whistle gave a little shriek, not so imposing as the long moan of an American steam-whistle, and the train was off.

"So that is the last of Mr. Hervey!" exclaimed Philip, throwing himself back in his seat with a jerk.

"Why do you say the last of him?" asked Miss Lejeune, rather sharply.

"Oh, because," replied Phil, with the air of a man of the world, "he always says he travels without a plan, so as to be free to do what he likes. I suppose now he will go and join some other party."

Mr. Horner smiled, and Mrs. Horner smiled too, but no more was said then on the subject, probably because none of them knew any-

THE POINTSMAN.

thing, and considered their guesses not worth mentioning. The young folks at the windows were soon absorbed in the scenery through which they passed.

It began to rain, and as it grew dark, nothing was to be seen but long lines of dripping landscape, varied by the stations and little houses where the pointsman lives.

"And so we have left our dear Paris!" exclaimed Mary. "I do not believe I shall like any other place as well."

"Our room at the Hotel du Rhin was so cosy," said Bessie.

"And ours," added Phil, "was splendid; you could see so much down in the place."

"And Pierre was so jolly," said Tommy. "I taught him a good deal of English."

Pierre was the garçon who brought their coffee to the salon. He was a very friendly, intelligent fellow, who had made himself useful, and they all liked him much. When they drove off from the hotel, in their small omnibus, again piled high with trunks, he stood on the sidewalk in his white apron, his hair ruffled by the parcels he had carried on his shoulder, with an expression of real regret on his face. It was their last impression of friendliness in Paris.

"Now we shall begin to talk horrid German," grumbled Bessie, "old *der-die-das* business. I know I shall not like it as well as nice easy French."

They had gone on for some time growling among themselves, lamenting their lost Paris, and making resolutions to hate the Germans and always love their Parisians, without any aid from the elders, who, tired with the getting off, were silent, until Miss Lejeune roused herself, and sitting up, said:

"Look here, children, now comes one of my sermons. I love Paris as well as you do, and think French far prettier and easier than German. But it will never do for you to go regretting along through Europe. Put your affection for Paris in your pockets, and turn your minds and hearts for what is coming next. '*Le roi est mort, vive le roi.*' Now, for the present, we have done with Louis XIV., his boulevard and all its gay shops. Who comes next to take his place?"

"Der Kaiser Wilhelm!"

"Barbarossa!"

"Charlemagne!"—exclaimed the children together, whereupon the grown-ups laughed. Mrs. Horner sighed. "I wish," she said, "the line of German monarchs was as smooth and easy as the descent of the Valois;

but it is so mixed and divided up into states that a clear idea seems difficult."

"At Frankfort we shall see the pictures of all those emperors that are in Miss Yonge's history," said Mary.

THE EMPEROR BARBAROSSA AND POPE ADRIAN.

"Must we know as much about the emperors as we do about the French kings, papa?" inquired Tommy anxiously.

"You will get very much interested in some of them," replied his father encouragingly, "and you will not be much disgraced if you do not keep the chronology of the German empire very clear. For the boundaries of Europe have been changed so often it is not easy to say what Germany is, or rather what it was, before the present emperor combined it all within one government."

"Hateful old emperor!" cried Bessie. "How I hate him for ruining the French."

"Hush! hush!" cried Miss Lejeune. "You are much too near the boundary for that!" and in fact at that moment the door was thrown open, and the guard, now become a *Schaffner*, cried, "Zwei minuten alles absteigen!" and they felt that they really had crossed the border, and entered another country.

CHAPTER XVI.

INTO GERMANY.

MARY'S letter from Frankfort to her friend and schoolmate, Cicely Stratton, will perhaps give a fair idea of first impressions in Germany.

". . We left Paris in great gloom and terror of the unknown German tongue, after our dear French, which has become quite easy to us.

MAYENCE.

The Stuyvesants, Mr. and Miss, came to see us off, — sweet of them, — with a bag full of pears and oranges. We had a good enough night on the train, though it is not exactly sleep you get with your head jammed into a corner, and each new position more uncomfortable than the last. We

reached Metz at dawn, to be told that we could walk about for a few moments, then jogged on over an uninteresting country all the morning; but at two or three we began to draw near the Rhine, old castles, etc., very exciting, and the lovely sun, which we had not seen for several days, came out, with the rare phenomenon of blue sky.

"Can you not fancy us at Bingen — 'Sweet Bingen on the Rhine?'

MAYENCE CATHEDRAL.

Phil of course began to spout the poem, as if he were trying for a prize on the platform at school. Tommy's amazement at first discovering there was any sense or meaning in the lines, was good. We saw the

Maus Tower, Ehrenfells, Rudesheim, all lighted with a lovely glow; but of course we postpone any real Rhine emotions till we *do it* next spring. Then darkness came down suddenly. It was a scenic effect, there for one minute, and then gone. We had to change wagons at Mayence, and stayed there an hour. Papa and Phil walked about the town. When we got in again there was a fraülein in the same compartment, for the train was very crowded, and we tried our little German on her; and soon we reached Frankfort in the pitch dark.

"Now everybody began to be lovely and friendly, and aunt Gus to sling about her German. A sweet German in a blue blouse seized us, and we were thrust into two yellow droschkys, which are like fiacres, with one horse, but more roomy. Our driver was a lovely man, so German, who brought us at once to our hotel, where everything is clean and quiet, and where we have lots of rooms full of fluffy beds. The proprietor talks English perfectly well, which is mortifying though convenient, but we have to do German with the maids and *kellners*.

"So after a nice little dinner we sank into our first German beds, but I can't stop here to describe them, only it is like being in the middle of Charlotte Russe with white-of-egg on top.

"Baedeker has a very good plan of the town, and with it Phil, Bessie and I have been finding our way about the streets by ourselves, while papa sees bankers, and gets German money, etc. We have to come back for *table d'hôte* dinner as early as one o'clock, which seems queer after Paris. We are enchanted with Frankfort. Everything looks like Oscar Pfletsh's pictures. The streets are very muddy, and have no sidewalks, and the houses are like the underneath part of stairs. The 'Landstrasses' outside the town are rural, with trees, and very pretty, and it is all so mixed that first you are in town and then you are not, and then back again through a '*Thor*' which is no longer a Thor, but a tradition.

"In the afternoon we went, some of us, in a yellow droschky to a public garden, where we had the most lovely time. There is a big garden, and then a sort of small crystal palace, where, under glass, is a pile of artificial rock-work with water pouring over it, and palms and tree-ferns, winding paths and hidden seats. Here we wandered till the music began, and then went into the gallery of a large hall that

belongs to it, and heard our first really German music. Perfectly delightful! Aunt Gus and I squeezed each other's hands at a waltz of Strauss. They go at the music with a will, and make it sound more intense than any I ever heard. Everybody, up and down-stairs, was sitting at little tables, the men smoking, women knitting, all jabbering and little minding the music. By and by we ordered tea and bread and cake. When it was all over it was dark, though still early, and we came down to the front gate to take our droschkys. Now we had a queer little adventure, because there was but one; but, as we thought there were plenty more, the others got into that and drove off, and it was mamma and I and Phil that were left. Only there were no more droschys, apparently, and two policemen kept whistling for one in vain. Suddenly one of these men (who was in a box and stuck his head out of it) cried, in German, so fiercely that we grasped his meaning, something like this: 'There's a horse-car, if you want that I'll make it stop.' 'Ja! Ja!' I said. He whistled, it stopped, and we hustled into it. Mamma was rather frightened, and asked me, as we were running to it, if I knew the way to the hotel when we got there! as if that were likely. We got into a very singular 'pferdeisenbahnwagen,' which is divided off in the middle, so that you sit with only half the passengers. This makes a sort of sociable thing of it, and all present took the wildest interest in us, and all

STATUE OF GÜTENBERG.

PALM GARDEN.

jabbered at once to tell us where to get out. A man in a peaked hat and a fraülein had a difference of opinion on this subject. The conductor came in and mixed himself in the matter, and altogether we got very merry and laughed a great deal, paid strange sums, and received little green tickets, which we have still, for it is an odd thing that in Germany they give and do not take tickets, and thus we have them all left over.

FRANKFORT: LUTHER'S HOUSE.

"Now we were dumped out in the middle of a dark street, with parting advice to go links and rechts. Luckily we saw the statue of Gütenburg looming up, and Phil knew how to go by that, and soon we found ourselves triumphant at our hotel, papa just paying his droschky, and looking down the street after ours, for this had all taken only a short while, luckily, so the others had not begun to worry.

"The chief shopping street is the Zeil, full of enchanting little shops, toys, pictures, and gay things, not pretentious, like the *magazins du boulevard* at Paris, but sort of home-like. . . ."

Frankfort, on the threshold, so to speak, of Germany, is a town full of interest historically, and very bright, pleasant, and attractive also. It dates from Charlemagne, 794. Old watch-towers in the neighborhood show the extent of the ancient city, in which the emperors were elected and crowned. An air of wealth and importance pervades the place, showing the success and extent of its commercial relations.

The Römer is, historically, the most interesting building. It was bought by the city, in 1405, for a town hall. It contains, in the "Kaisersaal," a succession of portraits of the emperors; modern pictures, it is true, and without great merit as works of art, but very useful to individualize the different heroes of the old Roman Empire, whom the children were now becoming acquainted with, as they before had learnt to know the French monarchs of importance. They spent much time among these pictures, selecting their favorites, and discussing their characters. Tommy found it hard to understand the emperors being elected, and wanted to know why in that case they were different from presidents; his father took some pains to make him see the difference between the hereditary succession of countries like France and England, where the crown descends from father to son, and the plan adopted from early times in Germany, where seven electors, acknowledged or supposed to be the wisest heads of the land, were allowed to appoint the successor of each emperor.

Three of these electors were bishops, and the others dukes or princes of large possessions and powers, and it was their business to meet and discuss and decide during the lifetime of one emperor, who should come next to him.

Mr. Horner pointed out how the two systems have not been so very different in the long run; for every emperor would naturally wish to keep the crown in his own family · and if he were strong and powerful, he could force the electors to appoint his own son or natural heir, so that it often did descend from father to son for several generations.

On the other hand, in France, where the rule was for the crown to descend from father to son, this worked very well under the same circumstances, — that is, if the king was strong and powerful; but, if he were weak and unpopular, some duke or other rival got possession of the throne and changed the dynasty, so that since the time of Charlemagne,

the number of reigning families is hardly greater in the German empire than in France, where the direct succession has been lost several times, or than in England, where it has been by no means direct.

The children were beginning also to understand that in earlier times, when there was no public communication between different countries, the title of emperor, duke, or king, meant something very unlike the same words in the modern system of government. Arbitrary as the old sovereigns were, and undisputed as might be their right to control, they could not easily exercise it without railroads, telegraph, police, or newspapers. In the absence of the emperors, who often were off either alone or with whole armies, asserting their claim over the imperial city of Rome, — like Barbarossa in the picture, — making friends with the pope, or fighting as crusaders in Palestine, not only princes and nobles grew powerful, but separate cities became very strong. They had their own trades and manufactures, governed themselves, and wisely, too, by their own town-councils, training their men to arms and fortifying their walls to be a match for the nobles. Those who owned no lord but the emperor, called themselves free imperial cities. They had fleets and armies, made treaties, and were much respected; and in confused times maintained far better order than existed in other parts of the country.

Frankfort is one of these, formerly called a free town of the empire, afterwards of the German confederation. In 1866, when all Germany was united under the present emperor, all these free towns lost their individuality, and became, like any other, parts of the new Prussian empire.

The Horners saw in Frankfort the birthplace of Goethe, of whom they were destined to hear and know much more while they were in Germany, and the Ariadne, by Danneker, a beautiful piece of modern sculpture, which has been often reproduced in Parian as a statuette or mantel ornament.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHRISTMAS.

BY the advice, and through the kindness of the American Consul at Frankfort, who at that time considered it a pleasure as well as his duty, to bestow upon travellers who were his countrymen the result of his experience during a long life in Germany, Mr. Horner decided to stay there through December, and thus pass the German Christmas in that city. Mr. W ——— secured for them a pleasant apartment in the Anlagen or suburbs of Frankfort, where they now settled down for these few weeks as if quite at home, even more so than at Paris; and though not venturing real housekeeping in her little establishment, as their meals were sent in from a restaurant, Mrs. Horner engaged a German maid, a stout, honest, red-faced Thuringian, named Elise, who furnished a severe test to the family German, and a source of some entertainment to the boys.

Their suite was "zweite treppe hoch," which means two flights up. The door of entrance had a bell-rope, with a handle hanging to it, exactly like the illustrations by Oscar Pfletsch. A neat little parlor connected with a smaller dining-room, and the necessary number of bedrooms; and there was a kitchen on the same floor, where Elise reigned supreme, made their coffee in the morning, washed dishes, etc. It was hard for Tommy to get used to a kitchen up-stairs, and close to the bedrooms and parlor: a funny little kitchen it was, too, with all sorts of earthen-ware pots and pans, unlike the shining tin of a Yankee pantry, but all very handy and useful.

A tall white German stove ornamented the dining-room, and became very important as the days grew shorter and the cold sharper. Happily the parlor contained a little open fire-place, so that they were not deliv-

ered over to the cheerless warmth of the national institution of Germany; but they found themselves, after all, growing attached to their tall stove, although it had such a talent for going out that Elise had constantly to be summoned to kindle it again. Mary and Bessie found it very warming to lean up against, pressing their backs closely to the warm but not too hot surface, when they came in chilled through, sometimes, on a sunless day in December. In fact they had snow before they left, and Bessie had the fun of a walk in a flurry quite like a storm at home. The parlor had two windows overlooking a pretty garden, though at this season flowerless; there were window-seats, and the sashes opened like doors. Pots of pretty blossoming plants were placed in the windows by the friendly landlady, who took a great interest in her American lodgers, and who was a good deal surprised to find they talked English and not Indian, and that they did not eat human flesh.

GERMAN CHILDREN.

In Frankfort there are many more English and Americans than in the smaller interior towns of Germany; the shops and hotels are as cosmopolitan as in other large towns; but there is a great barrier of ignorance and conservatism among the lower classes everywhere in Germany, which prevents their receiving advanced ideas. They travel not at all, read but few newspapers; an expedition of five hours on the railway is too expensive to be dreamed of; thus their notions of other nations are very primitive, and about Americans especially. They seem to think our customs are about the same now as when Columbus found them.

A GERMAN KITCHEN.

The furniture of the parlor was comfortable, but stiffly arranged, until the airy touch of Miss Lejeune had thrown a little agreeable confusion into it. Before the sofa stood the little sofa-table, where the afternoon coffee was each day brought; it was flanked on each side by a large chair, and this grouping was so dear to the heart of Elise, that whenever it was disarranged, she immediately put it all back again. This sofa is the sacred spot in a German *salon*. A seat upon it is the

BESSIE IN THE SNOW STORM.

place of honor to which the guest of most importance is conducted. Next to him or her must sit the hostess, in courteous conversation, while minor lights may cluster about them. Everything in the room was covered with some piece of worsted work or embroidery. "In fact," Mary wrote to her friend, "there is not a straight line in Germany which has not been decorated with a pattern out of the Bazar."

The carpet was stretched over the middle of the room only, while the rest of the floor, left bare, was painted and polished. Several of the other rooms had no carpets, only neatly oiled or painted floors, and a few rugs; but they were kept clean and carefully rubbed by the ever industrious Elise, who also was forever polishing bright the brass door-handles, and knobs for various uses, which abounded in the apartment.

Altogether, the Horners felt their establishment *gemüthlich*, and applied themselves, as they had in Paris, to tasting a little the characteristic life of the place. They made and received a few visits from some very pleasant German families, and thus saw something of the customs of the inhabitants; they were charmed with their simple, unpretentious manner of living, in which economy plays a conspicuous part, but where the lack of luxury is made up for by simple ornaments, worked by industrious hands—footstools, chair-tidies, coffee-warmers, everything that affection, aided by the least possible amount of money, can devise for the comfort of the home.

Now lessons began, —real serious study of the German language. Every morning, after the very simple breakfast of coffee and rolls, the dining-room was given over to grammars and dictionaries, and nothing was to be heard for some hours but the scratching of pens, and inflection of verbs, and the frequent recurrence of "der, die, das," that terrible complicated article, which now took the place of the light and airy "le" and "la" of the French. An excellent professor, Herr Saitel, recommended by Mr. W——, undertook to plant his native German in the heads of all the young Horners. He proved an admirable teacher, for he knew enough of English to understand the points of difficulty; and, unlike many German professors, did not suppose that his duties were limited to reading and explaining the principal works of Schiller and Goethe.

Even Tommy was compelled to apply himself for an hour of German

reading and writing, which, in addition to what he picked up in his conferences with Elise, and all the people they met, made him a fluent, if not an accomplished German before long. There were two little German children who lived *oben*, that is, on the story above the Horners, with whom Tommy soon struck up an acquaintance. Gertrude was a solid little lass with a thick braid of blonde hair down her back, and Louis, a gentle little boy of seven.

LOUIS.

These children were now full of the approach of Christmas, and through the whole town the preparation for that festival was apparent. Every family has a tree at Christmas as regularly as we have roast turkey on Thanksgiving Day, and, for several days beforehand, the market-place and streets were full of "Tannen-baums" leaning up against the houses, — solid little fir-trees which adapt themselves better to the candles and decorations of a Christmas-tree, than the hemlock and other growths which are found in our American woods.

The Horners were invited, through their friends, to half a dozen different trees, and, by dividing their forces, managed to see them all, thus gratifying the genuine hospitality of their friendly German acquaintances. One or two were occasions of great splendor, but the most characteristic, perhaps, was that of the little Gertrude and Louis, who lived above them, which Mary thus described in her letter to her friend: —

"In a little while the tree was ready, and it was very pretty, but, except Louis and Gertrude, the others did not pretend to look at it much; for Emile and Gustel had dressed it themselves, and everybody had seen it beforehand, so there was no locking of doors and bursting in. It looked just like our trees, although Fraülein Lüdt said, 'Of course, in America you can have only imitation Tannen-baums,' thinking that the American trees all grow of pasteboard. The tree had lights and balls and candy on it, and the presents for each were set about the room on tables. The fraüleins, who were invited guests, had sweet things laid out for them. I thought they were rather rude, for though they cried 'reizend!' and 'wunderschön,' they said generally that they had got the same thi

CHRISTMAS-TREE MAKERS.

before. Frau Göben looked at her pile with interest. She had a black moreen petticoat and a fire-rug, and a pen-wiper, and a bottle of 'räuchend-pulver,' which they sprinkle on their stoves to partially avert a kind of burnt-iron smell inherent to their nature. That was all; but she seemed content, and so did the other relations, screaming and carrying on, just as we used to, when we looked at our presents.

"'Have you seen my pile? Look at this lovely brioche (footstool), the grandmamma made it herself.' Johanna had made and trimmed a hat for Gustel, black velvet with a rose, and Emile, who goes to Leipsic to school next week, had a trunk, and new trousers and a knife, and six pocket handkerchiefs marked in red. Everybody had a packet of pfleffer-kuchen. Now they brought out champagne. We all ate pfleffer-kuchen and little cakes cut out in odd shapes: cocks and hens, dogs, men, etc. The one servant came in and had her pile given her. There was to be a supper then, a great occasion, with herring-salad, made by the grandmother herself according to a time-honored custom, but we were all engaged to the W's., and came away early. The funny thing was that all this time they did not take much notice of the tree itself, which stood burning away there with its pretty little lights, and when we politely began to praise it, they said, 'Oh yes! I suppose you do not have them in America.'

"This was in English, and Tommy was so mad that he blurted out, 'Yes we do, and a hundred times better!' but I stuffed pfleffer-kuchen into his mouth, and I hope he was not heard.

"These trees were all lighted on Christmas eve, called heilig-abend. They have three feast days, the second being the real Christmas day, when everyone goes to church, and has a real Christmas dinner, and during the third the shops are still shut and the holiday continued; but the children's great time of rejoicing is Christmas eve."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. HERVEY.

ON the morning of Christmas, when most of the party were about to get ready for the service at the Dom-kirche, or cathedral, the postman came in rather later than usual, bearing a huge box. They had become very friendly with this postman, who was in the habit of stepping in with the letters, and having a little chat about the weather and affairs generally; on this occasion his friendship was stimulated by a Christmas-present the day before, from Mr. Horner.

All gathered about this box, much larger than anything they were accustomed to see coming by mail. The post-office service is admirable in Germany, although encumbered by certain rules and regulations which seem rather fussy to slip-shod foreigners. It takes the place of all other express business, and large packages can go by mail from one part of Germany to another in perfect safety, and very cheap.

The box was from Hamburg, and addressed to Mrs. Horner.

"It is Mr. Hervey's handwriting," shrieked Philip. Elise was summoned. Nobody knew the German for screw-driver. The Brief-träger drew from his pocket a stalwart knife, and pried off the only slightly-fastened lid, after which he disappeared in the confusion, unnoticed.

The box contained a paper box within, full of exquisite fresh-cut flowers from a green-house, marked "for the ladies," and a huge package of candies and all sorts of wonderful sugar-plums for the children. A card lay on top, inscribed:

"MUCH LOVE AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

FROM CLARENCE HERVEY.

HAMBURG, DEC. 23."

HAMBURG MARKET-WOMAN.

"Mr. Hervey at Hamburg!' they exclaimed; but Miss Lejeune said:—

"In all this Christmas bustle, I forgot to tell you that I had a note from him, saying he had left Paris."

"Oh, why didn't he come here!" groaned Tommy.

"But look at the beautiful things he has sent!" said Mary, and she buried her face in a delicious mass of roses, heliotropes, and all manner of perfumed blossoms.

Hamburg is celebrated for its beautiful hot-house flowers, which are not to be seen in other German towns, where it is still the fashion to make up stiff and set bouquets in regular circles, in which immortelles and evergreen predominate. Plants in pots, early bulbs, cyclamen and such things are plentiful, but the charm of cut-flowers is rare, except at Hamburg, where they are cultivated and sold in profusion.

ST. HENRY.

The sugar-plums of Hamburg are also celebrated.

"And Mr. Hervey," said Philip, "is just the fellow to find that out," as he cracked a bon-bon, very delicious, between his teeth.

This pleasant reminder of their friend and countryman, gave the party the feeling of home, which the feast had otherwise lacked, and Christmas having thus happily passed, the children settled down with fresh alacrity to their German lessons, and to their study of the old emperors in the Römer, which they visited whenever they had made a new acquaintance among the heroes of history or tradition.

The following is a list of the favorites among the emperors of the young Horners, with the reasons which they gave for their preference; reasons not always very deep, or perhaps to be reverenced by serious historians. Great difference of opinion prevailed among them about the characters of those they liked, and of the degree of favor that these deserved, but on the whole, so much was settled:

They liked Charlemagne (800 – 814), of course.

Otto the Great, (936 – 973), because he married Edith, sister to Athelstan of England, old friends through Freeman's Old English History.

HENRY VI.

St. Henry II., (1000–1024), chiefly on account of the picture of him, holding the little cathedral.

Fred'k Barbarossa, (1152–1178), because he is still asleep in a cave, with his long beard growing round him.

Henry VI., (1190 – 1194), for being the Cœur de Lion man, that is, the emperor who first kept Richard (his uncle, by the way) in custody and afterwards allowed his ransom, on his way home from the Crusades.

Frederick II., (1212 – 1250), was the emperor with whom Louis of Thuringia had to go off to the Crusades, leaving his wife, the saintly Elizabeth, on the Wartburg, which they were going to see in the spring.

Henry VII., (1308 – 1313), was a great Ghibelline, went to Rome to be crowned, and brought back glory to the name of German emperor. They liked his picture.

Charles IV., (1347 – 1378), was the Golden Bull Emperor.

Maximilian, (1493 – 1519), was their great favorite, on account of the Dove in the eagle's nest.

So they came to Charles V., (1529 – 1556), —

Frederick the Great, (1440 – 1796), —

But here their list became too mixed and complicated, as well as their opinions, as the number of characters increased upon a more modern stage.

HENRY VII.

They had brought with them a few books, which now proved most useful. Miss Yonge's *Young Folks' Germany*, which they had read and re-read, always interested in the stories with which she has filled it, supplemented the history of Germany in Freeman's *Historical Course*, which is less amusing, but concise and connected; they gained much light upon the subject, now that, on the very scene of their lives, the old crusaders and emperors seemed like real people, and not a confused mass of puppets. History, without any priggishness or affectation, now became a pastime with them, rather than hard work; they were always wanting to diverge from the regular route of their journeys, to some place where somebody they had read of had done something. This would have made their course a somewhat crooked journey, if all their wishes had been carried out; they had, therefore, to select, and leave much to the future.

Before leaving Frankfort, Miss Lejeune and Mary, escorted by Mr. W——, the consul, spent a day in going to Darmstadt, to see the famous Holbein Madonna, now conceded to be the real first picture of two which are so much alike that only a careful study, or comparison of their photographs, shows the differences. The other, in the

gallery at Dresden where they would see it by and by, was long considered to be the original, but at the great Holbein celebration, when all his pictures were collected in Dresden, the verdict of the judges was unanimously in favor of the Darmstadt picture as the original, and most critics consider the Dresden one to be only a copy by one of Holbein's scholars, although others think it was painted later, by him.

KARL IV.

On arriving at Darmstadt, they first went to the picture gallery, and from there to the palace occupied by the Grand-duke. They were admitted by a servant in livery, to whom they said they came to see the Holbein picture. After waiting a few moments, while he went to ask admission for them, they were shown into a prettily furnished library. Crochet-work with the needle in it, just laid down, a letter on the desk, half-written, the ink not yet dry, showed that the family had but just left the room for the purpose of letting them see the picture, and would return as soon as they had left. The effect of the picture as part of the furniture of a living-room, instead of being in a stiff picture gallery, or unused palace hall, was charming; and it left a very pleasant impression on their minds of the royal family, with Holbein's lovely and benign Madonna as a constant companion during their daily life.

This picture was painted by Holbein for the burgomaster Jacob Meyer, of Basle. According to a family tradition, the youngest son of the burgomaster, who was sick, even unto death, through the intercession of the Virgin was restored to his parents; and they in grati-

JEWS' QUARTER, FRANKFORT.

tude, dedicated this offering to her. She stands on a pedestal in a richly ornamented niche; over her long, fair hair, which falls down her shoulders to her waist, she wears a superb crown; and her robe, of a dark, greenish-blue, is confined by a crimson girdle. For its purity, dignity, and peace, the face, once seen, haunts the memory. The child in her arms is generally supposed to be the infant Christ; some people have fancied that it might be intended for the little sick child recommended to her mercy. To the right of the Virgin, kneels the burgomaster Meyer with two of his sons, one of whom holds his little brother who is restored to health. On the left kneel four female figures, — of the mother, grandmother, and two daughters. All these are portraits of the real people.

MAXIMILIAN.

They noticed in the room a little paper-weight, with the words "Alice, from Victoria," which, with other little home-touches, brought more strongly to their minds than ever before, the fact that royal families are also real families, and that queens give little birthday presents and mementos to their daughters, just the same as other people do.

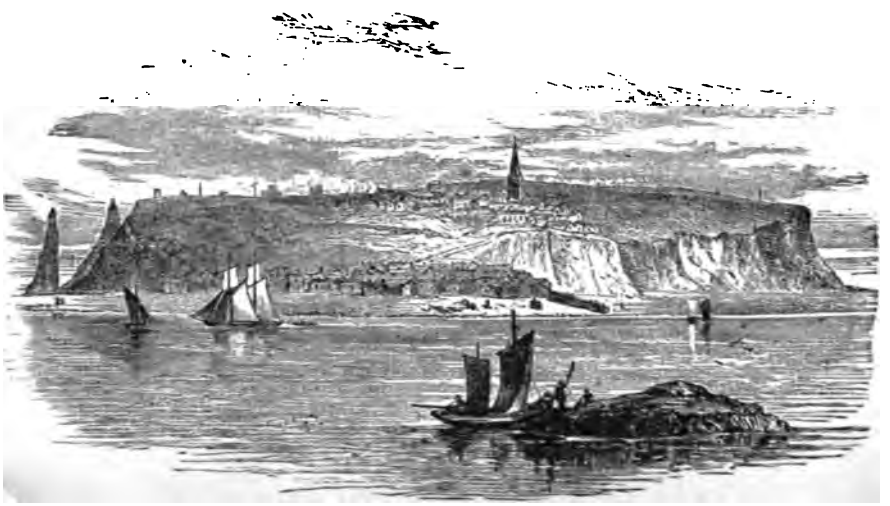
The princess, who used to live there, was the daughter of Queen Victoria. She married the present Duke of Hesse, who owns the picture, and they had several children; and when one of the little children had diphtheria, like any good, loving mother, she insisted upon nursing her suffering little child until it got well. But the fatigue was too much for the mother: the disease entered her system, and she herself [illegible] several years ago.

One day before they left Frankfort, Tommy, to his great delight, received a long letter from Mr. Hervey. It was from Hamburg and contained a photograph of a market-woman in the costume which is still somewhat worn there.

Mr. Hervey was charmed with the bright, clean, busy town; he described to the boys the broad streets on the Alster, which have houses on one side only, the other being open to the water, where against the solid stone embankment are boats, fastened by a ring, belonging to the families who live in these houses. It makes a lovely place to live. These sheets of water are most picturesque, and there are quantities of swans, that have been there, or their ancestors, for centuries, because a wealthy old lady made a bequest, by which they can be well taken care of.

"Think of Beacon street in Boston," wrote Mr. Hervey, "if there were no houses on the water-side, and a broad esplanade, and pleasure-boats always at hand; and if Mrs. Chevenix would leave a bequest in her will to have Charles River always full of swans!"

Mr. Hervey had been to London since they parted from him, and came over from London to Hamburg in a steamer, sailing down the Thames, and crossing the German ocean. He found it a very pretty trip, and one that they would find interesting if it came in their way. He had sailed up the Elbe to Hamburg towards night, passing the pretty little island of Heligoland before dark.



HELIGOLAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

WEIMAR.

THE Horners stayed in Frankfort until after the first of January, and then, having by this time pretty well decided what towns in Germany they most wished to visit, or rather which places they were least willing to give up, they passed the rest of the winter in going from one to another, always with some fixed object in view, whether it were a site of historic interest, a famous gallery, or even only one celebrated picture. It will not do to give a precise account of each excursion, nor to endeavor to keep the track of their time-table, their various hotels, apartments and houses in Germany. We will only pick out the plums of their pudding, and leave the rest to the guide-books. Everything relating to nature and picturesque scenery, they tried to postpone until spring; but winter travelling in Germany is not uncomfortable, and luckily the season was exceptionally mild. Their greatest discomfort was the hot, un-aired stuffiness of the railroad wagons,—the Germans having a deeply-rooted antipathy to open windows and draughts. Sometimes, when there was no nicht-rauchen-Wagen to be had, the smoke of cigars in a small compartment with all the windows shut, was quite intolerable; but the Horners, great and small, were learning the true philosophy of travel: to enjoy conveniences and not mind discomfort; and, as we have said before, good digestion, and a wise attention to sensible and regular food, supplementing, or supported by, good breeding and amiable dispositions, secured for them the power of practicing this philosophy. Everywhere they won golden opinions of their fellow-travellers, and in long trips became known as the "liebenswürdige Amerikäner," than which no praise can be found higher in the German tongue. *Liebenswürdig* is to be translated "amiable," but it means far more than our word, either

from its innate force, or because the Germans attach more importance to the quality than do more emotional nations.

Without, therefore, saying exactly how they got there, or how long they stayed in each place, we will note the chief things of interest they saw in the next three months; they were looking forward, as soon as the spring opened, to a week in Eisenach, for which they were determined to wait for lovely out-door weather.

Now Miss Lejeune had once spent a whole winter in the small but celebrated town of Weimar. It was here that she had acquired her prowess in the language, and her fondness, often rebuked, for every form of sausage which is known to the German mind. It was on account of this that she was always ready to defend, and maintain with proofs, the excellence of the German cuisine, and the neatness of the German ménage; — endless discussion, always without conversion on either side, and only to be broken off by the concession,

"Well, your experience of German families must have been very different from mine."

Miss Lejeune not only longed to see Weimar once more, but to renew her affectionate intercourse with the many friends she had made there; so, while the main body of our little army passed on to Leipsic, she stopped with Mary at Weimar.

DREI GLEICHEN.

It was before they separated that, between Erfurt and Gotha they had an excellent glimpse of the Drei Gleichen castles, about which Mary roughly translated aloud this account, as they rode along, from a funny little German guide for Thüringia: —

"History mentions first the Margrave Eckbert II., of Thüringia, as their owner. As he was opposed to Henry IV., this emperor beseiged his castle, in 1088, but in vain, for an attack from it forced him to a shameful retreat. Afterwards it came into the powerful family of the Counts von Gleichen, one of whom was Count Ernest, who, in 1237, took

DRESDEN: THE ZWINGER; INTERIOR VIEW

the cross under Frederick II., but was imprisoned by the Saracens for life; but the sultan's daughter Melechsala freed him, because she loved him, and urged him to fly with her. He willingly consented, after he had convinced himself that without this step he should never regain his freedom; and, as both the Pope, and the countess, his spouse, accepted the situation, so was the double bond soon effected. The house at the foot of the berg is called the "Joy-valley," because the countess came here to meet her husband returning with his new companion, and they all three embraced each other full of joy."

"I believe that the tradition is that each wife lived in one of the castles by herself, and the count in the third," said Miss Lejeune.

"Mamma!" exclaimed Bessie, "that story is all in your Musaeus book, that we used to look at the pictures in so much, long before we knew any German. Do not you remember? I do; the very same name of Melechsala, and the pictures of Grand Cairo and Turks and Eastern things."

"I remember the book perfectly," answered her mother, '*Musaeus*' *Volksmärchen*, but I do not recollect that story."

"It was a long story, and you never read us the whole of it. I dare say it was stupid, but I remember the pictures. I mean to look it up when we go home, because now I can read it myself."

They had now reached the station at Weimar, about one mile from the town; here they parted.

Miss Augusta naturally felt so much at home that she did not hesitate thus to separate herself from the rest, but with Mary, who was delighted at this little escapade by themselves, she went at once to the Erb-prinzen Hotel, where she found herself still remembered.

Weimar is a more characteristic German town than Frankfort, and, indeed, than most of the large towns frequented by routine travellers.

"All the time," wrote Mary to Bessie, "while aunt Gus is being liebeüswnrdig with her Germans, I am learning my way about Weimar. By the way, it is good to have my own Baedeker! The little plan of the town is excellent, as we found at Frankfort. I must tell you about it, for you have no idea how pretty it is. From our hotel we look across the market-place to an old archway, which files of soldiers are going

through constantly, and on the other side is a huge paved place, with the Schloss where the grand-duke lives, with a tall tower, and a clock that strikes hours and halves and quarters. The grand-duke's band was playing Tannhaüser while I was dressing this morning. This palace turns its back upon the town, but looks forth upon a broad and lovely park, with the Ilm running through it. It is wilder than Central Park, and full of little nooks and mossy corners. Aunt Gus and I walked there Sunday; it was a warm, spring-like day, with the frost coming out of the ground. We strayed about the paths and plucked little daisies still in bloom, not great bumping ones, like ours, but delicate English daisies.

STATUES OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER AT WEIMAR.

"This morning early aunt Gus called out to me, 'Look out of window, Mary!' and there I beheld the Platz, which has been as still as a desert before, all alive and swarming with the market, which comes twice a week. We went out and prowled about: it was so exactly like a scene

LEIPSIC: ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH.

on the stage, that when the band began to play on the balcony of the Rath-haus, we felt as if we were in an opera and must take attitudes and begin to sing. The women sat in long rows with queer things to sell, yarns and calico, real flowers and wreaths of dyed immortelles and paper roses, and fearful looking things to eat, some of them dipped up out of a barrel. Most of the women had live geese sitting by them, and there were a great many dogs.

"Last evening we went to the opera and heard the Meister Singer, delightfully played and sung and acted, and before we saw 'Ein Lustspiel.' It is the original of Mrs. Walthrop's Boarders. Aunt Gus is surprised

RATH-HAUS, LEIPSIC.

to find the town much changed and built up with new houses since she was here."

In Weimar they heard more of Goethe and Schiller, and saw the statue of the two which stands in the place before the theatre. Here also lived Wieland and Herder, and other men of literary fame, all of whom shared in the great days of Weimar, under the munificent and discriminating Grand-duke Carl August, always referred to as the Great-Grand-duke, although his present successor is a patron of music and art, keeping

up the reputation of the little town for culture and æsthetic taste. The theatre is most excellent, and Miss Lejeune and Mary went often, for, as the performance begins as early as six and is often over by nine, they could do this without neglecting other invitations.

Meanwhile the others passed several days in a very good hotel at Leipsic, sight-seeing, practicing their German, and going through the Museum, where they chiefly enjoyed four beautiful landscapes by Calame, and where Mr. Horner found himself confronted by his favorite Napoleon, depicted forcibly by Delaroche in the sad moment of his fall at Fontainebleau. Mr. Horner and Philip devoted a long morning to a careful survey of the battle-field where culminated the triumph of the allied armies over their once invincible enemy.

The famous battle of Leipsic lasted four days, beginning in the morning of October 16, 1813. Until the 19th the French kept up their old renown, but in spite of all their efforts they were forced back, and at dawn on the 19th their retreat began. A large part of their army had not yet crossed the Elster when the only bridge open to them was, probably by mistake, blown up. Thousands of the French perished by drowning; and upwards of fifteen thousand were made prisoners.

A few hours afterwards the Emperor of Russia, King Frederick William of Germany, and the Emperor Francis of Austria, triumphantly entered Leipsic, and the deliverance of Germany from Napoleon was now secured.

While Philip and his father were thus engaged, Mrs. Horner indulged Bessie and Tommy in their favorite pursuit of wandering about the streets looking into shop windows, their nominal object being the headquarters of the celebrated "Tauchnitz editions" of English books. It was with some difficulty they discovered the place, and then only to find to their disappointment, as has happened to many other inquiring travellers, that the books there produced are not sold excepting to book sellers. They then went back to the very book-shop where they had received the direction for finding the Tauchnitz place, and there bought several fresh numbers of this light and agreeably printed series, greatly wondering at the intricacies of the German mind, which had deterred this salesman from saving them the trouble of a futile pilgrimage.

Leipsic is a clean and pretty town, but essentially modern, with no monuments of especial interest. The Horners thought the graceful spires of Halle, where they were left for two or three hours one day, made that a more picturesque and attractive place than the larger city.

HALLE: THE MARKET-PLACE.

CHAPTER XX.

DRESDEN.

ON an appointed day, the Horners were assembled in the large waiting-room of the modern-looking railway-station at Leipsic, and when the train was heard approaching they were allowed to come through the gates upon the platform, where they stood for a moment, bags and shawl-straps in hand, as the long row of wagons swept up and stopped. Mr. Horner and Bessie stood together, while at a little distance were Mrs. Horner with her two sons, — Philip manfully struggling with two large packages and an umbrella, Tommy almost hidden behind a huge bouquet, a parting present from the gracious landlady of their hotel.

DRESDEN: BRIDGE OVER THE ELBE.

Miss Lejeune and Mary were looking out for them from the window

DRESDEN.

of their carriage, and could hardly wait for the *Schaffner* to throw open the door.

"Here they are!" "Here we are!" all exclaimed.

"Come in here, papa!" cried Mary; "we have plenty of room. We have guarded this wagon from the people like tigers!"

And in they huddled, overjoyed to meet again after a separation of ten long days. Shawl-straps were poked up on the netting over their heads. Papa's tall hat was there relegated, while a soft cap took its place on his head.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Horner, "to think that we should meet without any mistake! I think we are born travellers."

Now all began to talk at once and to tell their experiences, more desirous of being listened to than to listen; but Miss Lejeune and Mary were fresher than the others, who had been going about all the morning for last things in Leipsic and packing: thus Mary held the floor.

"I wish you could have seen two American ladies who came from Weimar with us. We heard they had been spending the winter there, and all their friends came down to the station to meet them. Such a crowd, and such kissing and waving and cries of 'Auf wiedersehen!' I should think it was the whole German nation bidding them good-bye. One of them had a large bouquet; just like yours, Tommy, that you have there, all in stiff circles with paper round it."

"They talked German remarkably well," said Miss Lejeune. "I heard about them in Weimar; there are five of them in all, but the others stayed behind."

"Five women travelling together; just fancy!" exclaimed Mrs. Horner. "How they must quarrel!"

"I believe not," said Miss Lejeune, "though one would think so They came out to improve themselves in languages, music, painting, and so on, and *man sagt* in Weimar they were very liebenswürdig."

"Perhaps we shall fall in with them again somewhere," remarked Mr. Horner.

"Oh, Mary!" cried Philip, "I saw Cockywax! He was in Leipsic!"

"Philip!" said his mother reprovingly. She objected to this nick-

name which Philip had found for the young Mr. Buffers who was with them on the steamer.

"I met him in the street," went on Philip, "and he seemed mighty glad to see me. He kept saying over and over again, 'What a delightful voyage we had; how are your sisters? Yes, that was a delightful voyage!'"

Philip gave a pretty good imitation of the embarrassed, awkward manner of the youth Buffers, which made his family laugh. Mary said:

"Well, he is a nice boy, and I should like to see him again."

"I told him our hotel," continued Philip, "and I think that if you had been with us he would have called. He considers you his patron saint in the family."

"Saint Mary of Cockywax," said Bessie, adding scornfully, "I do not believe he considers me his patron saint."

"I never observed that he took any particular notice of you," retorted Philip.

"Come, come, children, do not quarrel," said the mamma. Bessie and Philip, or Jack, as they called him half the time, were excellent friends, but so near in age that they sometimes roughed each other.

Soon they were approaching Dresden, as so often they had before drawn near large cities, in the glowing western light. The flowing river, with its ample bridges, makes a beautiful town of it, as well as the handsome buildings with which it is plentifully provided.

In Dresden they remained some time, for there was much to see. They were established in one of the large hotels in the middle of the town, and for the first time joined the table d'hote dinner, instead of being supplied, as in Paris, in their own rooms. They found, for a change, some amusement in the variety of characters they thus met. The table held no more than twenty guests of different nationalities, among whom German was the least represented. In fact, the Horners congratulated themselves that they had secured some familiarity with German at the other towns they had visited, before coming to Dresden; for it is so over-run with English and Americans that, even in the *pensions*, their language is as much spoken as the native one. In the shops and streets English is constantly

MADONNA DE SAN SISTO.

ENAMEL FRAME IN THE GREEN VAULT.

heard; and, except that, from preference, they all, except Mrs. Horner, chose to exercise their skill in talking German, they could have done perfectly well without a knowledge of it.

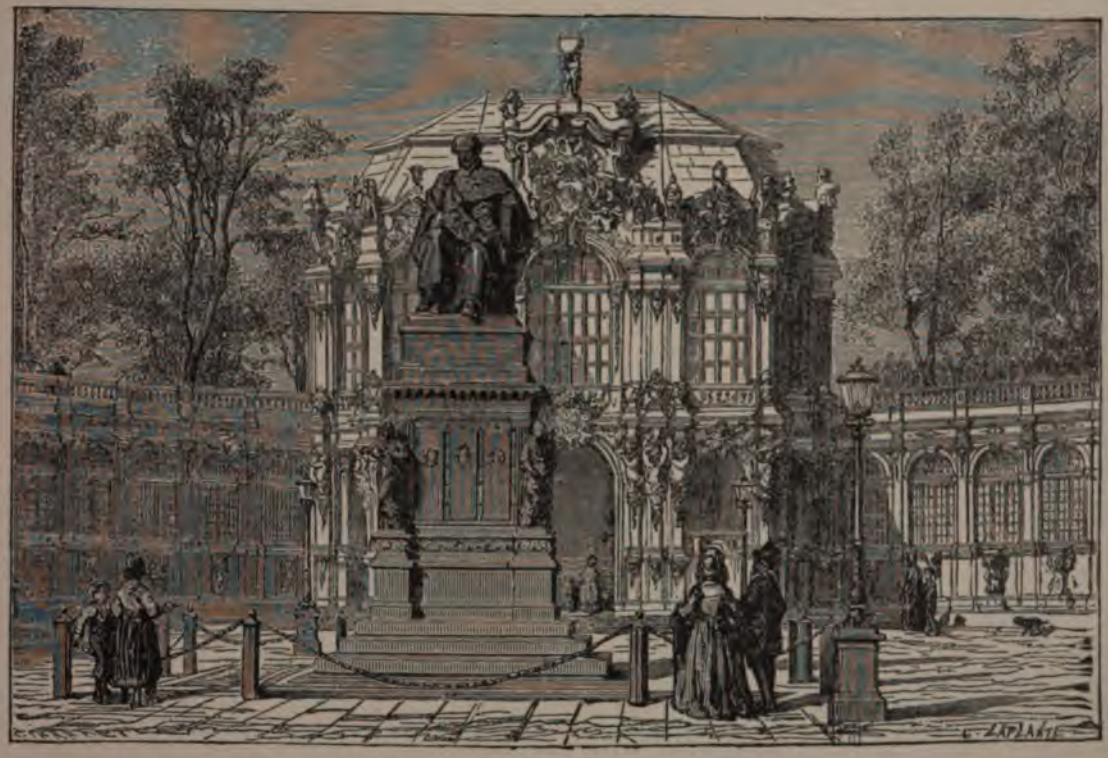
There was a party of second-rate English at their table, whose chief occupation consisted in staring, especially at the Horners. Very likely this was the first time they had seen civilized Americans, and that they were on the look-out for some traces of Indian manners and customs. As the Horners were perfectly well trained in the use of the knife and fork and other modern utensils, the starers found very little to gratify them; but once Phil heard one of the daughters say out quite loud to another, "She has eaten her push-piece!" Phil turned round to look at Bessie, on whom the four eyes had been glued. She was just finishing her fish, and had ended, very improperly, by putting the piece of bread in her mouth which she had been using. This was ever after called the "push-piece" by the Horners; and these people went by the title of the Push-pieces, whenever they were referred to; but they never saw them again, for they left the very next day.

The Grosse-Garten was already attractive on some of the spring days in the end of February. The Green Vault amazed some of them with a mass of jewelry, mosaic, crowns, and other splendors; but the Zwinger, on account of the celebrated picture-gallery it contains, was the place to which they devoted the most time, and where Mary and Miss Lejeune continued their study of the old masters.

Naturally the first picture they sought was the other Holbein Madonna; and Mary thought she could remember that the Darmstadt one was superior in execution and intention; but so much might be due to having seen that first, she was willing to allow that her judgment was not worth much.

Mrs. Horner tock intense pleasure in the renowned Madonna di San Sisto, by Raphael. It had been, through engraving and photograph, her favorite picture for years. She was willing to sit before the large picture, lending herself to a kind of dream as she gazed npon it, thus rather irritating the more fastidious judgment of Miss Lejeune, who no longer concedes the first place among artists to Raphael.

Miss Lejeune, however, was capable of deviating from the narrow paths of the Pre-Raphaelites, for she confessed to considering the



DRESDEN: ENTRANCE TO THE ZWINGER, AND THE STATUE OF FREDERICK AUGUSTUS. 201

Magdalen of Battoni, also in the Dresden gallery, one of the most beautiful pictures in the world; and this is decidedly modern.

In this gallery Mary renewed her search for the masters of the old schools. She lingered over the oldest pictures, seeking to learn in what their charm consisted, and rejoiced to find that she really could like them, and that affectation would consist in calling them "horrid old things," which many young Americans feel called upon to do to avoid the very imputation.

It was very odd to the Horners to come in Saxony upon a royal family and royal state, playing at king and queen in a baby-house, as Bessie called it. Although, as they remembered, by the union of Germany, Kaiser William was declared emperor of the whole of it, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, in 1871, the kings, grand-dukes, and dukes of the uniting parts retain all their titles and their ancient rights, something like the separate government of our States under the President; thus, at Weimar, the grand-duke holds his own court, and receives an ambassador from the imperial court at Berlin. At Dresden they often saw the royal family and the king and queen of Saxony driving out in state. The royal family of Saxony are Catholics; and Passion Week, which took place while the Horners were in Dresden, was observed with much solemnity. The shops were closed, the churches were open; the services were very impressive, even to children of Puritan descent. On Easter Sunday, especially, the cathedral ceremony was long and solemn, but to their minds, in spite of the fine music, tedious.

But all Germany defers to the glory of the Emperor William, and the Horners heard so much of the beloved Kaiser that they longed for Berlin, where he was to be seen in all his splendor.

"But," said Bessie, "he is only a *parvenu* kind of emperor. I do not consider him a descendant of our Barbarossa at all. I think the Austrian emperors are more like that."

"True," said her father, "but you must remember that Francis II. formally resigned the imperial crown, in 1806."

"Because your favorite Napoleon frightened him to death," resumed Bessie. "I consider that to be the real end of German history,

just like the end of a novel; and this empire, which the Kaiser has started, is not so old a nation as the United States."

"Do not say that in Berlin, or, if you do, do not use your best German, or you may be arrested for seditious sentiments," said Mr. Horner good-humoredly.

Spring was really come, and in the first tender days, when everything is pink and yellow, and soft vague green, before the leaves have hidden the grace of the branches, the Horners spent a week in "Saxon Switzerland," which is the name the country goes by about Dresden. They stayed at a pleasant little inn at Schandau, close upon the river Elbe, and from here made excursions, as the weather allowed, chiefly on foot, to the points of interest about them.

This return to out-door life and to the attractions of nature, was pleasing to all of them. They rejoiced greatly when the first of May approached, and they broke up camp in Dresden for a few weeks in beautiful Eisenach. "I declare," exclaimed Bessie, "I wish never to see a church or a picture-gallery again. I want woods and castles and cataracts."

"And no dates and dynasties," added Tommy.

SAXON SWITZERLAND: THE PREBISCHTHOR. A COLOSSAL NATURAL ARCH.

CHAPTER XXI.

SAINT ELIZABETH.

IN the year 1207, Andreas II. was king of Hungary, and Hermann, the patron of the Minnesingers, was landgrave of Thüringia, and held his court in the castle of the Wartburg.

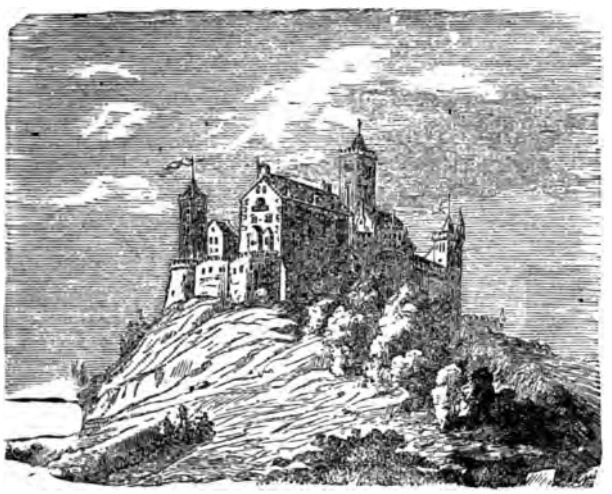
In that year, the queen of Hungary had a daughter, whose birth was announced by many blessings to her country and kindred; for the wars which had distracted Hungary ceased, and peace and good-will reigned, at least for a time; the harvests had never been so abundant; crime, injustice, and violence had never been so infrequent as in that fortunate year. Even in her cradle, Elizabeth showed that she was the favorite of heaven. She was never known to weep from crossness, and the first words she distinctly uttered, were those of prayer; at three years old, she was known to give away her toys and take off her rich dresses to bestow them on the poor; and all the land rejoiced in her early wisdom, goodness, and radiant beauty.

These things being told to Hermann of Thüringia, he was filled with wonder, and exclaimed:

"Would to God that this fair child might become the wife of my son!" and thereupon he sent an embassy to the king of Hungary, to ask the young princess in marriage for his son, Prince Louis, bearing rich presents. His messengers were hospitably received, and returned to the Wartburg with the little princess, who was then four years old. The king, her father, bestowed on her a cradle and a bath, each of fine silver, and of wondrous workmanship; and silken robes, curiously embroidered with gold, and twelve noble maidens to attend upon her.

When the Princess Elizabeth arrived at the castle of the Wartburg,

at Eisenach, she was received with infinite rejoicings, and the next day she was solemnly betrothed to the young Prince Louis; and the two children being laid in the same cradle, they smiled and stretched out their little arms to each other, which thing pleased the Landgrave Hermann and his wife Sophia, and all the ladies, knights, and minstrels who were present regarded it as an omen of a blessed and happy marriage.



DIE WARTBURG BEI EISENACH.

From this time the children were not separated; they grew up together, and every day they loved each other more and more. Louis soon perceived that his Elizabeth was quite unlike all the other children in the court; all her infant thoughts seemed centred on heavenly things; her very sports were heavenly, as though the angels were her playmates; but charity and compassion for the suffering poor, formed, so to speak, the staple of her life. Everything that was given to her she gave away, and she collected what remained from the table, and saved from her own repasts every scrap of food, which she carried in a basket to the poor children of Eisenach.

As long as the Landgrave Hermann was alive, no one dared to oppose the young Elizabeth in these exercises of devotion and charity, but he died when she was about nine years old, and Louis sixteen, and Elizabeth having thus lost in him a father and protector, became a forlorn stranger in her adopted home; for the Landgravine Sophia disliked her, her future sister, the Princess Agnes openly derided her, and the other ladies of the court treated her with great neglect. Meantime, Louis, her betrothed, was watching her closely. He did

THE WARTBURG: CASTLE COURT. 207

not openly show her any attention, and had some doubts whether she were not too far above him in her austere, though gentle piety. But often when she suffered from the unkindness of others he would secretly comfort her, and dry up her tears. And when he returned home after an absence, he would bring her some little gift, either a rosary of coral, or a little silver crucifix, a chain, or a golden pin, or a purse, or a knife; and when she ran out to meet him joyfully, he would take her in his arms and kiss her right heartily.

It happened on one occasion, that Louis went on a long hunting excursion with some neighboring princes, and was so busy with his guests, that when he returned he brought her no gift, nor did he salute her as usual. Those courtiers who were the enemies of Elizabeth, marked this well; she saw their cruel joy, and in the bitterness of her grief, she confided it to her old friend Walther, who had brought her, an infant, from Hungary, who had often nursed her in his arms, and who loved her as his own child. A few days afterward, this Walther, as he attended the landgrave to the chase, asked him what were his intentions with regard to the Lady Elizabeth:

"For," said he, "it is thought by many that you love her not, and that you will send her back to her father."

On hearing these words, Louis, who had been lying on the ground to rest, started to his feet, and throwing his hand toward the lofty Inselberg which rose before them, exclaimed:

"Seest thou yon high mountain? If it were all of pure gold from the base to the summit, and if it were offered to me in exchange for my Elizabeth, I would not give her for it. No; I love her only, and I will have my Elizabeth!" Then from the purse which hung at his belt, he drew forth a little silver mirror, curiously wrought, surmounted with an image of the Saviour. "Give her this," he added, "as a pledge of my troth."

Walther hastened to seek Elizabeth with the gift and loving message. She smiled an angel smile and kissed the mirror, reverently saluting the image of Christ. About a year afterward their marriage was solemnized with great feasts and rejoicings which lasted three days.

Louis was at this time in his twentieth year. He was tall, with fair hair and blue eyes, and a noble brow. He was of a princely temper, resolute, yet somewhat bashful; and he was faithful to his Elizabeth to the hour of his death.

Elizabeth was not quite fifteen. Her beauty, though still immature, was that of her race and country; a tall, slender figure, a clear brown complexion, large, dark eyes, and hair black as night; her eyes glowed with an inward light of love and charity, and were often moistened with tears.

She loved her husband tenderly, but she carried into her married life the austere piety which had distinguished her from her infancy; she rose in the night to pray, kneeling on the bare ground; she wore hair-cloth next her tender skin, and would scourge herself, and cause her ladies to scourge her. Louis sometimes remonstrated, but he secretly thought that he and his people were to benefit by the sanctity of his wife. She was always cheerful and loving to him, dressed to please him and often rode to the chase with him. When he was away, she put on the dress of a widow till his return, when she would again array herself in her royal mantle, and meet him with a joyous smile.

The most famous story about her is that one day, in the absence of her husband, during a severe winter, she left her castle with a single attendant, carrying in the skirts of her robe a supply of meat, bread, and eggs to a poor family; and as she was descending the frozen and slippery path, her husband, returning from the chase, met her bending under the weight of her charitable burden.

"What dost thou here, my Elizabeth?" he said; "let us see what thou art carrying away," and she, confused and blushing to be so discovered, pressed her mantle to her bosom, but he insisted, and opening her robe, he beheld only red and white roses, more beautiful and fragrant than any that grow on this earth, even at summer-tide, and it was now the depth of winter! Then he was about to embrace his wife, but looking in her face, he was overawed by a supernatural glory which seemed to emanate from every feature, and he dared not touch her; he bade her go on her way and fulfill her mission.

In the year 1226, the landgrave Louis accompanied his lord, the emperor Frederick II., into Italy. In the same year a terrible famine afflicted all Germany, and Thüringia suffered most of all. Elizabeth distributed to the poor all the corn in the royal granaries. Every day a certain quantity of bread was baked, and she herself served it out to the people, who thronged around the gates of the castle, sometimes to the number of nine hundred; uniting prudence with charity, she so arranged that each person had his just share, and so husbanded her resources that they lasted through the summer; when harvest time came round, she sent all the people to the fields provided with scythes and sickles, and to every man she gave a shirt and a pair of shoes. When the plague followed the famine, she founded two hospitals in Eisenach; went herself from one to the other, ministering to the inmates with a cheerful countenance.

THE PARTING.

In the following year, all Europe was armed for the third crusade; and Louis must join the banner of his emperor. He took the cross, with many other princes and nobles at Hildesheim; but on his way thence to Wartburg, he took off his cross and put it into his purse,

till he should have prepared his wife for the pain of parting, — but many days passed away, and he had not courage to tell her. One evening, she playfully unbuckled his purse, seeking alms for her poor; she drew forth the cross. Too well she knew the sign; the truth burst upon her, and she swooned at his feet.

They parted with tears. The landgrave pursued his journey toward Palestine, but at Otranto he was seized with a fever and died. He commanded his knights and counts to carry his body home, and to defend his Elizabeth and his children with their life-blood, if need were, from all wrong and oppression.

But now the eldest brother of Louis, Henry, wickedly took possession of his lands, and banished the widow and children from the Wartburg.

It was winter-time, and the snow lay upon the ground, when this daughter of kings was seen slowly descending the rough path, carrying a new-born baby in her arms; her women followed with the three children. Henry had forbidden any one to harbor her, resolved to drive her away from his territory; so she wandered about with her children till she at last found refuge in a poor inn; and afterward supported herself by spinning wool.

When the knights returned to Thüringia, bearing the remains of Louis, they were filled with indignation at what had happened. They obliged Henry to be contented with the title of regent only, gave young Hermann, the son of Louis and Elizabeth, his father's place, and endowed Elizabeth with the city of Marbourg, whither she retired with her daughters.

And here she might have ended her days tranquilly, but for the severe tyranny of the priest Conrad, her confessor, who made of her life one long penance. Finally he dismissed even her two women, who had served her faithfully. She was said to be surrounded by celestial visitants; that the blessed Virgin herself deigned to converse with her, and she gradually faded away, till, laid upon her last bed, she turned her face to the wall and began to sing hymns with a most sweet voice. When her strength failed, she uttered the word "silence," and so died. She had just completed her twenty-fourth year, and had survived her husband just three years and a half.

No sooner had Elizabeth breathed her last breath than the people surrounded the couch, tore away her robe and cut off her hair for relics. Four years after her death she was canonized as a saint, by the Pope; and her shrine, in the church of Saint Elizabeth, at Marbourg, has been venerated and visited ever since.

FRIEDRICH II. PUTTING ON THE CROWN OF JERUSALEM.

CHAPTER XXII.

EISENACH.

SUCH is the charming story of the holy Elizabeth, told by Miss Lejeune as they came towards Eisenach, about the middle of May. The spring was fairly open, the weather had begun to be mild and lovely; the landscape through which the Horners were passing was deliciously fresh with delicate green tints. All promised them a delightful country week.

"THE STORKS ARE HERE!" CRIED TOMMY.

The station was reached. The family climbed into droschkys, the baggage followed, and they rumbled along over the rough stone

pavement, under the old arch of the Nicholas Gate, and found themselves in the quaintest and most picturesque German town they had yet seen. Their hotel was on one side of a sort of square which was all up-hill; the red-tiled and gabled roof of each house made a step up from its lower neighbor; the houses were painted different colors, and gaily-striped awnings increased the variety of tint. Behind and above all, exactly like the back-scene at the theatre, rose the Wartburg, with the pretty castle on its summit, near and yet far, for while it seemed to overhang them, it still looked small with distance. When they arrived, it was toward evening, and the castle glowed with pink light and violet shadows. It was an ideal castle, just fit for the home of Saint Elizabeth. Every Horner, old and young, was full of rejoicing. They had a good German supper, and went to bed, in their funny German beds, with their heads full of anticipation. The clock in the market-square hard by, struck the hours and the quarter hours as they were falling off to sleep. They felt as if they had been put back by magic into the thirteenth century, or thereabouts.

THE ANNATHAL AT EISENACH.

The next day the weather did not disappoint them; and they started early to make the ascent of the mountain, Mrs. Horner and Miss Lejeune mounted on mild donkeys with long ears and wise faces, the rest on foot, with stout sticks to rest on.

A short walk through the town brought them to the actual ascent, of less than quarter of a mile, on a well-made path. It is steep, but winding, and not more fatiguing than the many steps to views on the top of towers, to which the younger Horners had now become accustomed. Tommy, of course, started at a rapid pace, and distanced them all; they soon found him sitting on a stone, with a red face, and out of breath, after which he kept

nearer the party. This was a straggling one; the donkeys, who had no great enthusiasm about reaching the top, were inclined to take it easy; and Mr. Horner was equally in favor of a leisurely pace.

"Look at that party of Germans, Philip," he said. "They put a system into it. They do a certain distance, and then they stand still and breathe a few moments, before starting again."

"Yes, but papa," replied Jack, "one would think we were ascending Popocatapetl, to make such a time of it!" and he started off on a spurt.

In fact it is but a trifling climb, a little over six hundred feet, and the views from the mountain side are so pretty as to afford a good excuse for resting pauses.

The Wartburg was built in 1067. In the eight centuries which have passed over it since much of it had gone to ruin; but the present grand-duke of Saxe-Weimar has restored the castle as nearly as possible to its original state; so that, while its foundations are very ancient, the decorations are excessively modern, but executed in a spirit so faithful to tradition that it is like looking at a bran-new piece of antiquity.

The life of Saint Elizabeth is illustrated by a series of modern frescoes; and the lives of various landgraves are made the subject of another series, of which the favorite of the Horners explains the name of the castle:

Landgrave Louis the Springer came one day while he was chasing a stag, to the top of this mount; astonished at the lovely view, the thought arose in him here to build a castle, and he is said to have exclaimed,

"Wart, Berg, du sollst eine Burg werden!" — "Wait, mount, thou art to be a castle." The tradition says that the name Wartburg originated from these words.

ISABELLE OF PORTUGAL, WIFE OF CHARLES V.

The Wartburg is the place where Luther found protection after the Diet of Worms. When Charles V. was elected emperor, Luther and his party hoped he would declare himself in favor of their views for reforming the Church. The Papal Legate, on the other hand, wanted the emperor to take measures against Luther at once. When he held his first diet, or assembly, at Worms, he sent for Luther, and tried to make him retract his heresies, so called; but Luther would not. He allowed him to go away in safety, but immediately issued an edict condemning him as a heretic. So Frederick of Saxony, who was a friend of Luther, had him waylaid and seized, like a prisoner, and carried to the Wartburg; but it was really to get him out of the way of his enemies. He stayed there almost a year, and it was there he wrote his translation of the New Testament. His room is shown, very little changed. The ink-spot on the wall has been painted out, where it was said he threw his inkstand at the devil. Perhaps it was only a fly that came and bothered him.

CHARLES V.

The Horners spent a long day upon the Wart *Berg*, examining the *Burg*, enjoying the lovely views from the windows, and the still remaining portions of the ancient castle as much as the modern pictures, and the legends of the guide. They found a very good lunch at the restaurant on the mountain, and came back to their hotel, tired but happy, for a good dinner.

Mary and Philip went up there the very next day, on foot, and Mary took her sketching things. She was not very skillful, but very persevering, and her modest little book was gradually getting

filled with many a sketch which she enjoyed afterwards, as recalling not only the place, but the mood, in which it was made.

On this second day, Mrs. Horner rested, while the others wrote letters, made short sallies into the town, and enjoyed the band in the market-place at noon, when all the inhabitants of Eisenach turned out and strolled about.

One day was spent in wandering about the paths and climbing the rocks in the Anna-thal. They took a little boy for a guide, who carried an ample basket of lunch, so they need not come back till late. The Anna-thal is a narrow ravine; the wildest part of it is called the Drachen-schlucht, and here the steep sides are covered with moss and ferns, and wet with trickling moisture. It was a very warm day, so that the damp and coolness were most agreeable; though Mrs. Horner mentioned the word "rheumatism," she was immediately suppressed.

The Anna-thal is not on a grand, imposing scale; it is simply very, very pretty, and something like the ravines in the White Mountains. The paths have been cared for and cleared of underbrush, but not too much "fixed up." On a huge rock at the end of an opening is to be seen a large dark letter A, marked upon the stone in honor of a visit to the spot by Anna, queen of Holland, the mother of the late grand-duchess of Weimar.

There are similar letters like this A in famous picturesque places through Germany, put up to commemorate the presence of great personages. They mar the landscape less than the sprawling advertisements, such as "Break of Day Bitters," which disgrace the scenery in America; and their intention at least is more æsthetic and in harmony with nature.

The Horners had what we call "a real nice time," at Eisenach. They settled down as it was their custom, and each one went upon his way, according to his own sweet will. Their German was good enough now to serve. Tommy made friends with the excellent landlady, and became initiated in the plucking of chickens and skinning of hares.

They went to the old church, and enjoyed the simple service,

and the serious faces of the congregation. The service in the churches of Germany, even where it is Catholic, seems more earnest and more Protestant than that of the cathedrals of Southern Europe. Protestantism matches both the climate and the turn of

LUTHER IN THE CELL.

thought of the German people. It is as if Luther had left his stamp in the very shrines where the reformed religion is not acknowledged.

Charming weather, pleasant drives, and simple, quiet life made

their visit to Eisenach a memorable one. The children found traces here, as elsewhere, of their favorite, or detested kings and emperors, and in connection with Luther, learned more of Charles V., and his wife Isabelle.

There is a palace at Eisenach interesting as the home, for a long time, of the duchess of Orleans, the wife of that duke of Orleans who was killed by a fall from his carriage in 1842. He was the son of Louis Philippe, then reigning, so that he was his heir to the throne, and by his death his son became the heir apparent. His widow, the mother, was a German princess. She devoted herself to the education of the young prince, and, after the abdication of Louis Philippe, she came to Eisenach, accepting an invitation of the grand-duke of Weimar, who was her uncle. Here she lived, honorably fulfilling her duties as a mother and a Christian, and maintaining the claims of her son, whom she long cherished the hope of seeing on the throne of France. When she saw his prospects blasted by the success of Louis Napoleon, disappointment preyed upon her mind, her health failed, and she died while on a visit to England, in 1858.

Her story is a sad one, and led the young Horners to revert once more to the eventful ups and downs of the princes of France. This son of hers was called Louis Philippe Robert, Comte de Paris, and heir to the throne of the Bourbon family.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BOMB.

"BERLIN, MAY 16th, 1881.

"*My Dear Mr. Horner:*—What are your plans? Perhaps you have not any. What do you say to Norway? I think I shall start for the midnight sun and way-stations, about the first of June, and I need not say that it will be far pleasanter for me if you decide to join me with your party. A month is enough to devote to Norway, and I think Mrs. Horner and the young ladies would enjoy the trip. Let me hear from you at once.

"Truly yours, CLARENCE HERVEY."

THIS letter burst like a bomb at the Horners' breakfast-table, one day at Eisenach. They had no more thought of going to Norway than they had of going to Japan; and the midnight sun had entered into their plans as little as the pyramids at Cairo.

"How exactly like Hervey!" exclaimed Mr. Horner irritably. The idea disturbed the tenor of his thoughts somewhat roughly. Their month at Eisenach had been very pleasant. The fields were full of wild flowers, and every day the children came in with their hands full. It was a healthy sort of out-door life that they did not like to think of leaving; and yet the time was coming when they must move on. Their rooms were already engaged at Berlin, and for some time the wise heads of the party had been thinking about their future course, consulting guide-books and maps, in order to lay out the plan for their summer months; but the children had but little part in the practical discussion of such things.

Mr. Horner had some affairs to attend to in Antwerp, sooner or later; one plan had been to spend the month of June in Holland. Norway was a wholly new suggestion.

"Mr. Hervey was always talking about Norway on the voyage," said Mary, "do not you remember?"

"I think he meant to go to Norway when he left America," said Miss Lejeune, "only he never makes plans. He told me that he hoped to go some time; and he had all kinds of Norway Murray's and other guides with him, that a friend of his handed over to him who had made the trip."

WILD FLOWERS.

"How I should like to go!" exclaimed Mary. "I always wanted to see the midnight sun."

"I do not care half so much for Norway as for European cities," declared Philip.

"Do not you?" replied Mary. "Oh, I do! and then we have seen so many cities."

"I wonder what it is like," exclaimed Bessie. "Let's get the Baedeker and see."

"But we have no guide-book that will tell," said Mary. "'Northern Germany' says nothing about Norway."

"Think of seeing real Norsemen and vikings!" exclaimed Bessie; "I hope we shall go!"

"Rubbish," replied Phil, "the vikings are all dead, and there are nothing but stupid Swedes and Norwegians, like that Emma we had, who could not speak any English."

While the children were thus chattering without any responsibil-

MIDNIGHT SUN.

ity, the three older people remained silent, but each was busily thinking, and weighing the subject internally.

It was after the young ones had scattered to their out-of-doors pursuits that a grave consultation was held. Miss Lejeune took out her interminable knitting, Mr. Horner lighted his cigar, and Mrs. Horner, wrapping a light shawl about her shoulders, leaned back in an American chair, as they call a rocking-chair in Europe, and rocked gently as they talked.

"Well, what do we think of this Norway plan?" demanded Mr. Horner.

More than one council was needed before any decision was reached; and several letters were exchanged with Mr. Hervey; the verdict was that they had better come to Berlin, and talk it over with him. This occasioned no change in their plan, for it was quite time for them to leave Eisenach. The only difference was that now their quiet life was broken up, and they no longer cared for their country pursuits. When the time for leaving a place has come, there is an end to the enjoyment of it. Unsettled feelings take the place of satisfaction. The last few days in a place are always uncomfortable; as Phil expressed it, "The bottom has come out, and there is no more fun."

Besides, they were all in a hurry to see their dear Mr. Hervey again; and Tommy was longing to behold the emperor of Germany in all his glory. They bade good-bye to Eisenach friends, especially to a little family of children and dolls, with whom Bessie and Tommy had become very intimate.

So to Berlin they went, and to the hotel where Mr. Hervey had his room. He came to wait for them at the station, and the meeting was a very joyous one.

They had a merry and rather noisy dinner the first evening, for every Horner wished to tell Mr. Hervey, in his or her own way, everything which had happened to them since they left him in Paris. It was the children's occasion; for the parents thought it was hopeless to try to get a word in edgewise, and so they allowed the young tongues to run freely; only Mrs. Horner faintly murmured once or twice.

"Not quite so loud, Tommy."

The end of many conferences was, as it was very apt to be, that Mrs. Horner had her own way. She was so quiet and gentle that an outside observer would not suppose that she was the general in command of the party; but her ideas were always so excellent that her husband invariably surrendered to them, and so did Miss Lejeune, although in the present case she demurred at first.

Mrs. Horner's plan was to divide the party! When she first proffered it the others looked

BESSIE'S PLAYMATES.

aghast; but her reasons were ready. She thought there were altogether too many for Norway, "where," she said, "I believe you have to ride in little carriages all by yourself. It will not do

to have a long string of Horners all across the country, from the North Cape to Copenhagen." She told her husband privately that she thought the burden of the party would rest too heavily on Mr. Hervey, who would be the natural guide, as he had studied up the subject. Mr. Horner assented to this. Indeed, his chief objection to the plan was, that it imposed such an army on Mr. Hervey.

NORWEGIAN CARRIAGE.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Horner, "this is really the best plan. If you, Augusta, will chaperon the party that goes, I think I will not go myself, but will form a camp somewhere with the rest of the children. We shall be perfectly comfortable and happy, and indeed I shall like it much better than so much sea-travel. I will keep Tommy; and, Mr. Hervey, you may choose, of the others, which you will take."

Mr. Hervey did not exactly choose; but different reasons now settled the division of the forces. Mr. Horner stayed with his wife, and, strange to say, Philip preferred to be left behind. There was something manly in this; he did not like to desert his mother; besides, he did not care so much for scenery as for things and people. Both the girls might as well go, as they could share the same room.

As for Tommy, no one dared to break to him the news that he was to remain behind; and finally Mr. Hervey begged so hard to take him that Mrs. Horner yielded, and Tommy never knew that the first plan had not included him. Mrs. Horner was reluctant; but Mr. Hervey came and sat by her, and took her hand, saying, "Now, Mrs. Horner, you know that you keep Tommy because you

think that he will be a torment to me. Look me in the eyes, and say, honestly, that this is the case."

Mrs. Horner laughed, blushed, looked up and said, "That is the case!"

"Very well. Now hear me solemnly affirm and assert that I want him to go with us to Norway."

And so it was settled that Tommy should go.

Miss Lejeune, who usually made all their plans, had singularly little to say about this one. She assented very readily to the charge of the girls, but declared herself willing to be left behind, if that were considered best. Of course this was not thought of for an instant; and, when it was decided, she lent herself to the scheme with her usual alacrity.

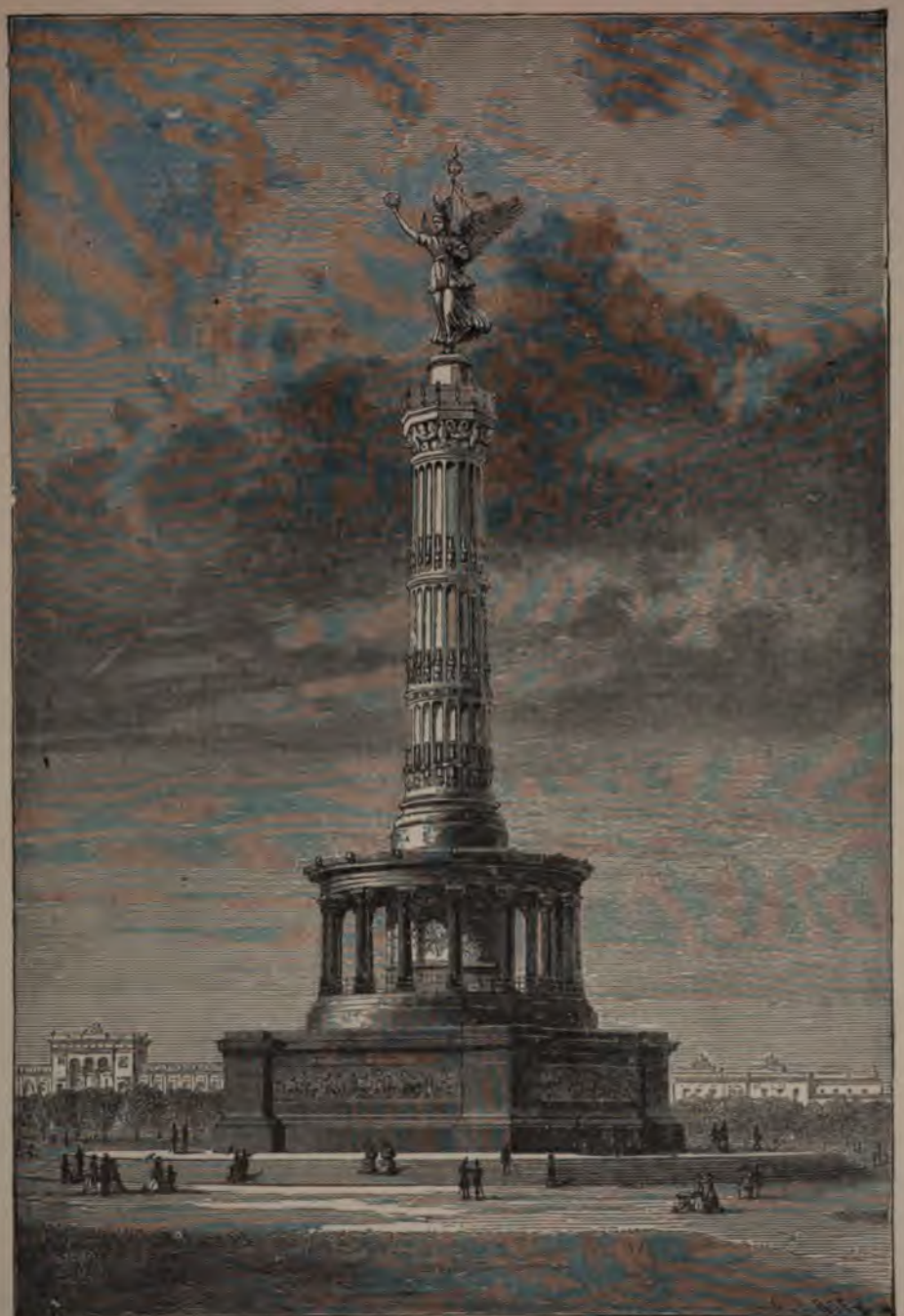
After these tedious discussions were over and the thing was settled, the Horners applied themselves to sight-seeing in Berlin, for while they were still uncertain what was to happen to them, they had done little else than speculate upon the future.

Mrs. Horner may have been secretly a little sad, to find her brave proposal for a division so successful; but she said nothing of this, and averred that the month of separation would be short. Mr. Horner was relieved of the responsibility of engineering his family through a difficult region; and he found, moreover, that his presence in Antwerp was really important, on account of the affairs of his firm.

Bessie was sorry to part with Jack, but consoled herself with thinking she could write to him, and hear from him.

"It will be the same," she added, "as if we all went to both places at once, for we can tell each other all about them."

They packed industriously, for, as usual, all their possessions were scattered, far and wide, about their rooms at the hotel. It was now necessary to exercise more than ordinary thought about their luggage, because in Norway it is best to be as lightly burdened as possible. The smallest trunks were now emptied and put at the disposition of the Norwegians. A double valise sufficed for both Bessie and Mary. Miss Lejeune's ample trunk was replaced by a modest hat-



MONUMENT OF VICTORY, BERLIN.

box; and Tommy's things were destined for a corner of Mr. Hervey's portmanteau. It was really very good-natured of this gentleman to assume the care of the boy; but he was wholly in earnest about it. This modest array of boxes was supplemented by manifold wraps in shawl-straps.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BERLIN.

THE capital of Germany is a handsome city, and the Germans are justly proud of it, and "Unter den Linden" is a distinguished avenue, although the lime-trees which give it this odd and pretty name, are not the noblest specimens of their kind. It is remarkable for its width, and for the fine buildings and gay shops with which it is lined.

Berlin is comparatively modern; it owes its existence, as a city of importance, to the uncle of Frederick the Great, who, having created a kingdom, required a capital for it. The great Frederick, whose passion, like that of Louis XIV., was for building and architecture, adorned it with new buildings, and enriched it with works of art. The present emperor has the ambition, shared by all the Germans, to make Berlin the finest city in the world.

It lacks, however, the antiquity of Paris, and with it, much of the charm of historical association.

The Horners were in Berlin ten days or a fortnight, and at a lovely season of the year, but unfortunately, their usual good luck in weather deserted them. It rained continuously, almost all the time, with that perseverance which the heavens sometimes show even in leafy June. All the excursions they took had to be in closed droschkys or under umbrellas, and the only day the sun was out they had devoted to the pictures in the Berlin Museum, thinking it was sure to rain again that day.

The Norway plan, moreover, with the consequent division of the party it entailed, unsettled all their minds, and gave to each one the vague feeling of unrest, which sometimes takes possession of the traveller,

PALACE OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

and deprives him, while it lasts, of the power to enter into the present scene, and grasp the meaning of the objects of interest under his notice. Every one who has travelled, remembers places which failed, for reasons of this sort, to make their due impression. The Horners said afterward that they did not like Berlin; if they had been there

QUEEN LOUISE AND NAPOLEON.

under other circumstances, they would have found it, as have many enthusiastic visitors, a delightful place.

Nevertheless, they succeeded in seeing, between the drops, the chief buildings of importance. They drove to Charlottenburg, to see the mausoleum which holds the beautiful marble monuments of Frederick William III. and his wife, the parents of the present emperor.

It was prince William III. who had to bear the brunt, in his kingdom,

of Napoleon's ambition, who, jealous of the independence of Prussia, was determined to humble it. The battle of Jena was the consequence, and Bonaparte entered Berlin as a conqueror. The queen Louise, beautiful and popular, sought to mediate with Napoleon, but he treated her with great rudeness. He carried off with him the sword of

BRANDENBURG GATE.

Frederick the Great, and the Car of Victory from the Brandenburg gate.

These things heaped up bitterness between the French and Germans. The crowning of the present emperor at Versailles, in 1871, was the *revanche* of the Germans.

As the Horners drove under the Brandenburg gate, Mr. Horner pointed out this chariot, with its four bronze horses, saying:

"They have travelled farther than steeds of their material are

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

apt to; having made the journey to Paris and back again." For after Napoleon's abdication, the bronze horses were restored.

Mary and Miss Lejeune were the ones who enjoyed Berlin the most. They were often missing from the party of sight-seers, and if so, only to be found before their beloved old masters, catalogue in hand. The picture-gallery of the Berlin Museum, though inferior to to those of Dresden and Munich, contains good pictures by a greater number of different masters, especially of the old German and Italian schools, and is admirably adapted for the study of the history of art, as the rooms are arranged in order, according to the different schools. In each apartment, a list of the pictures it contains is hung on the wall.

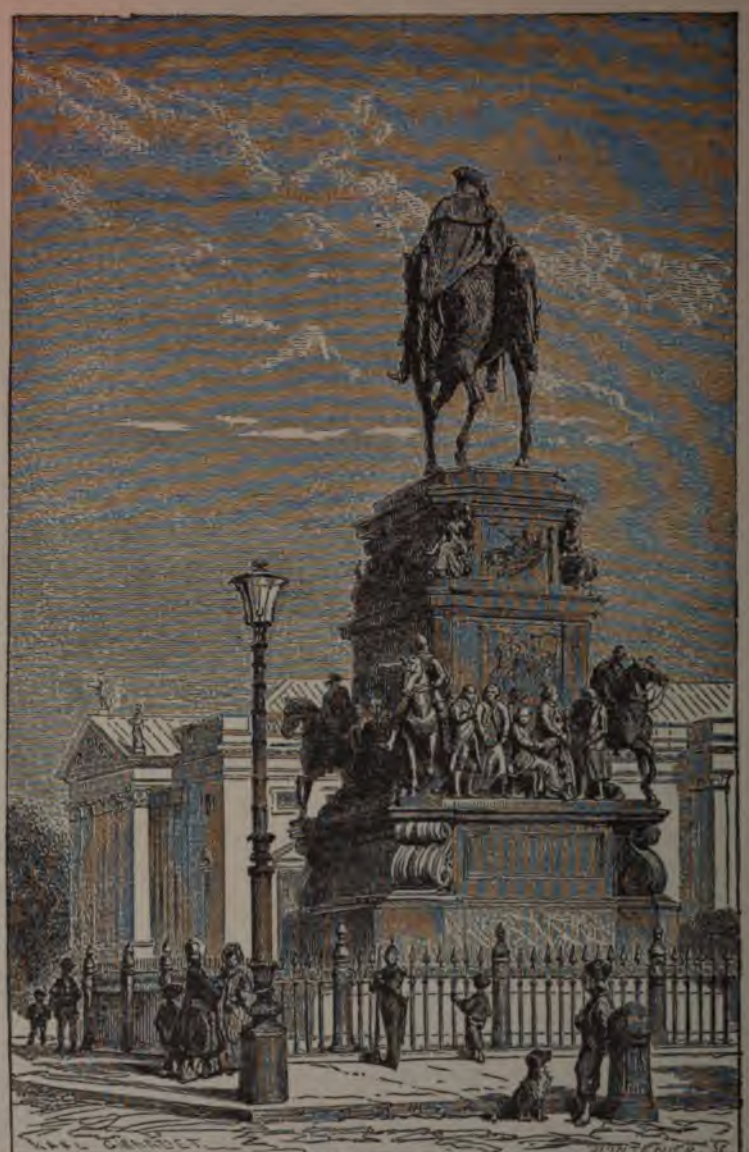
Mr. Hervey took Bessie and the boys to the Zoölogical Garden, where they saw delightful beasts; but the *Nil-Pferd* (Nile-horse) or hippopotamus, which used to be there, is dead.

The theatre and opera at Berlin are admirable. They saw *Don Carlos*, Schiller's play, finely performed; and were delighted to find that their knowledge of German was so much improved that they understood very well, although not every word.

Meanwhile, in the evenings not otherwise employed, and also in the rainy mornings, they were busy reading up about Norway, while Mr. Hervey was getting together his guide-books and picking up information wherever he could, about travelling in that country. They had conversation-books in Norwegian, and endeavored beforehand to master a few important phrases.

At the same time, Mr. Horner was occupied in laying out a plan for passing the month of July in Holland. The business which took him there was assuming greater importance, and from Mr. Agry, his partner in New York, now came letters of introduction to people in Amsterdam, and suggestions of steps to be taken.

The early history of Norway is enveloped in darkness, and rests on traditions dating from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The Aborigines are descendants of a branch of the great Gothic stock. The early settlers formed, for a long period, numerous small communities, which waged continual war upon each other, until Harald Haarfager,



BERLIN: STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

in 872, completed the conquest of them all. From this time, down to the middle of the thirteenth century, is comprised the heroic period of Norwegian history, replete with tales of grand warlike exploits, and great riches brought home by vikings.

Danes and Norwegians alike were called Northmen; the whole seaboard of Europe was visited by vikings, and they even penetrated to America; and many wise people think as far as New England.

The city of Trondhjem was founded A. D. 997, by King Olaf Trygvason. The adventures of this prince are the most romantic of all the sovereigns of Norway. Born a prince, his mother only saved his life from the usurper of his rights by quitting the country; they were taken by pirates, separated, and sold as slaves; at an early age he was discovered and redeemed by a relative, became a distinguished sea-king, married an Irish princess, embraced Christianity, and ultimately fought his way to the throne of Norway in 991. He then became a zealous missionary, propagating the faith by the sword. Death or Christianity was the only alternative he allowed his subjects. In the year 1008, he went over to England to the assistance of Ethelred the Unready, against the Danes, who, however, put Ethelred to flight, and took the English throne: and in 1028, Canute the Great landed in Norway. He was at that time the most powerful monarch in Europe, and called himself king of England, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Upon his death, his son was driven from the throne, and the native line was resumed. These early kings were crowned at Bergen.

BERGEN.

Harold III. one of the greatest warriors of his age, invaded England, and was there slain in battle, fighting against Harold II. of England, who three weeks afterwards fell at Hastings, October 14th, 1066; thus ending the Saxon period in England.

A Norwegian king, Hagen VI., married a daughter of Denmark, and when, in 1380, the crown descended to his infant son, the two countries were united under the sceptre, and so remained down to 1814. The daughter of Hagen was a famous queen Margaret, known as the Semiramis of the North. She conquered Sweden, and united that country to her dominions; but her successors had not the ability to keep all the countries together. In 1523, Gustavus Vasa established the independence of that country, and shortly afterwards Norway was deprived of her parliament and reduced to a mere province of Denmark.

In 1536, the reformation was introduced, and gradually and peacefully established, and for three hundred years, under the rule of Denmark, the Norwegians took a considerable part in the literary and scientific life of Scandinavia, Copenhagen and its university being the intellectual centre.

In 1813, the allied powers arranged an odd plan of dividing these countries. Napoleon had signed away to Russia the Swedish province of Finland, which did not belong to him; Russia now indemnified Sweden by a present of Norway, to which she had no title, and England offered to Denmark an equivalent in lower Saxony, which was then in the possession of France. The Norwegians did not like their share in this bargaining. They were justly indignant at being thus transferred from Denmark to Sweden, without their consent, and determined to resist it and declare their independence. But resistance was useless. After several months, Christian VIII. abdicated the throne of Norway, and the king of Sweden was elected in his place November 4, 1814; but the most favorable terms were offered the Norwegians, and the first article of the constitution declares that "Norway shall be a free State, independent, indivisible, inalienable, united to Sweden under the same king." The present sovereign, Oscar II., and his queen, Sophia of Nassau, were crowned king and queen of Norway at the cathedral of Trondhjem, on the 18th July, 1878.

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

In Berlin, Bessie and all the rest of them failed not to see the emperor to their heart's content, once at the opera, where he sat in the royal box surrounded by his handsome family, benignly listening to the music, and again driving in the Thier-Garten. They admired his stalwart figure, and handsome genial countenance; but Bessie would not allow that he was anything more than a machine-made emperor, not at all to be compared with Barbarossa and Charlemagne. Wiser heads in the party were ready to give him the high place he deserves in the history of the century.

The Norwegians were to leave first, Mr. Horner wishing to see

TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

them off, after which he, with Mrs. Horner and Philip, were to start direct for Cologne, and make no stop until they should reach Antwerp. This they successfully achieved, and their first letter, which was received by the others at Copenhagen, was dated within hearing of the chimes of the beautiful Gothic cathedral of that place.

CHAPTER XXV.

SEPARATION.

WHEN the party were ready to leave Berlin, Mr. Horner went with them in the droschky to see them safely off, Mrs. Horner rather tearfully waving to them from the balcony, where Philip stood by her side with an air of protection. Their windows were soon lost to sight, as the droschky turned quickly from the Gross-beeren-Strasse, through the York-Strasse, and so on to the Belle-Allianz-Platz. From here they had to drive the whole length of the Frederick-Strasse, crossing Unter-den-Linden, for the last time, and so on to the Stettiner Bahnhof. The train left at five o'clock.

During this drive Mr. Hervey, who, up to this late moment, had been busily consulting the maps and time-tables of his favorite author Henschel, suddenly announced,

"There is a new branch, by which we can go to Swinemünde!"

"Swinemünde," speculated Mary, "that sounds like swine's mouth."

"One little branch of the Oder," explained Mr. Hervey, "is the Swine, and this is the mouth of it. If we go this way," he added, "we can take the same Stettin steamer for Copenhagen, and it will be pleasanter to spend a day there than at Stettin, for there are several watering-places in the neighborhood, and I should really like to see what a German Trouville is like!"

All were agreed, and arriving at the station, Mr. Hervey soon found a wagon with one compartment marked "Swinemünde," but all the good seats in it were taken; however, another compartment of the same carriage was empty, but with the doors locked. Mr. Hervey unlocked the door himself, and helped in Miss Lejeune, Mary and the other children.

They were just fairly settled, their parcels and bags bestowed in the racks above, and Mr. Hervey had removed his hat and replaced it by a cap, when the Schaffner coming by, saw the fearful freedom taken with his prerogative. Here were people who had the audacity to seat themselves without coming to implore him to open the door for them It was enough. He at once stepped up and said,

"You must quit this carriage at once!"

Mr. Hervey was old enough a traveller to know that the only way of managing this difficulty was to yield, and appeal to a higher power. So they collected their parcels, bags, shawl-straps, coats, etc., and allowed themselves to be hustled into the other over-full compartments. Mr. Hervey then dashed off, in search of the head conductor of the train, to ask him if any compartments were reserved, and if there was any reason why he should not take any one he chose in a carriage which was going to Swinemünde.

"Certainly not," replied the conductor, and at once he accompanied Mr. Hervey to the scene of action, to reinstate them in triumph in their chosen place. The guard remonstrated in voluble German, but Mr. Hervey was fully his match in fluent, if not in correct, German, and the guard had sullenly to yield, venting his spleen by slamming the door, and neglecting through the journey to open it to announce the names of the different towns through which they passed, which was, on the whole, a relief, as it allowed the children to sleep undisturbed until their arrival next morning at Swinemünde.

Here they drove to the Drei Kronen, where they arrived just in time for a late but thoroughly German breakfast.

After they all were thoroughly refreshed, Mr. Hervey came in from a short exploration of the town, to say:

"We can go out to Heringsdorf either by carriage or omnibus, or we can walk. It is only about two miles and a half to walk, — the road runs through the woods."

Putting it to vote, it was decided to walk there and return by omnibus. So they set off soon after breakfast, passing through a

WOODS AT HERINGSDORF.

quaint fishing-village a little beyond Swinemünde, where all the houses of the fishermen were adapted to the part of lodging houses for summer visitors. Next came a beautiful wood, and here they

left the highway, and followed a footpath which a fisherman told them was a short cut to Heringsdorf.

The peasants they met were oddly dressed, and Mr. Hervey imagined their faces and bearing showed traces of descent from the old Wends.

They came out from the wood upon the beach near Heringsdorf, which stretches all the way from that place to Swinemünde, but the sand proved too soft for easy walking. The trees came down to the shore to a bluff, below which was the beach and the ocean. Charming paths were laid out through the woods and close to the edge of the bluff. From the beach a pier ran out for a long distance into the ocean. An enormous enclosure on the edge of the water was marked "Damen-Baden," and another on the other side of the pier "für Herren."

Nestled close under the cliff, was a sort of casino with restaurant, reading, and billiard-rooms. A little further on, came the grand avenue, leading up from the shore to the high road. Here was a scene of bustle and festivity. Little bazaars and shops of all kinds covered the plank-walks, with flags flying, bright-colored draperies and open fronts, with counters, on which were displayed a profusion of fancy goods, amber, meerschaum, and leather articles, and quantities of Berlin wool work.

"What a lovely, lovely amber necklace!" cried Bessie. "Don't you think mother would let me buy it?"

"Not much!" said Tommy. "But I should like one of those drums uncommonly!"

They stopped to buy neither the necklace nor the drum, but some little leather and terra cotta things, as mementos of the shops of Heringsdorf.

Enormous beech-trees stood close around the bazaars, and the forest of which they were a part stretched back a long distance from the open sea. Vineta, the traditional city under the sea, is said to be situated near Heringsdorf. Their imagination strove to discern its vast towers and palaces far beneath the surface of the water, and Miss Lejeune quoted:

"Out from the deep, deep caverns of the sea,
The evening bells are ringing faint and low;
List to the tidings that they bring to thee
From the old Wonder-city far below."

A wandering musician by the road-side was playing quaint Northern airs on his violin.

They found the omnibus started in an hour or two from a large hotel a few rods beyond the bazaars, so after a substantial lunch they wandered back to the Baltic, and spent the rest of their time on the long pier, and walking up and down the beach. The children were very anxious to have a swim at the bathing-houses, but Miss Lejeune feared that the water of the Baltic would be too cold.

The omnibus which took them back was nearly full of German-Jews, and, indeed, a large proportion of the people they met, on the sands and round the hotel, seemed to be of that race. They passed their time, going back, praising the beauties of this really charming little watering-place, which is comparatively unknown; and the children even wished they could spend the summer there and let Norway take care of itself.

There was a placard in the omnibus announcing a steamer excursion along the shore northward to another watering-place, in the opposite direction from Heringsdorf. With his usual energy, Mr. Hervey said if they got in in time they certainly must go on this excursion. So there was a rush to the pier on their arrival, in a few moments they were placidly sailing upon the Baltic, and enjoying once more, after so long an absence, the salt breeze.

The coast was not as pretty as in the other direction, as there were no pine or beech forests. The place reminded Miss Lejeune of Margate and other English watering-places, but not in the least of any American summer resort. Mr. Hervey now discovered that they could walk a mile back from the sea, and come home by another boat, which plies in the curious little channels made by the water of the Oder flowing into the Baltic. The low marshy land is covered for miles by a net-work of these channels. They

FIDDLER.

reached the landing of the new boat with half an hour to spare. So they wandered into the garden of the quaintest of inns, where they had coffee, and bread and cheese, and sausages, of which they were now much in need, as it was about six o'clock in the afternoon.

"I suppose there never were any Americans here before," exclaimed Bessie.

"Or English either," added Mary. On asking their loquacious landlady, she assured them she had never seen either there before.

The new boat proved to be but little more than a tug, with a band-box of a cabin. Though the experience was amusing, the scenery was not, for the banks were low and marshy, and where the grass grew higher than usual, it cut off all the view from the

LEAVING FOR COPENHAGEN.

boat. Tommy occupied himself by counting the letters S the river made in the course of quarter of a mile, but this amusement soon

palled on even his inquisitive mind, and the rest of the three hours were spent by all in wishing themselves back to Swinemünde.

About eight o'clock it began to rain, and the party were driven, with all the German peasants who were their fellow-passengers, to take refuge in the little cabin. The children were cross and tired, Mary and Miss Lejeune sick and stifled with the mingled odors of garlic and tobacco smoke. Mr. Hervey tried to fill up the time by making acquaintance with a German lad and his sister who sat near him, and found them remarkably intelligent and amusing. At last they found themselves again at Swinemünde, and on a steamer for Copenhagen, delighted with their exceptional little trip to a wholly unhackneyed place.

THE EXCHANGE COPENHAGEN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

COPENHAGEN.

AT Copenhagen, there were many things which they really must do, but they really had no time to do them in.

The afternoon of their arrival, they visited the Museum of Northern Antiquities, the most important in the world, and also the Ethnographic Museum in the same building. They wandered through the little town, and were enchanted with the coziness and beauty of the place. The magnificent beech trees, in the park, shade it so completely, that although it was a sunshiny summer day, the whole place seemed like a vast church with dark and shaded aisles. The old wall of the city, now turned into a park, amused them, with its up and down of moat and embankment covered with turf, filled with good-sized trees and wooden seats.

They kept on from the park in an omnibus to Tivoli, which is the most celebrated summer garden of all Europe; the entrance-ticket admitted them to all the different shows, of which there were many, the trouble being to decide which to see, when several entertainments were going on at the same time. In one place was a little open-air theatre, of which the curtain was an enormous peacock's tail with the feathers all spread. When the play was to begin, this curtain fell apart in the middle and shut down like a fan, in folds on either side, each feather sliding over the other. Before the stage was a natural amphitheatre, consisting merely of the sloping ground, without any seats, and here the audience stood, or wandered about during the short play. A labyrinth made of hedges and illuminated with colored lights, was very extensive. It had three centres, each of which must be reached in turn from the others. They found the first one without much trouble; but

when they tried the path thence to the next, they only came back to the same spot. When they had done this once or twice, Mr. Hervey suggested standing still to watch some other people in the crowd, and see how they accomplished it. Couples set out, were gone a minute and then appeared again, started boldly from another opening, or indeed often from the same, and again appeared looking abashed and confused, but finally, in some cases, vanished not to return. Others gave up in despair, and came with tears to the policeman in the centre, begging to be shown out.

Mr. Hervey noticed which way the never-returning parties started, and followed in their track. This brought them to the second circle, where the same performance was repeated, and so on from the third circle out to the open garden, which they were all, by this time, thankful to see. Mary was so tired she begged to sit down; so they turned their steps to a concert-hall and refreshment-room, with little tables scattered around, and at one end a stage, where comic songs were sung and various little character scenes performed in most unintelligible Danish. There was an orchestra in the gallery. From here they passed the borders of a lake, winding in and out, among colored lights scattered along the shore, with boats of all kinds.

In the course of their wanderings they came upon an elevated railway, or kind of aerial snake, in which the two rails curved up and down resting upon trestles and only attached at both ends to high towers. In a moment, there started from one of these towers, a pony phaeton, without the pony, which slid down the inclined rails with a whizz, mounted the top of the first height, down the next incline, and so on, and in a moment reached the distant tower.

Tommy was frantic to try it, and Miss Lejeune at last unwillingly consented, if Mr. Hervey would go with him. The two rash adventurers mounted the stair-way to the tower, were tied into the carriage, the leather boot was buttoned over them and they were shoved off the dizzy height. Their hearts went into their mouths, and before they were sure that they had not been dashed to pieces, they found themselves at the top of the first hump, with another yawning gulf staring them in the face. Even Mr. Hervey would have given anything

DANISH CHATEAU.

to avoid the next plunge, and Tommy was shrieking. But before they had time to realize anything, they had passed that descent, the next rise, the next descent, and found themselves sliding up the last slope to the opposite tower. They came up bang! against the rubber buffer, where four men seized the car, while Mr. Hervey and Tommy slid down the stairs with an abject feeling, blended, however, with a desire to try it over again, to really see how it was done.

After this experience, Miss Lejeune insisted upon their return to the hotel, for the hour was late, although it seemed as if half the attractions of the garden were still unexamined.

The next morning was spent in exploring the Thorwaldsen Museum, where are collected most of the works of the most famous modern sculptors. The enclosed court contains a simple grass-plot where is the grave of Thorwaldsen, covered with myrtle. The Night and Morning and other of his most renowned works, already familiar, were to be seen here either in the original or in casts.

"Where do the people in Copenhagen live, aunt Gus?" asked Mary at dinner that day. "We have not seen a single private house. It is all parks, museums, churches, and palaces, except the shops."

"I really do not know," said Miss Lejeune. "Where do they live, Mr. Hervey?"

"Why, you see, the people of Copenhagen, or rather of Kjöbenhavn, its true name, live in Christianhafen, Nyhafen, and Syngby, just as many of the Boston people live, not in Boston, but in the suburbs."

In the afternoon they visited the Zoölogical Gardens; and Tommy wrote to his mother,—

"There is such a nice Zoölogical Garden, which we enjoyed much. It is a great big park with cages put round in spots. There was a heavenly little lion which rushed round its cage, and rolled on its back, and growled like a big kitten. We were quite fascinated with it."

From Copenhagen to Christiania was a lovely sail of about twenty hours, by steamer, along the coast of Denmark. They went up the Cattegat and across the Skager-Rack, just as if they were in a geography.

"What do you know about Tycho Brahe, Tommy?" asked Mr. Hervey, as they were sailing along.

"Is it a kind of cake?" asked Tommy.

"No, he was a little boy who was born to be an astronomer. He saw an eclipse at twelve years old, and that astonished him so much

TYCHO BRAHE OBSERVATORY.

that he kept on examining the heavenly bodies; and the king of Denmark built him an observatory on one of these islands, in 1571."

"I don't see that Norway is different from any other place," said Tommy. "I thought it was all fiords, cataracts, and peaked mountains, and here it is flat and level like any other place."

"Wait till you get to the North Cape and you will see mountains enough to satisfy even you," said Mr. Hervey. "Christiania, as you see, is a pretty little city built on rolling ground at the head of this broad bay. The houses are neat, and the streets clean. One of the prettiest things near Christiania is the summer residence of the king,

which we must see. It is just on the edge of the bay, with its pretty gardens."

At Christiania they made arrangements for carjols (pronounced carrioles), to take them across Norway to the Romsdal, at the entrance of which they were to take steamer from Molda along the coast to the North Cape.

Carrioles they engaged from Mr. Bennett, the Norwegian-Englishman, who lives in Christiania and makes all the arrangements for

SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE KING, CHRISTIANIA.

English travellers. These carrioles are a sort of cross between a gig and pony phaeton. They have but two wheels, and the seat, which will hold only one person, rests on the long shafts; if you imagine a tea-spoon with a place cut in the handle for the horse, a seat put in the bowl for the passenger, whose feet stretch along the handle, and the tips of the bowl resting on the wheels, you may have some idea of a carjol.

The only baggage which can be carried, must be of the lightest description, and can be stowed only in one of the three following ways: the small handbags, etc., may be placed between the legs, on the handle of the spoon; guns, fishing-poles, or any small trunk the traveller may unfortunately have taken, must be hung underneath the body of the vehicle, while large valises or carpet-bags may be

strapped on the axle-tree behind the bowl of the spoon, and there sits the boy who is sometimes sent to bring back the horse.

STREET IN CHRISTIANIA.

The horses, or rather ponies, are very lively; quite small, of a cream color, with manes which, like the stripes down the back and tail, are black. This mane, always kept close-cropped, stands up stiff like the bristles of a carpet-sweeper. They have zebra-like marks in circles round their legs.

There is but one railroad of any length in Norway, and that connects Christiania with Trondhjem; so that the travelling has to be done by post in carrioles, changing ponies every Norwegian mile, a distance equal to seven of our miles.

If you prefer, however, instead of taking a separate carriole for each member of the party, you can have a little dog-cart, which holds two, but which has no springs. *These and the* carrioles are

OLD HOUSE IN NORWAY.

the only vehicles which the country affords, except a kind of barouche. or diligence, as it is called, lately introduced on the main routes of travel, at stated times.

Phrase-books were in great demand; the Horners became familiar with such words as "Hest," for "horse," "strax," "immediately," "godmorgen," "good morning," "Pige," for "girl," and others.

Tommy was pleased to find that "eggs," "tea," "can," "cup," and a few other words were just the same in Norway as at home.

While in Christiania, getting ready for the start, they spent a day as guests of the American Consul who has a charming house, in a suburb called Frogner. It was a long, low building of two stories; a door, in the middle of one side, led into the only entry in the house, which consisted of a double chain of rooms, opening one out of another throughout its whole length. In the summer the family live in the northerly chain; in the winter in that of the south. At the end, is one immense room stretching the whole width of the house, which was built for a ball-room, but which is now used for children to play in.

Here they first saw a pretty Norwegian custom. After each meal the children came up to their parents, shook hands, and said, "Thanks for the meal."

OLD STOREHOUSE IN NORWAY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NORWAY.

MISS Lejeune stepped into the first carriole, and started her pony, Mary followed in the next, Bessie in the next, with Tommy sitting on the roll of shawls, behind, on the axle, and Mr. Hervey bringing up the rear in carriole number four. A little postboy rode behind on one of the carrioles, to bring back the horses.

Their route lay along the Miösen Lake to Lillehammer. The

TRAVELLING BY CARRIOLE.

road was dusty, and they repented already not having taken this part of their journey by rail and steam-boat, as they could easily have done. They found, however, charming views of the deep lake, whose bottom is a thousand feet below the sea level, and the scenery, though not grand, was very pretty from its richness of green. At Sogstad, they passed an interesting old obelisk, about twelve feet high, in memory of King Alf. On it are carved the figures of four

horses, one only of which has a rider; above the horses a fox, and above that a flying eagle. The inscription, in Runic, runs as follows:

Jurun raisti Stain dini eftir Evin Venis hanna etha aug Gurdu Ef Hrig-ariki vien Urula Evia.

By the time they reached Lillehammer, after two or three days of this kind of travelling, they became accustomed to driving up to post-houses every seven miles, calling out "Hest! strax!" (horse, quick!) waiting for the old horses to be unharnessed, and new ones put in their place, and starting off again on the next Norwegian mile or Stunde. Between the post-stations, as their ponies went at different rates of speed, they were separated; and so, when they set out afresh, they often changed their order a little. Sometimes Mr. Hervey, for a short distance, would ride behind on Mary's or Bessie's carriage, and let the postboy drive his carriole.

When they came to some waterfall or fine view, whoever was leading the procession waited for the others to come up.

THE VETTIFOS WATERFALL.

It made no difference who led, as when you are once started on a Norwegian highway there are no branch roads. All you have to do is to let the pony follow his own sweet will.

Some of the post-houses were funny old specimens, containing carved furniture, and with sanded floors. One of the exciting features of the day was to determine at which of them they should stop for their meals, and for the night.

There is an excellent little book, which gives an account of all the posting places in Norway, how many rooms there are in each, how they are painted and furnished, and what they will probably give you to eat at each station; so that you can arrange your route to stop at the places where you will get the best food, and for the night, at houses where there are beds enough for the whole party. This book was their favorite study.

Fresh salmon, eggs and Norwegian rye-bread were the chief of their diet. It was not till the second day, that they encountered the flat-brod, made, as Mr. Hervey asserted, from oat-meal; though nothing in its taste or appearance would have led one to suppose it was anything but paste-board. One day they were quite delighted with a dish which professed to be jugged hare; but when they came to eat it, Mr. Hervey was the only one who could swallow more than the first mouthful, on account of its extremely gamey taste and smell.

They passed through Lillehammer to the first station beyond, Fosse-gaarden, where the station is delightfully situated on a knoll above a grand waterfall. The pine forests, and the beautiful view of the river and valley, made it the most attractive spot they had yet seen. From here to Dombaas there was little of interest, with the exception of Colonel Sinclair's monument.

In 1612, during the war between Denmark and Sweden, a body of Scotch troops had been raised for the service of Sweden. They landed in Norway, to fight their way across it, nine hundred strong, commanded by Colonel George Sinclair, and marched along, ravaging the country as they went. At Kringelen an ambush was prepared by the peasants, who hurled down upon them as they passed an ava-

lanche of huge rocks and stones. The majority of the Scotch were crushed to death or swept into the river and drowned. The bold Norwegians despatched the rest.

OLD BRIDGE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The government requires a post-house to be kept every seven miles, and so in some cases they are kept by rich farmers, who

do not need the profit of it. Dombaas is one of these, the station-master calling himself the only remaining descendant of the old Norwegian line of kings. The family are not allowed to marry except those of their own royal lineage, and, as he is the last of them, it is evident he is destined to remain single to the end of his days.

Here the road to Trondhjem branches off; but our party's route was through the Romsdal, a valley at the head of one of the fiords, perhaps the most picturesque in Norway, with cragged and

ROM-DALSHORN.

pinnacled mountains on either side, and thousands of waterfalls, leaping from point to point, into the rocky bed of the river below. The road, broad and hard, is a marvel of engineering skill, following the river as it winds among the mountains, now cut out of the side of a precipice, next crossing the river by a little bridge, and a quiet valley. They drove very slowly through every few miles to leave their carrioles and

ROMSDAL VALLEY.

climb up to some point where a wonderful view was to be obtained, or crossing one of the little torrents from the mountain side over a rustic bridge, to watch pieces of wood rush madly down to circle in a whirlpool, and then make another leap onwards.

At one of the stations in the Romsdal, they had a dish of never-

to-be-forgotten trout, fresh from these mountain torrents. They stopped to climb Storhaetta, or Great Hat, a mountain the view from which is weird and magnificent; this used up the greater part of the day. Next they came to the Mongefos, a waterfall over the edge of a cliff some two or three thousand feet high. That night they passed at the Hotel Gaik, the great resort of English tourists, who spend

there a week or more at a time, salmon-fishing. On the north is the Romsdalshorn, a pinnacled mountain over four thousand feet high, seeming to rise sheer like a church steeple; on the south are the Witch-peaks, sticking up like icicles inverted. Here, having crossed Norway from Christiansand to the Atlantic in a north-westerly direction, they abandoned their carrioles with not unmixed regret, for although they loved the little things, still it was rather rough on the back to sit up straight, in one position, all day.

Now came their first experience of the delights of voyaging in still waters, among the islands and mountains, through narrow fiords, and again across broad bays, from point to point on the Norwegian coast, in a little steamer.

The first afternoon, as they were sailing between precipitous rocky walls, they were obliged to leave the exciting scenery and descend to dinner. Just as the beefsteak smothered in onions, of which they were to have so much, during their Norway trip, was brought on, Tommy looking through the port-hole over their heads cried out:

FORT MUNKHOLMEN, NEAR TRONDHJEM.

"Oh, see that tiger!"

"Nonsense!" said Mary, but turning round she added, "why it is, really!"

"It can't be," said Bessie. But they all rushed up on deck to find the steamer going through a place so narrow that they could have touched the shore on either side. Directly opposite the round window was a striped cat, little larger than the common size, basking in the sun. As they had seen it, close against the window, without imagining it could be less than twenty feet off, its size was increased in proportion to the square of the distance, and so it appeared like a veritable tiger.

Mr. Hervey's first duty on going on board the steamer was to

make a bargain for the meals of the party, for these were not included in the ticket; and Norway travellers who make none, find at the end of the trip not only that they have to pay for the regular meals, but also that the steward has kept account of each extra charge as, for instance, a cup of tea or coffee called for before breakfast and after dinner, for which they have to pay a round price.

When they first started from any city, the fare on the steamer was very good, but as they were farther and farther away it grew worse, and if the boat was crowded, the last day before they reached another large town there was really nothing fit to eat.

At Trondhjem, where they arrived after five hours' sail upon the ocean up the long fiord, they spent two or three days. The cathedral, dating from 1183, was a source of unfailing pleasure to Miss Lejeune and Mr. Hervey, with its curious plan and ancient architecture, and to Mary as well; but Bessie and Tommy, after they had examined once the grotesque carvings of men crushed under beams, and odd kinds of animals, voted it a bore, and preferred to wander through the street looking at the odd things displayed in the shop windows. After seeing the town, and making one or two excursions to waterfalls, they embarked on another steamer bound for the North Cape, which for the next two or three weeks was their home.

TRONDHJEM.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE JOHN SCHONING.

THE faces of the passengers, English, American, French and German, soon became familiar, and before the second week was passed, what with walks on deck, landing to climb mountains and visit little towns, exchanging novels, singing in the evening, mutual confidences as to likes and dislikes of the different passengers, many of them seemed like old acquaintances, and friendships were made to be kept up by letters long after they reached home.

Mary and Bessie especially enjoyed the singing, although it was hard to find songs common to English and Americans; but, while Anne Mills of Liverpool sang "God Save the Queen," Mary joined in with "My Country, 'tis of Thee!"

Miss Mills and Mary did a great deal of sketching together, for which Miss Mills gave the example by her steady perseverance, seizing her block every time the steamer stopped, and going to work on the picturesque mountains, while some of the other amateurs on board spent five or ten minutes deciding whether the steamer was going to stop, then hunting up the captain to ask him how long they were going to stay, going down finally to their state-rooms for their materials, when, just after they had their first washes in, the steamer would up anchor and away; meanwhile Miss Mills had got far enough along to finish her sketch while they were sailing along. They had a contempt for a girl who was always making meaningless outlines with lead pencil, on the smooth paper of her diary, of the distant mountains.

The steamer stopped every four or five hours at some little trading station; there was an indefatigable English clergyman on board who

always headed a party to land and take a little tramp into the country, called back sometimes by the whistle of the steamer before they got well started; but sometimes, if there were many barrels to be left, or many stock-fish to be taken on board, they had time for a long walk and a chance of stretching their sea-legs.

Now there began to be no night, and the wonder was when the people of these towns did their sleeping, for at whatever hour of the twenty-four they landed, they found everybody up and business driving. Mr. Hervey suggested they took occasional naps between the coming of the steamers in summer, and then slept all winter.

On the steamer the passengers at first found it difficult to know when to go to bed; but they too soon got into the way of looking ahead in their guide-books, and consulting the captain as to the time of reaching the most picturesque scenery, in order to sleep at other times.

CHURCH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

It was rather upsetting, however, always to go to bed in broad day-light, sometimes at eight o'clock in the evening, rising at four or five in the morning, and again going down to their berths at five o'clock in the morning, and putting up at noon the next day. They learned to darken their windows,

draw the curtains, and pin up brown paper. Miss Lejeune was the only one of the party who never thoroughly acquired the art of going to sleep at any time that was convenient.

One evening, when they had gone to bed between eight and nine, and after Mary had slept for four or five hours, she woke to find Bessie's berth unoccupied. After waiting some time, she slipped on her wrapper, and went on deck, where she found Bessie the sole occupant, oblivious of time, absorbed in the pages of "Arne," by Björnson.

"Why, Bessie!" exclaimed Mary, "do you know what time it is?"

"No; nine or ten, is it not?"

"My child, it is three! and I have been asleep these five hours!"

"Oh, is it? well, wait till I finish this chapter." Mary descends; another hour, and no Bessie.

"This time you really must come!" and Bessie was reluctantly forced to go to bed.

There was great excitement the evening they were to cross the

HESTMAND.

Arctic circle. They consulted maps, and the large ship-charts, to

discover the exact line where, for the first and last time they should enter the Frigid Zone. They settled on the island and rock between which it must run, and Tommy kept a bright look-out for it, but was disgusted not to see any visible sign of the line or to discern any difference in the temperature of the two zones.

The Arctic circle well crossed, the Hestmand appears, like a huge man on horseback swimming through the water. It is a rock rising from the sea fifteen hundred feet. This is the lover of Lekömö who, as he came riding through the surf, was struck by a sunbeam and turned into stone.

"Here is Lekö," said Mr. Hervey, "and we must all pay our salutation according to the old Nordland usage. The maid of Lekö, the Daphne of the North, according to the myth, chose to be turned into stone rather than yield to the suit of her impetuous lover, the Hestmand. While Lekö fled and the huntsman pursued, at the moment at which the maiden's brother came to her aid, his hat was perforated by an arrow; the sun sank, and they were all turned to stone."

As they passed the floating hat, (Torghatten,) they could look through the hole made by the arrow. Torghatten is a mountain rising nine hundred feet out of the water, and the hole made by the arrow is a cave extending straight through the middle of the mountain; though in passing only a point of light can be seen, this hole is really over a hundred feet high, and six hundred feet long.

The girls tried to sketch Lekö, the Hestmand, and Torghatten with the hole, but as the steamer did not stop, they could only get a general effect. On their return later from the North Cape they all landed and made an ascent through the cave.

The morning that they crossed over the Vest Fjorden, from Bodö to the Lofotodden Island, was the only time that any of the passengers were seasick, and it seemed very strange, after the smooth millpond sailing, to be once more tossing and heaving upon old ocean.

"Bodö is the most southern station from which the midnight sun can be seen; here it is visible for a month or more," said the English clergyman to a group of passengers, including Tommy

and his sisters. "At the North Pole," he continued, "the sun does not set for six months or more, and then come six months of twilight or darkness. South of the Arctic circle, the sun rises and sets every day in the year, as with us, only that on the 21st of June,

TORGHATTEN.

it disappears for only a few minutes, and, as you go further north, there is a longer period of time during which the midnight sun can be seen."

"Is it pitch dark at the North Pole in winter?" demanded Tommy.

"You forget the moon, as well as the Aurora Borealis, which would make it quite light there I should suppose."

"Yes, Tommy," said Mr. Hervey, joining them, "on the top of the North Pole, they keep an electric light burning all winter, equal in brilliancy to all those that light Broadway from 14th to 34th street put together."

The evening after they left Bodö, if evening it could be called, all the passengers stayed up for a first view of the midnight sun, which, like a great red ball of fire sank still lower and lower. The waves, rocks and mountains were all lighted with ruddy light. The sun's descent was less and less marked. It seemed to pause, and there was a moment when a few declared that it was already coming up again. Mary and Miss Lejeune could not agree to this; there was a great comparison of watches, and ship's clocks, as the only way of determining when it was twelve o'clock, when its course would really begin to be upward. Unfortunately not one watch or clock agreed with another, so that the exact moment could not be accurately known its nearly level course changed from down to up, each one speaking for his watch, and for his own midnight sun.

After they crossed the Arctic circle, the passengers, on pleasant nights, rarely went to bed until one or two o'clock; for the most beautiful effects of light were always from ten till one. The appearance of the midnight sun is that of combined and prolonged sunrise and sunset, but more splendid than any sunset in our latitude, because the sun is for so long a time just above the horizon. Mary and Miss Lejeune tried sketch after sketch, all disappointing themselves when compared to the wonders of the real scene, but which proved on the return home, to be more satisfactory to those who had not seen the reality. After ten days of steady sun-light, all began to long with unutterable longing for just one moment of darkness.

A day or two among the Loffodens was unmixed pleasure, for the steamers sailed from island to island, or rather from mountain to mountain, as these islands are but peaks of mountains rising abruptly out of the sea.

While in this region they passed a steamer returning from the North Cape, which led Miss Lejeune to say,

"Now that we have seen all the most beautiful part of Norway, and the midnight sun, is it worth while to spend a week more just for the sake of saying we have been to a point of land further North than the mainland of Europe or America?"

Just then the captain said, "See those people on the other steamer! Well, they are a party of Cook's excursionists, just back from the North Cape on the *Jonas Lee*."

SVOLVAER IN THE LOFFODENS.

"That settles it!" said Miss Lejeune. "Nothing would induce me to be for a day even on a steamer with a party of Cook's excursionists. We will stick to the *John Schoning*."

CHAPTER XXIX.

REINDEER.

THE day before the party were to arrive at Tromsö, the second mate went round among the passengers inquiring how many were going up to the Lapp Encampment, and telegraphed ahead to have the reindeer driven down from the mountain for the passengers to see.

Lapps are quite numerous in this part of Nordland, and there is

CATHEDRAL CHURCH, TROMSO.

almost always an encampment of them in the valley opposite Tromsö during the summer. One or two had come on boa
er at the Loffoden Islands; and it was hard to

Lapps were the most amused with the passengers, or the passengers with the Lapps. They showed them their knives, watches, eye-glasses, and telescopes, but what interested one of them most were some little rubber bands that Mary had round her paint-brushes, which she gave him. He evidently had never seen india-rubber before, and he took no end of delight in stretching it to its widest extent, and letting it spring back. After he had played with them some time he handed them back to her, and it was a long time before he could be made to understand that they were for his very own.

LAPPS.

These Lapps wore loose blouses belted in at the waist, which served as a trunk into which they packed all their clothes and other possessions. As they are very short, the effect was curious. Tommy thought they had made a mistake and ought to be standing the other way, because they were wider than they were high.

They wore knives hanging from the belt in oddly-carved sheaths made from reindeer horn, and ornamented with sketches of reindeer and sleds. Tommy wanted a cap like theirs with a flat top and four square corners.

From Tromsö the passengers were rowed over to the mainland, and proceeded to walk up to the Lapp encampment. Mr. Hervey, Tommy and Bessie were in the first boat-load, some time before the others. Seeing some snow on the hills but a little way above t they concluded to spend the time of waiting in climbing up

When they reached it, Bessie, who was tired, sat down to rest, and Mr. Hervey stayed with her, while Tommy explored, after strict injunctions not to go beyond call. He succeeded, however, in entirely losing his way in the low underbrush, and instead of calling out, he tried to find his way back without aid. This ended in carrying him round the spur of the hill into another ravine.

When he did not return, or answer to their calls, Mr. Hervey, seeing Miss Lejeune and the rest of party waiting below, set out in search for him. He very soon followed Tommy's example, and could find neither Tommy nor his way back to Bessie, who, however, showed her usual good sense, and descended a snow rivulet to the group of passengers below, where, after much sounding of horns, whistling and calling, Mr. Hervey and Tommy at last arrived, coming from entirely opposite directions. The distance to the encampment was about three miles, of the worst walking that can well be imagined, over stumps and through underbrush. The path was always muddy, and it seemed half the time to be the bed of a brook. Added to these discomforts were swarms of mosquitoes which surrounded them. Miss Mills and the other English people were amazed at these little flies, as they called them, never having seen, heard, or felt a mosquito before. When they were told they were very common in America, they expressed a decided preference for never seeing that country.

Mary and Miss Lejeune, as well as most of the passengers, turned back before more than a third of the distance was accomplished. They tried to persuade Bessie and Tommy to go with them, but they were determined to see the reindeer, no matter at what cost.

Just as they reached the encampment the herd came down from the mountain, driven by men and boys, running and shouting. They drove them into a sort of corral, or enclosure made of tree-stumps, the branching and interlocking roots of which formed a high fence; one very large stump serving for a gate.

were built of mud and bark, like old-fash-

in the roof for a chimney.

than once before they could

venture to go inside, so filled was the hut with smoke from the fire burning on the middle of the floor, and the horrible odor of the undressed skins, which composed the clothing of the women and children, mixed with tobacco smoke and cooking. The women begged for tobacco, giving in exchange rudely-carved spoons made from reindeer horn. Bessie took up one of the Lapland babies, a mite which could not have weighed more than four or five pounds, sewed up in the undressed skin of a reindeer. But the atmosphere of the hut was too much for them, and they soon left it for the open air. They found the children very attractive; — short, round little dumplings. It seemed impossible to distinguish between little girls and grown-up women, they were all so small.

Tommy tried some reindeer's milk, from a very dirty bowl. None of the others had courage to attempt it; he, however, wanted to use his new horn-spoon, and went at it boldly; but he could not swallow it. He described it as sickishly sweet, and tasting like cod-liver oil. They got back to the steamer hungry and tired, their feet muddy, wet through and through, but, nevertheless, so much pleased with the excursion, that some of the other passengers were tempted to make the trial the next morning. Whether they really reached the encampment was never known; but they came back a very draggled and disgusted party. The steamer had been waiting an hour or two for them, and now steamed off on its way to Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world.

Bessie wrote to Phil this account of the reindeer:

"After this we all went into a sort of staked place, where the deer were to be milked. The Lapps ran shrieking among them, catching them with lassos, and then milked the does. There were some very sweet little deer that looked like small kids, but the large deer were ugly, shabby looking things with long noses, large flat hoofs, and not such nice horns as I had imagined. They grunt, just like pigs, all the time. Tommy tried some milk, but found it most nasty."

Very little is known of the origin of the Lapps. They are an honest, simple, and hospitable people, supposed to have sprung from

a colony of Finns, although they are at present very unlike that people. From the earliest times they have led a nomade life, wandering wherever they can find the moss, which is essential for their reindeer, which is so important to them; for they drink the milk, feed upon the flesh, make spoons of the horn, clothes of the skin, and cord of the sinews, and drive them in sledging.

The Lapps are despised by the Norwegians, whose feeling towards

NORTH CAPE.

them is a strong prejudice. There is a good deal about them in Jonas Lie's novels, translated by Mrs. Ole Bull, which Mary had read and now wished she had with her.

Hammerfest is a great trading place for the Russians, who come round in summer from the White Sea. Its latitude is 70° 40′ N.; but, owing to the Gulf Stream, it is warm even in winter; and the water does not freeze enough to prevent fishing all the year round.

Here they landed to see if they could buy furs, but the prices seemed higher than in Throndhjem, and the smell of the cod-liver oil manufacture which pervaded the town, soon drove them back to their steamer. Every one was thankful to leave Hammerfest.

It was a cold cloudy afternoon when they first sighted the North Cape. The water was a dingy brown and very rough. Except the Cape, no land was in sight wherever they looked.

Most of the passengers retired to their state-rooms, for the vessel was pitching and tossing more than they had before experienced. As they swung round before running under the shelter of the Cape, it seemed as if the steamer would go over on her beam-ends. All the things which had been left lying about during the quiet voyage of the past days now rolled upon the floor, and, with every lurch of the vessel, dashed madly from side to side. Tumblers, field-glasses, work-baskets, shawl-straps, tooth-brushes and shoes were mixed in hopeless confusion; and not one of the party would have stirred from his berth, if the thing he valued most in the world had been threatened with destruction.

As they came under the shelter of the North Cape, it was quiet, and all crawled up on deck. The boats, launched to land them, were found to be so dried by the sun pouring down on them day and night, except one small one, which had been in constant use, that they all filled with water, and had to be hauled up on deck again.

The landing threatened to be so serious an affair, on account of the small-sized boat, the choppy waves, and the rocky, jagged coast, that all the ladies of our party, on the advice of the captain, gave up the attempt in despair, and consoled themselves with plying for cod all night, while the gentlemen landed. Miss Mills, and a stout Englishwoman of some fifty summers, were the only ladies who ventured. They were in the first boat-load, and they had a hard time getting on the rocks. Mr. Hervey, from the bow, sprang on shore as soon as the boat came within leaping distance, and tried to hold the boat when it touched the rock; but in vain, for the retreating wave tore it from his grasp. They tried it again and again, the men leaping ashore; at last they managed to wedge the boat between two rocks for an instant, and the ladies were unceremoniously pulled out.

This was only the beginning of troubles, for the Nord-Kap is nearly a thousand feet high, sheer up from the rocks at its base, and the landing here is the only possible place of ascent. There are no trees or shrubs, except the loose boulders and rocks, with here and there scanty grass, and a few scattered forget-me-nots, which

COAST VIEW.

Miss Mills plucked, and carried back as mementos of the most northern point of land of either continent. The top of the Cape proved to be a vast tract of bare and desolate moor, with the dull gray sea dashing at its foot far below. Nothing but water between them and the North Pole! Each one put the customary stone at the foot of a flagstaff which was erected there at the time of the visit of King Oscar.

The descent was even worse than going up. Loose rocks rolled from beneath their feet, and many of the men simply sat down and allowed themselves to slip along the loose rocks, checking their speed now and then by grasping at a boulder. However pleasant this might be for them, Mr. Hervey and Miss Mills, who had started first, picking their way slowly and carefully, were in imminent danger from the loosened rocks, which came jumping and dashing down.

When they reached the bottom, they found the Englishwoman, who, having tried in vain to ascend, aided by half the gentlemen of the party, had given up in despair, and rolled back to the boat, where she was rescued by the sailors. Miss Lejeune and the girls, on hearing this account, thought they had done wisely to stay behind fishing, although they had not caught a single cod.

Day and night had been mixed before, but now it seemed impossible to straighten them out; the climbers had started on their expedition at nine o'clock in the evening, and got back to the steamer at five in the morning, when they had a meal, whether breakfast, dinner, or supper they could not determine, and then went to bed, to get up that afternoon at two to breakfast.

CHAPTER XXX.

RETURNING.

ON their way southward, there was but little new to excite the party, as the course was the same. They passed through the famous Maelström, about which they had studied in their geography, without so much as knowing it.

Stopping at Torghatten, they climbed up to the cave, and explored it. Mr. Hervey explained to Tommy, though Tommy does not yet understand it, that the rock was gneiss, and that the cave had been produced by the degradation of a vein of mica. Bessie's theory was that the hole must have been worn by the sea, and that the ocean must have been some hundred feet higher in past times.

At dinner one day, it was rumored that their boat was to go up a fiord where no steamer had ever been before, to take a Norwegian pastor and his family on board, who were to be transferred from the extreme northern to the southern part of their country. All the passengers gathered on deck to see the new fiord. The steamer sailed into a large bay surrounded by precipitous mountains, and at the head was a little fishing station; but there was no sign of other houses, or of any church. Mr. Hervey and Miss Lejeune wondered where the pastor could live, and where his congregation could come from, for there was not a single building on the sides of the land-locked bay, or the surrounding hills. But suddenly, as the boat reached the apparent head of the bay, appeared a narrow gap between the mountains, through which they shot. The cliffs on either side were worn smooth by past glacial action, and contained many curious pot-holes, and deep basins worn into the solid rock.

Going from this narrow passage, they entered another land-locked

WATERFALL.

bay or lake, with no houses on its shore, and no visible outlet; but again the steamer wound through a narrow cleft, and so kept passing from one bay to another. In one of these, Mary spied, thousands of feet up on the mountain-side, two little waterfalls starting from points far apart, leaping from rock to rock, that joined half way down and finished their course together, thus forming a letter Y in water-colors. The series of bays past, they came out into a broad river, where the high mountains had sunk to low hills and rolling country, and finally prepared to anchor opposite a little village nestling on the side of one of these hills.

SKIRTING THE TYRIFJORD.

"Why does not the vessel anchor?" asked Bessie.

"I can not make out," said Mr. Hervey; "suppose you go and see, Tommy."

Tommy came back to report that they had been sounding with the longest line they had on board, and failed to find bottom; so the boat was obliged to move slowly against the current, in order to keep in or about the same place.

The shores were crowded with people, who had come from fifty miles in all directions to see, for the first, and perhaps the last time in their lives, a steamboat.

The *John Schoning* was soon surrounded by a motley fleet of boats, crowded with wondering spectators.

A flat boat soon came along side, with some men bringing a cow, two sheep, and a little Norwegian pony, which snorted and

plunged so violently at the strange sight of the steamer, that the little craft came near being tipped over, and they had to row back to the shore. Later they made another attempt, and ended by swinging the pony up by means of a strap under his body.

NORWEGIAN MINISTER.

As they stood watching it, Bessie said to Mary in a low tone,

"Does not this remind you of Mrs. Chevenix at Havre?"

"For shame!" said Mary, but she could not help smiling.

Tommy and Bessie made an excursion to the bow to examine the household furniture of the pastor, and reported as follows:

"A great many boxes painted red with funny kinds of figures burnt into them, an old ramshackly carriole, two or three empty butter-tubs, old broken chairs, tables, and riffraff, and other things which we should consign to the rubbish-hole."

But what interested Tommy most was a pair of long wooden skates, worn by Norwegians to slide down the mountains. They are about eight feet long, and turned up in front, somewhat like a large hockey-stick.

At last came the pastor, his sister, wife, and eleven tow-headed children; the oldest, a youth of about sixteen, and the youngest a baby in arms. All his chief friends and parishioners came on board with him. Their parting with a minister who had been settled over them ever since his marriage, and who had never left them even for a week, was very touching. He had been transferred to a parish in the South by the Government, according to the Norwegian custom, and most of his people felt that they should not see him again before they died. As they kissed the past

wife, tears streamed down their faces and down hers. Soon the good man's self-command gave way, and he was sobbing, and as, one after another, the long row of peasants bade him good-bye and went back to their boats, taking a last wistful look at their dear teacher, some of the passengers were so affected that they, too, began to cry, and even Mr. Hervey walked forward to hide the moisture in his eyes.

As the steamer set sail again down the fiord, Miss Lejeune said, "Come, children, it is time to go to bed."

"Not so soon after dinner," urged Tommy.

ON OUR WAY SOUTHWARD.

"It is one o'clock!" Mr. Hervey replied.

At Trondhjem, Mr. Hervey found that by exchanging steamers, instead of waiting for the *John Schoning*, they would be able to save three days. They were due at four o'clock in the afternoon at Trondhjem, and the other steamer was to leave at six; but it was seven o'clock before they arrived. Still, as the last twenty miles had been up the fiord, and they had kept a sharp look-out, they were sure the other steamer had not passed them.

Their baggage was all ready on deck, and they had said farewell to the fellow-passengers of this long trip, whom they might never meet again. Mary was especially sorry to leave Miss Mills, and they exchanged many promises to write.

Taking the first boat that came off to the steamer, they succeeded in catching the other vessel after she had started, from a landing at another part of the town.

They had to make another connection to Molde the next day,

LAZERETTO.

for the steamer which was to bear them south to Christiansand. Mr. Hervey, taking warning by the Trondhjem experience, inquired of the captain if they were likely to reach Molde at the hour of twelve o'clock, when they were due, as the other steamer left at two. But at two o'clock they were far from reaching Molde, and Mr. Hervey had given it up as a bad job. At four, as they were approaching Molde, the captain cried,

CHRISTIANSAND.

"Quick! if you want to take the steamer, throw your baggage into the boat!" and before they well knew what had happened, they and their possessions were all on board the other vessel.

Mr. Hervey inquired of the captain how they happened to start so much later than the proper time.

"Why, your captain telegraphed us that you wanted to go with us," he replied.

"What! and you waited three hours for us!" exclaimed Mr. Hervey.

"Of course."

The Horners congratulated themselves upon this difference between the way things are managed in Norway and America.

Christiansand is a flat town, of which the streets are all built at right angles, the houses painted white, and the sewers run in open gutters. They took a steamer for Amsterdam. They had a day to wait, and they found by the guide-book that there was a bathing establishment for ladies on the shore of the fiord half a mile below the town. So Tommy rowed the girls to it, and went off himself to an island for a swim. The Norwegian ladies were much astonished at the prowess in swimming of our American girls, admiring the boldness with which they plunged from the upper platform of the bath-house into the bay.

Their steamer started at twelve o'clock, and at one they were taking their last farewell of Norway.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MEETING.

ONE day, towards evening. Mr. and Mrs. Horner arrived in Cologne, at the Hotel du Nord. They immediately inquired for their party, who were to meet them there that day; but were assured that no such persons had arrived.

"Are you sure?" demanded Mr. Horner; he again described them, repeating their names, and desired to see the register. It was not convenient to show him the register, but it was absolutely certain that no party answering the description were in the hotel.

They resigned themselves to the delay; and Mrs. Horner started, in her dressing-gown, with sponge and towel in hand, to seek the sumptuous bath-rooms of this hotel for a refreshing plunge. Passing through a long, silent corridor, she heard, through a partly open door a little in front of her, the merry chatter of voices, and the familiar sound of English. Just as she rather wistfully was going by this room, out came — Bessie and Tommy!

"Mamma!" they cried.

"My darlings!" she exclaimed. In an instant she was in the room, which proved to be the chamber of Miss Lejeune, and they were all at once in each others' arms. The Norway party had been in the house since yesterday, were fully registered, and had charged all the clerks they could see to keep them informed of the arrival of their friends. Mr. Hervey was now, probably, watching the droschkys as they came from the station, although they had been in doubt as to which train would bring the Horners from Brussels.

But all annoyance was forgotten in the joy of meeting.

was summoned from her room, hard by, and the laughing and talking and crying of the next few moments were mingled in equal proportions.

"Look at my boots, mamma!" said Mary. "Did not they hold out well?"

"I hope you have some new ones!" replied her mother.

Tommy, after a time, was despatched to hunt up Mr. Hervey and Mr. Horner. He found them together in the office, mildly reproving the voluble clerk. Mrs. Horner went on her way to her bath; and later they all met at the table d'hote dinner, where their brown complexions, animated gestures, and fund of talk, amazed the rest of the company.

MARY'S BOOTS.

It was so good to be all together again that they could hardly settle themselves to the inspection of the "worst-smelling city in Europe;" nevertheless, postponing all narrations of travel to the future, they spent their day in Cologne in examining the beautiful cathedral, lately completed through the public spirit of Prussia.

Its foundation was laid 1248, and the building proceeded slowly till the beginning of the sixteenth century, when it was completely abandoned. After that it fell more and more into decay, and in 1796 was used by the French as a hay magazine.

Frederick William IV., of Prussia, rescued it from total destruction, and since 1816 the work of restoration has been going on until its completion in 1880. The master mind which planned it is unknown; but modern architects have endeavored to carry out his designs, and the effect is wonderfully harmonious and beautiful.

Miss Lejeune and Mary snatched a few minutes, while the rest were buying the real Jean Maria Farina and Gegenüber cologne, to

look at the collection of paintings of the very early Cologne school, by Meister Wilhelm, (A. D. 1380), Meister Stephan (A. D. 1410), and their followers. The pictures looked about as they wished them to, and they were content.

After two nights in Cologne, they found themselves, on a bright

AMSTERDAM.

July morning, comfortably installed on the open deck of the *Lorelei*, steaming up the Rhine. Baedeker's and tourists' guides were in their hands, and they bought more guides and maps, from wandering boys who brought them about, as they do "Harper's" and the "New York papers" in America.

For the first day their attention was taken from the banks

the river, by their desire to relate their adventures. The Norway party felt all in the dark about the others' experiences, for they had often missed their letters; just as they left Cologne, indeed, a fat packet was put into Mr. Hervey's hands, forwarded from Christiansand.

HOLLAND.

Philip had much to tell about the attractions of Brussels, which is a lovely city, a smaller Paris, of delightful shops and quaint buildings. The costumes of the people in the streets and of the soldiers had interested them. Windmills and canals he pronounced to be the chief characteristics of Holland. The mamma had found it all charming; and she wound up with the statement that, "Next time we must all go there."

IN BRUSSELS.

Their first Rhine day took them to Coblenz, during which they passed the Drachenfels, a castle of the twelfth century, a complete ruin since the Thirty years' war. The cavern halfway up the hill, is said to have been the home of the dragon that Siegfried killed; and when he bathed in its blood he became invulnerable. Mary wondered if the "dragon's blood" of Newman, a delicious tint in water color, came from the same source. There is a beautiful view from the top, but the Horners did not stop

DRACHENFELS.

for it. Miss Lejeune read to them, from the guide-book, Byron's celebrated lines, which pleased the rest, but Jack pronounced them "bosh."

At Coblenz they stayed over for a day, and climbed to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, three hundred and seventy-seven feet above

the level of the sea. It has long been a fortress of great importance, and has only twice been taken, once by stratagem, and once reduced by famine. During the French revolution, betweeen 1795–1798, it was besieged four times, and finally surrendered to the French; but in the restoration of all things to the Prussians, the French had to

COBLENZ AND EHRENBREITSTEIN.

pay them fifteen millions of francs, to repair the fortifications. The view from the fortress is magnificent, for at Coblenz the Rhine is joined by the Moselle, and the two gleaming rivers, winding off in the distance, are seen far below as on a map.

The second day the river was narrower, and the steamer passed one ruined castle after another, till the children were all fairly tired of running from side to side of the boat to see them. They now began to have an ardent desire for ruins, and to stop and examine the winding stairs and crumbling arch-ways of those they saw from the river; but their father only smiled and said,

"Wait till we get to Heidelberg."

"Why do we go to Heidelberg, papa?" asked Tommy.

"Because we all of us think the castle the most interesting ruin in Germany," replied his father; "and Mr. Hervey says the place

is, perhaps, the most picturesque and beautiful in all Europe."

"I love it!" affirmed Miss Lejeune. "I was there only for one day, and I have been longing to get back there ever since."

A. D. 1400.

"Besides, it fits in to what you already know about the history of Europe," added Mr. Horner.

Heidelberg became the capital of the Palatinate in 1228; a part of the castle, still remaining, was built by Rupert, who was chosen to be Roman emperor in 1400. Frederic V., the Winter-king of Bohemia, husband of Elizabeth of England, daughter of James I., whose unfortunate history the Horners knew well, lived here, and made splendid additions to the castle. It suffered much in the Thirty years' war, but it was to Louis XIV. that it owed its destruction, for when he was fighting the Austrians in 1688, he allowed the Palatinate to be overrun by his wild troops, and the castle itself was blown up by

them in 1698. Again, it was struck by lightning in 1764; the walls alone remained, but so vast is their extent that they still form a most imposing ruin. Since the beginning of the century, Heidelberg has belonged to the Grand Duchy of Baden, and the modern garden has been laid out with charming walks.

In 1799, the soldiers of the French revolution were at Heidelberg, but by that time there was little left for them to destroy. They attempted to tap the great tun, which they supposed to be full of

MOUSE TOWER.

Rhenish wine, and its sides still bear the marks of their futile blows.

While the Horners were reading up these things in their guidebooks, they were steaming up the river toward Mayence; and were frequently interrupted to look at castles, and once for the rock of the syren Lorelei, where she used to sit and comb her hair, and allure fishermen to their destruction. They saw the Mouse tower, and repeated the poem about Bishop Hatto, which all of them knew, beginning,

"The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the grain was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight, to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground."

A pleasant English family were going up the Rhine at the same time with the Horners, and, as it happened, selected the same places for stops that they did. The two parties had made some little advance towards acquaintance on the first day, so that, when they found themselves again together on their next boat, the surprise was a pleasant one, and they greeted each other cordially. For the rest of the time they kept together. There were a papa and mamma, rather elderly, named Challoner, with a young lady, their daughter, a little older than Mary, who proved very pleasant and talkative, after overcoming her first shyness.

"How very odd it seems," she said one day, "that you call your brother Jack. His name is Philip, is it not?"

"It is odd," replied Mary, "so odd, in fact, that I think we shall give it up now. My father's name is Philip, and we began to call my brother Jack to avoid confusion."

"But, surely you could not confound a little boy with your father?"

"Oh no," replied Mary laughing, "but in calling from one part of the house to another, I mean."

"Oh! do you do that in America?" asked Miss Challoner.

"I wish," exclaimed Bessie, "that I could get to the bottom of this Palatinate business. What is a Palatinate any way?"

"My dear," said her mother, "it is only a different name, like State or county, for the domain of one ruler, under the emperor. This Palatinate is the State to which the Upper Rhine belongs."

"Why do not they say 'state,' or 'county,' then," said Bessie, petulantly; "then a person could understand."

Mary added, "It is as if the Hudson were sometimes in New York and sometimes in Massachusetts."

"And," continued Philip, "as if Governor Long should besiege Albany, and blow up the State House."

"Who is Governor Long?" asked Miss Challoner.

"He is the Governor of Massachusetts," replied Tommy, proud of knowing so much.

"Oh! but I thought your king was called a President," replied Miss Challoner.

"You see, Bessie," remarked her father, "that our States are as confusing to outsiders as Duchies and Palatinates are to us."

At Mannheim, the junction of the Rhine and Neckar rivers, the Challoners left them.

The Horners stayed over one day in this quiet, orderly town, saw a few Dutch pictures in the gallery of the Schloss, and, leaving now the Rhine, passed on to Heidelberg.

MISS CHALLONER.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HEIDELBERG.

"I THINK," said Mr. Horner, "that we will go to the Hotel de l'Europe, which is just opposite the railway station. Then we can drive up and see the castle to-morrow morning, and look round the town in the afternoon, although I do not find in Baedeker that there is anything worth seeing except the castle. We will take an early dinner at five, and go on by the evening train for Stuttgard."

As it was nine o'clock when they arrived, they all went to bed at once, tired from their journey.

The next morning, according to programme, they took droschkys for the castle. They rode up the Anlage, a broad road, lined with trees, skirting the town. At the church of St. Peter, Mr. Horner called to the driver to stop: and they were delighted with the quaintly-carved gravestones at the side of the church, and the walls matted and overgrown with ivy. Here is the tomb of Olympia Morata, an Italian *donna*, a professor of philosophy, who settled in Heidelberg and lectured to crowds of students.

At the foot of the road which led up the hill from the town to the castle, Mr. Horner and the children got out, and walked up the narrow, rambling street. It was all so uneven, the houses so old and small, that they were delighted with it, and began to wish to live at the foot of the hill, and walk up every day. At the top they reached the English Garden, and gained their first view of the castle from this point. On entering the garden they passed under the triumphal arch built by Frederick V., in honor of his wife, Princess Elizabeth Stuart, the granddaughter of Mary, Queen of

FREDERICK BUILDING OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE- FROM COURT-YARD.

Scotts, for whom the garden was laid out. From the edge they could overlook the town far below, and Tommy discovered a flight of winding stairs leading down from the garden, through a sort of tower. He was eager to explore it, in spite of the fact that the first ten stairs were missing, and that the entrance was fenced off and concealed by shrubs.

ON THE TERRACE.

Mrs. Horner and Miss Lejeune thought this garden the most delightful spot they had seen in Europe; they could not think of leaving Heidelberg that night; they did not know what the castle and the rest of the grounds might prove to be, but they were not at all sure they should be willing to go away from the spot they were in before dark. The children, too, were delighted with the shady nooks concealing statues, and the glimpses of the little pond and grottoes in the castle moat below.

At the end of the garden they came to the walls, twenty-two feet thick, of the Thick Tower, of which only the half next the garden remains, the part nearest the town having been blown up by the French in 1689. This tower can be seen, at the extreme right of the castle, as you face it from the bridge over the Neckar, with the English garden stretching back from it to the hill.

Hence they looked up the valley of the Neckar to the Rhine, with the purple Vosges in the distance, and the town and river at their feet.

"I never should be tired of looking at this view!" exclaimed Mary.

"My dear!" said Mr. Horner, "do you know it is time now for lunch, and the droschkys have been waiting for two hours? At this rate, we shall not get through Heidelberg to-day. Perhaps we had better go back now to the hotel, and make up our minds to stay

HEIDELBERG BRIDGE.

longer, for we have only seen one of the twelve buildings that make up the castle."

"At that rate, Tommy, how long should we have to stay in Heidelberg?"

"Twelve days, sir."

"Why, Tommy," said Bessie, "are you not going to do anything in the afternoon and evening?"

"If we are going to stay and do up Heidelberg thoroughly, I think we will drive across the bridge and along the bank of the Neckar this afternoon, and get a general view of the castle and town from a distance," said Mr. Horner.

This drive proved beautiful. Tommy exclaimed, "Why do all the

men in Heidelberg wear all these funny little round caps and different colors! They all seem to have top boots, great big dogs, and little short canes with big buttons on them for heads!"

"These are the corps-students," said Mr. Hervey. "There is a university of eight hundred students at Heidelberg, founded in 1386."

"What are corps-students?" cried Mary and Bessie in a breath.

"The *corps* are very much like the secret societies in our American colleges, except that these have duelling for the main object."

"I should think if they all killed each other, there would be no societies left," said Philip.

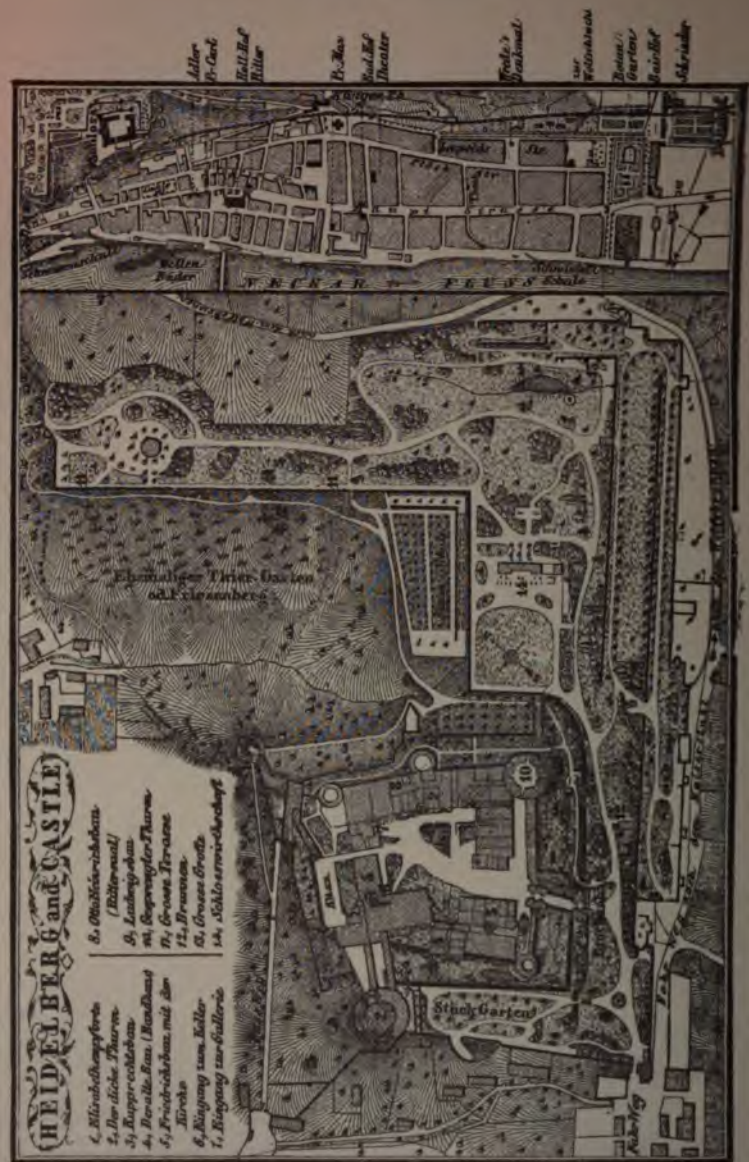
"No; they only wound each other in the face and head," said Mr. Hervey. "I will look up an old acquaintance of mine who used to live here, and see if we cannot get admittance to the Hirsch-Gasse, the inn where all the duels are fought, somewhere on this side of the river. That is it, I believe, now," he added. "You, Phil, your father and I, will go some day while we are here. Tommy is too young, and ladies are never admitted."

They recognized, from this bank of the river, the view of the celebrated town and castle, by Turner, an engraving of which hung in their library at home.

They came back in time to go up to the castle at sunset, and hear the band play on the Grosse-Terrasse; and then they took supper at the restaurant, waiting to see the moon rise over the hills.

If the castle had been charming by day, it was still more so by moonlight, and they could hardly make up their minds to go back to the hotel, at the further end of the town.

So next morning they left the Hotel de l'Europe, and moved to the Prinz Carl, directly under the castle. From here a little footpath led up from the front. On the way up they looked into beautiful private gardens, which had originally belonged to the castle grounds, through archways, past broken stairways and walls with heraldic carvings. At last, under a covered passage-way, and up a broad flight of old red stone steps covered with moss, with carved lines at the top, they reached the Altan, a broad terrace in front of the façade of the principal building.



Bessie and Tommy, and indeed the others, never tired of sitting in the little watch-towers at the corners of the Altan, and looking up first at the Frederick building, its front covered with ornate carving and statues of the ancestors of Frederick V., dating from Char-

lemagne and Otto of Wittelsbach, then at the octagonal tower, at the extreme left, and down into the beautiful gardens below.

The children came up every day and spent long hours wandering around the walks and through the castle buildings. They went to work to learn the geography of the place, but it was days before they mastered the plan, with its German names, enough to thoroughly know their way about; and even to the last, they were finding new underground vaults and stairways in different parts of the grounds.

Mr. Hervey grew so interested in these secret passages that he persuaded Mr. Horner to let Phil go up with him one night, taking a dark lantern, to explore some of them where he more than suspected the authorities would not allow them to venture if they knew about it. They scrambled down the stairway which Tommy had discovered the first day; after going down and round until their legs fairly ached, and they were sure they were now below the level of the town, they came to an arched doorway which had been walled up. Mr. Hervey was sure this was the secret passage which in old times led under the town and river, and had its other opening up on the mountain on the other side, the last resort as an escape from the castle.

They explored many other passages with the same result, coming at last always to walled-up doors. They found, however, one short stairway, leading to a number of underground apartments, the last one of which, with an arched roof, was called the Underground Chapel. Here they brought the whole party the next day, and the children made a point of revisiting it whenever they came to the castle, and looking out from its arched windows into the castle moat, still further below.

This was near the Gesprengte-Thurm, which is so solidly built, that half of it, when the tower was blown up by the French, instead of breaking to pieces, only slid down in a solid mass to the ditch below.

Bessie [illegible] was standing by an old foun- [illegible] through an arch in the

Frederick building across the Altan, to the hills beyond the Neckar, that she was looking at the real scene of a picture she had always admired in her friend Lilly Wainwright's room at home.

Each chose his favorite point: Tommy's was the great tun, the

FRENCH AT HEIDELBERG, 1799.

largest wine-cask in the world, with room enough on its top for a dancing party.

Bessie's was the ancient well with pillars brought from Charlemagne's castle at Engelheim.

Philip stuck to the Blown-up Tower.

Mary liked best the view looking down on the castle from the paths on the hillside above.

Mrs. Horner never afterwards saw anything in Heidelberg equal to her first view of the English garden.

Why Mr. Hervey chose the Rupert building, which dates fr

1400, the children could not understand, but Miss Lejeune knew it was on account of the simplicity and grace of its architecture, compared with the ornate work of the later buildings. She herself

VIEW FROM THE PATH ABOVE.

thought nothing equalled the combined view of castle and town from the Altan, while Mr. Horner preferred the Otto-Henry-Bau, the

portion the most magnificent in style; and he brought home some fifty large photographs of this part of the castle.

The days slipped by, and they found at last, that instead of one day they had spent nearly two weeks, in exploring the ruins of Heidelberg and the surrounding hills. They acquired a real love for the old place, such as they did not have for any other European town.

It had been their intention to go as far as Munich, for the sake of the pictures there, and to hear an opera of Wagner performed in the highest manner; but it was now so late they were all willing to give that up. Munich is a hot, glaring city in warm weather, and they heard the opera house was closed for the summer. From Heidelberg, therefore, passing without stop through Stuttgard and Ulm, they came to Lake Constance at Friedrichshafen.

MUNICH: THE "BAVARIA" AND THE HALL OF FAME.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BODENSEE.

PARTING from Mr. Hervey was the worst of going away from Heidelberg; but it was inevitable. He had already been detained by their prolonged stay ten days beyond his intention, and now said he must hurry back to London as fast as possible.

"My vacation is over," he said with a smile, "and I must go back to school."

"School!" exclaimed Tommy indignantly, "as if you did not know everything already!"

"Never too late to learn something, my boy," he replied.

Their last evening was passed on the terrace of the English Garden. The moon was over, but the soft evening air, the nightingales which they heard here for the first time, and the broad, dim expanse stretching vaguely before them in the twilight, made an impression none of them ever forgot. The parting was that evening; for Mr. Hervey was up and away the next day very early to take the train for the North.

AMERICAN CAR.

A little later, the Horners found themselves on

Lake Constance. The train was composed of real American cars, like those at home, with very little difference, and the first thing they saw was a young girl in a round hat, sitting up in the corner of the "car," exactly as if she were going to Boston from New York on the South Shore Line. However, the jargon of Swiss-German, and wafts of occasional French about them, soon brought their ideas back to Europe again.

The children could not agree about the superiority of cars or carriages for railway travelling. Some of them thought it was delightful to get back to the long open car, where they could see all the people and move about with freedom; the rest preferred the cosiness and retirement of the European compartment, which at its utmost holds only eight persons. Afterwards, in Switzerland, they found themselves once or twice so crowded, in cars filled with excursionists, as they would be called in America, large families armed with baskets, shouting to each other in an unearthly patois, that all acknowledged the advantage of more privacy.

After several hours of railway they came without stopping to Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, and, passing through the little town, they were carried by a branch line to the quay, and instantly embarked on a little steamer for Rorschach. As on most Swiss lakes, small boats are plying all the time in all directions, and nothing is more charming than the trips upon these orderly little vessels.

The Lake of Constance is neutral territory, and there are custom-

house formalities to go through with, even on leaving one German town for another; but in the case of our party these were trifling, for their luggage had been very much contracted for the summer tour. Modest portmanteaus took the places of heavy boxes, which had been left at Paris in the care of their bankers. The Norwegians had accustomed themselves to this; but it took Mrs. Horner some time to grow reconciled to the very narrow quarters left for personal effects.

She had brought from Brussels two fresh and very neat flannel walking suits for Mary and Bessie, which they were to wear through Switzerland.

The Bodensee, as Lake Constance is called in German, is so large as to appear like an ocean; from many points a sea-line only is visible in the distance, and it is quite capable of being rough enough to cause sea-sickness. Luckily, the day the Horners were on it was a lovely one. The water was of a light-green color, and the somewhat low shores were soft and hazy as they faded into the distance.

The change from the hot, stuffy train in itself was agreeable, and the little voyage was a delight. The spirit-thermometer of the Horner family rose to its highest level; for it need not be concealed that fatigue and discomfort sometimes brought the mercury of that instrument down to a low point, indicated by silence, fretfulness, and indifference to the beauty of the scenery.

They reached the little town of Rorschach before night, and went to the "Grüner Baum" Hotel, simply on account of its name, and because Baedeker describes it, "with garden on the Lake."

The next day they scattered themselves, each according to his inclination, to enjoy the sights. Bessie and Philip climbed to the top of an easy hill, for a wide view of the whole lake, with mountains encompassing it, but in the distance stretching far off like a real sea. They tried to talk with a little gamin who was idling in the grass, but his German was not the same as theirs, though they made themselves understood very well, generally, by the people in the hotel.

The others contented themselves with walks requiring less exertion, but very pretty; and they all met at the castle of St. Anna. Mary and Miss Lejeune visited the bathing establishment, and found the water of the lake refreshing and delicious. When Bessie came back, hot and tired, she wished she had done the same, but it was too late, and she resigned herself, resolving to find other opportunities.

The next day they went on by rail to St. Gallen, making an ascent of nine hundred feet in the course of only nine miles. This is a modern and difficult piece of engineering, and dams and cuttings succeed one another without intermission. St. Gallen is one of the highest towns in Europe, being over two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The Horners took this route, on account of Miss Lejeune, who had a longing to come to St. Gallen to look up an old friend, whose acquaintance she had made ten years before at Gaïs. On the steamboat coming to Rorschach, the children persuaded her to explain it, and this was the tale:

Ten years before she had spent several weeks at Gaïs, a little bit of a place high up on the mountains beyond St. Gallen, on the way to Appenzell.

"How did you happen to be there?" asked Mary.

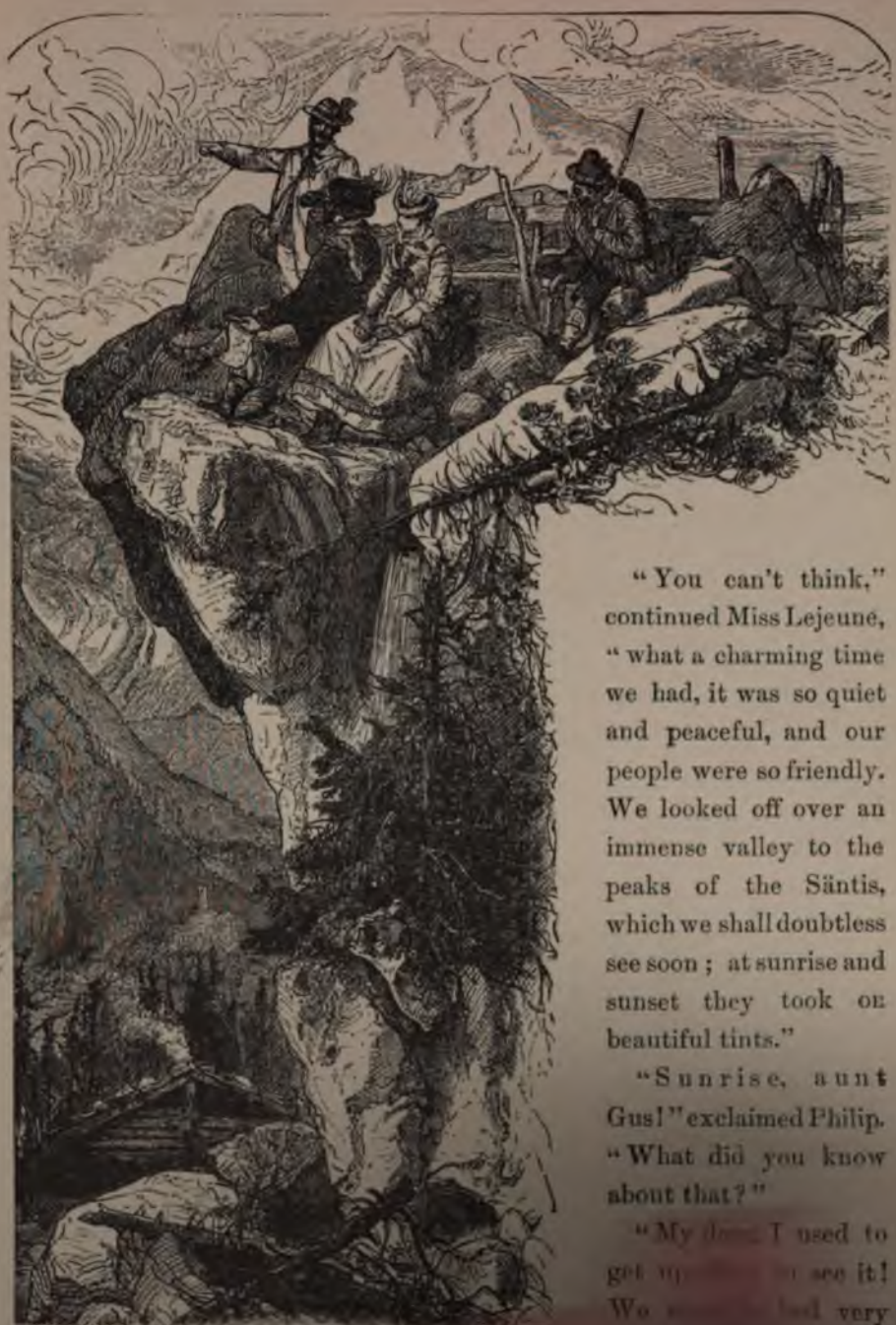
"Miss Emily Carter was with me at Vevay, and she wanted very much to see a lady that she loved dearly, an invalid who was at Gaïs for the milk-cure, and so we both came there, and it was so pretty, we decided to stay. The hotel was a large, noisy sort of place, and we persuaded the wife of the schoolmaster to take us to board."

"What is the milk-cure?" asked Tommy.

"Drinking a great deal of goats' milk," replied Miss Lejeune. "Night and morning, they drive the goats up before the door, and they stand there while they are being milked, a tumblerful at a time; the patients gather round and drink off the tumblers of milk, fresh and warm."

"Ugh!" shuddered Tommy, remembering the reindeer's milk Norway.

THE BODENSEE.



HIGH UP ON THE GABRIS.

"You can't think," continued Miss Lejeune, "what a charming time we had, it was so quiet and peaceful, and our people were so friendly. We looked off over an immense valley to the peaks of the Säntis, which we shall doubtless see soon; at sunrise and sunset they took on beautiful tints."

"Sunrise, aunt Gus!" exclaimed Philip. "What did you know about that?"

"My dear, I used to get up [illegible] to see it! We [illegible] had very early [illegible] Miss Carter

sketched beautifully, so we used to go out after our coffee, and she sketched while I studied something. We soon knew all the people in the village. I believe there were about six inhabitants only."

"Careful, Augusta!" said Mrs. Horner. "Baedeker says two thousand six hundred and eighty.

"Very well, the same thing," she went on. "The young people of the village took long walks high up on the Gäbris and other mountains, and came back with huge bunches of Alpen-rosen tied on their Alpen-stocks."

Miss Lejeune paused and seemed inclined to fall into a reverie.

"Well!" said the children.

"Well, there came there a Fraülein from St. Gallen, to stay in the house with us, and she was very kind and friendly. At first we could not understand her German very well, nor could she ours, but we did after a time. She used to make good things for us to eat, while we were out, and she loved to hear us tell about America, which she considered a wonderful land, for the farthest place she had ever been in was Zürich!

FRAULEIN FISCHER.

"Augusta!" said Mrs. Horner, "we might just as well stop over at St. Gallen, while you go to Gaïs, and see the place!"

"Yes!" exclaimed Tommy, "and take me!"

"Oh, no! oh, no!" replied Miss Lejeune, "I really do not wish to; it is all changed; and it is too much trouble to go there again. I should not have allowed you to change the course much for St. Gallen, but since we are so near, I should like to see if Fraülein Fischer still remembers me. I have the same old address she gave me, though we dropped writing long ago."

"Perhaps she won't be there," said Tommy.

"Oh! very likely, — most likely!" Miss Lejeune hastened to reply.

"What became of Miss Carter?" inquired Bessie.

"My dear, she married an Englishman whom we met on that very same trip. Her friend got well and went home, and Emily lives in India now, and has five children."

"Aunt Dut," said Bessie, who was next her, "why did not you marry that Englishman?"

ST. GALLEN.

"He did not ask me, my dear; besides, he was fifty, and not very attractive, in my opinion."

"Not like your English colonel!" said Philip.

"No, indeed!" replied Miss Lejeune with great grandeur. Whether in jest or earnest, that lady always referred to this gentleman, whom she once met in her travels, with an air of profound romance, and the children delighted in teasing her about it.

They reached St. Gallen; and while Miss Lejeune with Mary hunte up the address of Fraülein Fischer, the others visited the Benedi tine Abbey, founded in the seventh century by a Scotch mon named Gall, who did much to establish Christianity in Switzerlanc He devoted his life to the improvement of the wild people of th

ZURICH.

country, and died about 640 A. D., still engaged in teaching, at the age of ninety-six.

The monastery is suppressed since 1805, but the library contains some curious old manuscripts.

The Swiss embroidery, which is so cheap and pretty, comes chiefly from St. Gallen, and from Appenzell in the same canton. They saw the Appenzellerinne in their quaint headgear, — pretty girls to whom it was very becoming, — and one old woman, to whom it once had been so. When they met Miss Lejeune on returning, she was quite cast down; the report was that her Fraülein had been married two years and gone to America!

From St. Gallen they went by rail again to Zürich, where they did not linger long. It is a large flourishing town, which was one of the first to accept the reformation, preached there by Zwingli, the contemporary of Luther. Each Swiss canton has always had its strong prejudices, either Catholic or Protestant, and many contests between them have been the consequences.

The silks of Zürich are famous for their softness and strength.

OLD WOMAN FROM APPENZELL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM TELL.

HAPPY were the experiences which now followed for the Horners. They had beautiful midsummer weather, long sunny days which succeeded, but did not resemble, one another. For the courier of the party, Mr. Horner, it was a difficult task to pick out the plums of Switzerland from that rich pudding; but he was well aided by the experience of Miss Lejeune, and the excellent judgment of his wife. As for the children, they took what was given to them, and beyond always wishing to stay longer in every place at which they stopped, did not cry for mountain-tops, or for difficult passes, which would have been beyond the capacity of a family party like theirs.

They avoided these, and chose rather passing from place to place on the lakes, in the little steamers which, with suitable connection by omnibuses, run conveniently in almost every direction. It is pleasant, though less adventurous, than climbing the Matterhorn, or sliding down a glacier. The beautiful contours of the mountains, sometimes snow-clad, are seen at their best from the lakes below them.

AN AGREEABLE PERSON.

Often they found agreeable people on the boats, and the ease with which the

Horners could now manage both French and German, helped them in forming acquaintances very enjoyable.

From Zürich to Zug they came by train, and there, to their great delight, said good-by to steam engines and rails for a long time. Zug is the capital of the smallest canton in Switzerland. The Horners were, on their arrival at the station, beset by guides and runners, of whom they rid themselves with some little inconvenience, and hastened to their little steamer, after a brief glance at the town. The Lake of Zug is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland; the wooded banks rise gently on all sides, except at the south, where the Rigi is to be seen from its base to the summit. The boat

LAKE OF ZUG.

stopped here and there at the banks, sometimes at a saw-mill, in a friendly sort of way, then crossing the lake, brought them to lovely Immensee, where they fain would have passed their lives. But the usual omnibus was awaiting them, and their gay party, increased

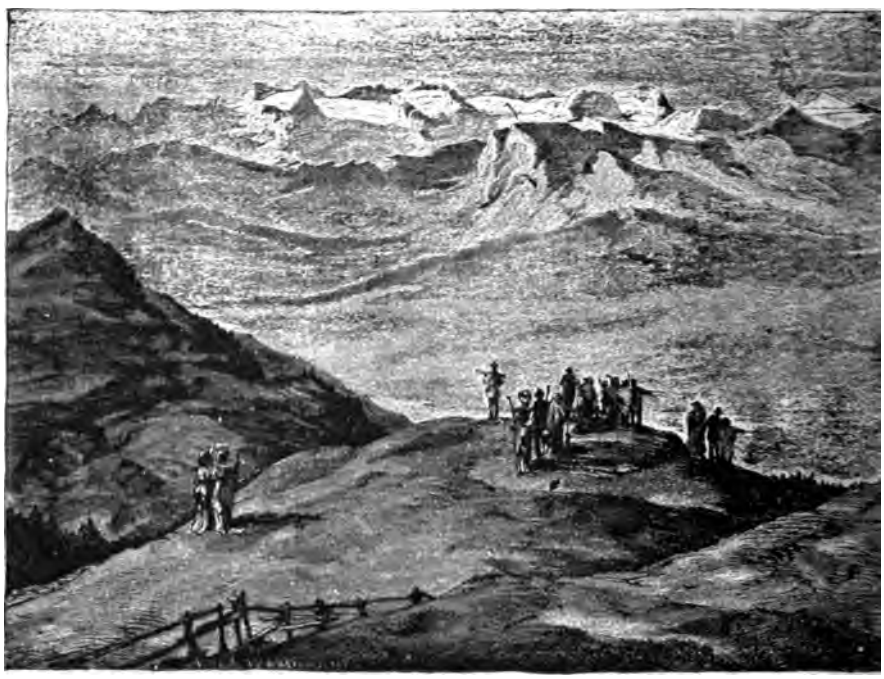
by a good-natured pedestrian youth from Dublin, whom they lik very much, tumbled up the steps, and squeezed themselves into sea sideways, like a Broadway coach.

It was a merry, jostling ride of twenty minutes to Küsnacht, on arm of the lake of Lucerne. Signs of the traditions of William T began to present themselves, both ancient and modern.

"So you are really not going to ascend the Rigi, Miss Horner? asked the young Irishman of Mary.

"Is it not very shocking?" she replied. "We have decided n to. It seems tame to go up a mountain by rail, do you not thi so?"

Mr. O'Looney shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Ah, but I ha made the ascent six times on foot."



VIEW FROM THE RIGI.

"That is all very well," replied Mary, "and some of us would like that; but mamma does not care to go up at all. I hope the rest of our party will do a little climbing while we are in Switzer

land, but, for my part, I should prefer to have a private mountain all to myself. The Rigi is too common."

The young man looked puzzled. The conversation of Americans often seems extravagant to foreigners. Their expressions are more highly colored than is the custom in Europe.

From Küsnacht they sailed to the head of the lake of Lucerne, where is the town so named. The Horners were surprised to find it a city, with crowded streets, shops, and large hotels, more like American

FROM THE SCHWEIZERHOF: LUCERNE.

ones than those they had seen lately: they established themselves at one of these, the Schweizerhof, and Mary and Bessie half regretted they had no pretty summer costumes like the crowds of ladies staying there, who moved about the corridors and galleries in long flowing light dresses, with gay parasols and fans. They comforted themselves by thinking that if they attracted some attention by their plain attire, it was not the direction in which their country-women generally err.

The view from their hotel, of the mountains across the lake, was superb. Pilatus was the one which they now had before them, and he was the first mountain to whom they accorded a personal affection. There are many legends connected with the mountain; one is that, when Pontius Pilate was banished from Galilee, he fled hither and, in the bitterness of his remorse, precipitated himself into a little lake near the summit; and all the storms which arise on the Lake of Lucerne are ascribed to him.

The name Pilatus, however, is *pileatus*, becapped, and the clouds

"LION OF LUCERNE."

about his head are a sure sign of the weather, according to the peasants.

> If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day,
> If his collar he puts on, you may mount the rugged way;
> But if his sword he wields, be wise, and stay away.

Mr. Horner, with all the children, made the ascent of the Esel, one of the peaks of Pilatus, by the bridle-path on horseback, but

both Miss Lejeune and Mrs. Horner preferred to stay behind, chatting with friends on the hotel piazza.

At a short distance from this hotel, is the "Lion of Lucerne," hewn out of the natural rock, after a model by Thorwaldsen, in memory of the Swiss soldiers who alone remained to protect the Tuileries from the fury of Robespierre and his associates on the 10th

WAEGGIS.

of August, 1792. From that time the Reign of Terror may be said to have begun.

It is a lovely lion, twenty-eight and one-half feet in length. A spring flows from the summit of the rock, and forms a dark pool at its base, surrounded by fresh green.

There are plenty of boats to be had at Lucerne, and in the early evening, Philip and his sisters rowed themselves about the lake, near the shore, to attractive points.

Wherever they went now, in their strolls, the fields were full of poppies, bluets and daisies, the latter like our own, but more deli-

cate, and countless other flowers, which they botanized as well as they were able without any Grey's Manual.

The Horners would have considered their visit to Switzerland incomplete, if they had passed the neighborhood of the scenes in William Tell's career without paying them a visit. From Lucerne, there-

GESSLER.

fore, when they had stayed there as long as they could, they took a boat, crossing the whole length of the lake from north to south, keeping a sharp look-out for the places connected with their hero.

Every child knows the story of William Tell and the apple, and let us hope that every child will continue to believe it, in spite of the modern attempt to call it a mere tradition. No doubt rests on the fact of the tyranny of the Austrian duke, Albert, who, in 1291, undertook to unite all Switzerland into an appanage of h

family. This the Schwyzers strongly objected to, and the cantons of Uri and Unterwalden agreed with them. They stoutly resisted the severity of Gessler, who was the agent put over them, and his death, caused by the arrow of Tell, was but a signal for the outbreak which followed.

The battle of Morgarten, in 1315, began the end of the struggle,

BRUNNEN.

for the Duke of Austria's army was routed by the Swiss, and they were afterwards favored by the Emperor Louis IV. The Swiss League, called Eidgenossen or confederates, now became very strong, and its members added to their power by seizing or buying, whenever they had a chance, the lands of neighboring nobles. It was not till long afterwards that the whole confederation was called Schwyz, or Switzerland, a name that at first belonged only to one canton.

At Brunnen, the port of the canton of Schwyz, they saw excellent specimens of the real old Swiss cottages, which the little wooden

carved ones imitate. Near this place they came to the south arm of the lake, called the Lake of Uri, and soon passed the place where the three confederates swore to eject their oppressors, — then to their great excitement, the rock where Tell sprang out of the boat. The spot was consecrated in 1388, thirty-one years after the death of Tell, in the presence of over one hundred persons who had really known him, and a chapel marks the place. Soon the pretty Flüelen can be seen, amid lovely scenery; and here, at the extreme southern end of the lake, they left the boat. The Reuss river leaves the lake at Lucerne, but enters it at Flüelen, after its course down the steep slope from its source near the Rhone glacier.

The Horners went on to Altorf, simply for the sake of William Tell, for the town otherwise possesses little that is interesting. A great plaster statue, presented to the town in 1861, by the riflemen of Zurich, stands on the spot said to be the very one where Tell aimed at the apple on the head of his son.

During the excursion on the lake a mighty scheme had sprung up, beginning no one quite knew how. Philip was longing to see a glacier, and Miss Lejeune was a little restless under the unemotional style in which they were travelling. She longed to deviate a little from the beaten path. There is a very tempting little trip from the end of Lake Lucerne up to Andermatt, on the pass of St. Gothard. The road leads over to Brieg, on the Simplon pass, the great route from the Italian lakes to the Lake of Geneva. Now, the goal of the Horners at present was Vevay, at the eastern end of Lake Geneva. Miss Lejeune boldly asked to take Philip with her up to Andermatt, and down to Brieg, viewing on the way the Rhone glacier, to rejoin the others at Vevay.

But, meanwhile, what were the rest to do? Their course lay over the Brünig pass, through Brienz to Interlaken, and so on to Berne. No! Philip would lose too much, and, besides, they could not spare Miss Lejeune all that time, and at Interlaken they meant to spend some days.

Philip, however, having once grasped the idea of a glacier, was un-

willing to let it go. At last some one invented the idea of waiting for them at Interlaken. Admirable!

"We can travel as slowly as we like, and you can come back to us at Interlaken." Philip, whose head had been buried in his Baedeker, sprang up, exclaiming,

"We need not go on to Brieg. We can come down from Grimsel to Meyringen, and join you at the end of the Brünig pass!"

"But won't that be dangerous?" asked Mrs. Horner anxiously.

Miss Lejeune took the Baedeker and studied deeply; then said,

"Not at all dangerous, and very delightful. Why, Phil, you have invented an excellent plan."

So the grand army of Horners were to go back across the lake, to a place near Lucerne, where the Brünig pass begins; while Philip and Miss Lejeune, the former several inches higher from his added importance as sole escort, undertook the ascent of the valley of the Reuss to Andermatt.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE GLACIER.

MISS Lejeune and Philip accompanied their family on the shor distance back to Flüelen, and then booked themselves fo the diligence, which was to start almost immediately. As they wer rather late on the list, the numbers given them were 16 and 17 and they looked with some little anxiety to see what their fat would be. The passengers assembled in the courtyard, were allotted seats in the great lumbering coach according to their numbers 1, 2, 3 in the coupé, a funny seat under the driver's box, whence, under his legs, and over the legs of the horses, the view is excellent. These seats are considered the best; they are generally bespoken beforehand, and cost a little more than the others.

THE DILIGENCE.

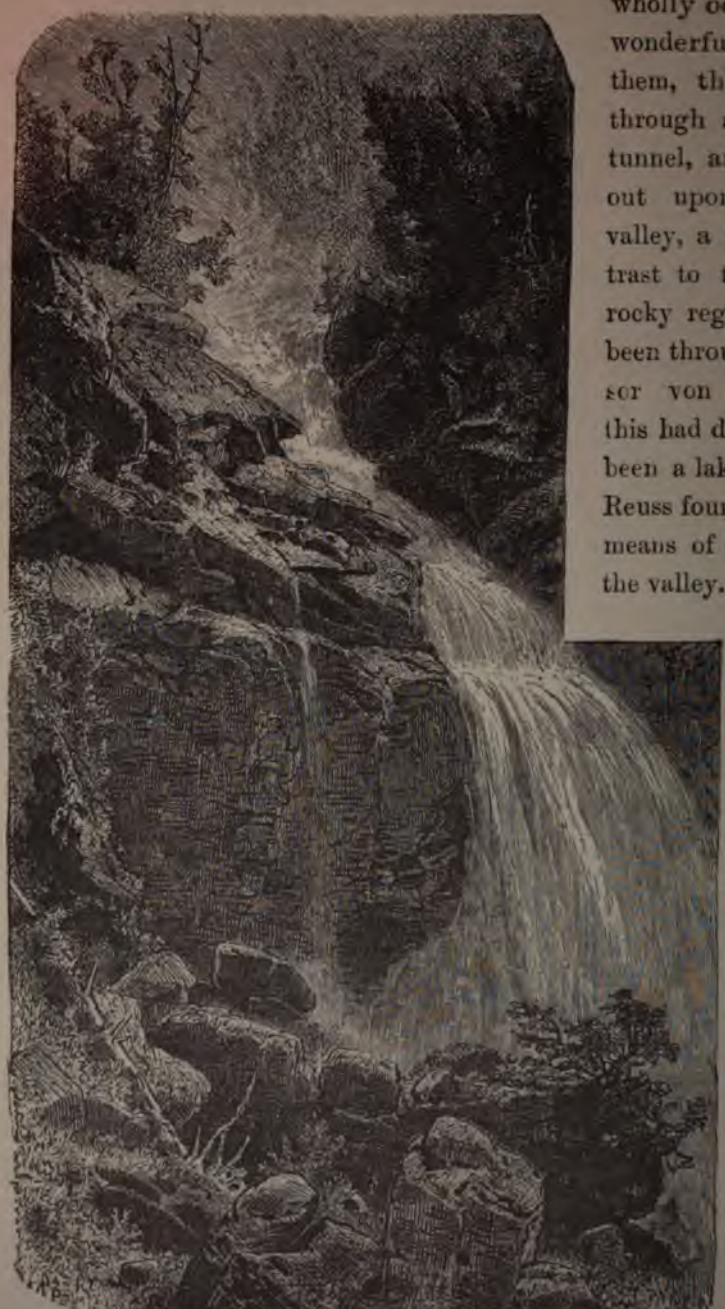
Then the *interieur* was filled up, with the numbers from 4 to 10. The corner seats are pretty good, but the middle seat is far from pleasant with little or no view.

Five persons, besides Miss Augusta and Jack, were left standing by the clumsy vehicle. Two young men, numbers 11 and 12, scrambled up on top by the driver. The guard looked gloomily at the four remaining, as if he would like to sandwich them in among the rest; then let fall the signal for the departure of the first coach; and with cracking of whips and shouting, the huge machine lumbered off.

Soon a pleasant little open carriage came out, with a hood, in case of bad weather, now thrown back, and plenty of room behind for baggage. It held four inside, and Philip instinctively sprang up with the driver, while Miss Lejeune and the three other passengers took the inside places. Her companions were a German professor known by his blue spectacles, and his rather elderly wife, to whom Miss Lejeune willingly yielded the back seat. This brought her close behind Phil, which was well, as they could exchange views in a low tone. On the seat beside her was a gloomy man, his throat muffled up in a scarf, who spoke but little, and in no known language. Why so introspective a being should select this route, which is usually chosen for pleasure, was a mystery. Professor von Lessli and his charming wife proved very agreeable. They added not only to the pleasure of the excursion, but greatly to the information of the others.

The St. Gotthard route, strictly speaking, begins at some distance from Altorf, where the first bridge crosses the Reuss; the foaming river rushes through the ravine below, making a succession of waterfalls. In some of the gorges, snow was still to be seen, although it was after the first of August.

The road keeps very near the bed of the Reuss, which it crosses eight times by bridges, between Amstäg and Andermatt. The ascent is sometimes very steep, for there is a difference of two thousand feet, or more, in the level of the two places. The carriage went slowly, and Philip often jumped down and walked along by the side, gathering flowers. As they reached a high level, they began to find the Alpine gentian, of a deep delicious blue color. After four or five hours of great enjoyment, their eyes and thoughts



WATERFALL ON THE REUSS.

wholly occupied by the wonderful sights around them, they passed on through a long, dark tunnel, and then came out upon a smiling valley, a striking contrast to the wild and rocky region they had been through. Professor von Lessli said this had doubtless once been a lake, before the Reuss found its present means of escape down the valley. The Devil's Bridge, at this place, was the scene of a battle between the French Republicans and Austrians at the end of the last century. At Andermatt there was a change of carriages.

To Miss Lejeune's

joy, it proved that the professor and his wife were on their way to the Rhone glacier like themselves. The gloomy man was going on over the St. Gothard pass, which our friends left at Hospenthal; other passengers, who wished to do the same thing, were put with him in the little carriage which they left, and they were all crowded ino thte inside of the diligence. The distance was but short, and although there was grumbling among the passengers, it did not come from the new arrivals, who possessed themselves in patience.

They spent the night, not uncomfortably, at Hospenthal, and the next day went on by diligence to the Rhone glacier, where they arrived in time for dinner. The pure, rare air of so great a height was most exhilarating; they slept like tops, woke early with ravenous appetites, and felt equal to any exertion. The excitement of being so near a glacier was almost too much for Philip; and the idea of breakfast seemed too terrestrial for him. The good professor urged him, however, to eat well, for they had a good deal of walking before them.

PEOPLE THEY MET, 1.

They all set forth for the Ice Grotto; Frau von Lessli being as stout and energetic as any of the party, in spite of her gray hairs and pretty little hands and feet. She spoke no English, but her husband expressed himself in it vigorously.

From the hotel, a path leads to the grotto, hewn in the glacier, to a depth of several hundred feet, and just beyond it is an icy vault, with a stream of gray snowy water issuing from it. This is the Rhone; the infant stream which gradually becomes a great river,

and at last empties into the Mediterranean, after a course of five hundred miles.

The little party of four stayed long enough at the Rhone glacier to see all that was interesting in its nature. Professor von Lessli took great pains to make Philip understand how the great mass of snow, collecting in layers high above the snow-line, by the pressure of its own weight, and by the slow melting of the edges where they

STORM IN THE VALLEY.

are exposed to the sun, gradually moves down towards the valley, advancing, in the course of a year, more than a hundred feet. The rock and rubbish falling upon the glacier from the mountain are carried along with it, or form long barriers along its sides called moraines. These stones, thus brought within our reach, are specimens of rocks higher up in inaccessible places. When the slow glacier stream comes to a precipice, it falls over, and is broken to pieces, and the fragments form ice-needles and pyramids like the Galenstock, which they saw before them pointing up over eleven thou-

sand feet. The glacier of the Rhone itself is eighteen miles long, like a gigantic Niagara suddenly petrified. Miss Lejeune was never tired of watching the marvellous play of color and form it reveals.

After two wonderful days passed in study and admiration of the glacier, Philip and Miss Lejeune bade farewell to their pleasant companions, sincerely hoping they might some time meet again.

"You must come to America, professor," said Miss Lejeune; "our world is the older, you know, and we will show you all our bric-à brac of antiquity."

"I am coming, my dear Miss, I am coming. It shall only be to wait for those balloons you shall invent to cross the Atlantic."

PEOPLE THEY MET, 2

And so they parted, Miss Augusta and Philip mounted on sure-footed horses to make the slow descent towards Meyringen. The path at first is desolate and bare, and traces of snow were still

visible. They passed the little "Todtensee," which both French and Austrians, in their battles of 1799, used as a burial-place for the dead. A more gloomy spot cannot be imagined. Afterwards a steep bridle path of flat stones led down the Grimsel pass, to the Grimsel Hospice, and here they joined the Aare, then only a mere brook flowing from two mighty glaciers. No vegetation but a little edelweiss

GLACIER.

appeared; but lower down they found profusion of Alpen-rosen, the beautiful rhododendron of the Alps, and then came into pine forests, and by and by to the beautiful foamy fall of the Handeck. After that, they constantly crossed the Aare, exclaiming with delight at the waterfalls in its course.

It took them a whole day to descend to Meyringen, coming upon the carriage-road at some little distance from it, for they lingered, to rest and for lunch on the way, until it was late in the afternoon, and as the horses slowly walked along the good road towards the

village, they wondered what had been the adventures of the others in their absence. Three nights and days had passed since they parted, and the agreement only was that each party should wait for the other at the little inn at Meyringen.

Suddenly they heard the rattle of wheels behind them, and turning out of the road to let some vehicle pass, in a cloud of dust, and amid cries of "whoa!" "arretez!" "stop!" a carriage drew up beside them, containing Mr. and Mrs. Horner, Mary and Bessie, and Tommy on the box by the driver.

Screams of surprise from the children mingled with the exclamations of the elders. The Swiss driver smiled from ear to ear. He perceived that something wonderful and agreeable had happened, and, with natural vanity, ascribed it to his own prowess, and that of his horses.

"You here *now!*" exclaimed Miss Lejeune. "How came you to be so late?'

"We were delayed," said Mrs. Horner briefly, and glanced at Tommy, who sat, somewhat meeker than usual, on the box.

"Tommy got lost!" said Bessie.

"We will tell you about it by and by," said Mr. Horner; "perhaps we had better drive on now."

"Let us have one gallop with these slow beasts!" cried Philip. Anxious to show off his horsemanship, he spurred the animal to its utmost, and he and Miss Augusta disappeared in a cloud of dust. The carriage soon followed, and they all drew up together before the "Krone" at Meyringen.

Tommy's adventure had been this: At Brunnen, on their return up the lake, they were told there would be a delay of fifteen or twenty minutes. Mary went on shore to make a sketch, thinking as she did always at such moments, of Anna Mills and her promptness about sketching in Norway. They all scattered, for by this time, this stepping on and off of steamboats had become perfectly natural, and every one had learned to take care of himself.

After the boat was well under way, Mrs. Horner remarked,

"How small our party seems without Augusta and Phil!"

"Well, but it is small,—" said Mr. Horner; and,—"Where's Tommy!" burst at once from every mouth.

Anxious search was made. The whole boat was thrown in commotion, and at last a porter asseverated that he had seen the youth going on board the *Winkelried* bound back to Flüelen.

The mistake was natural enough. The *Winkelried* was the steamer which had taken them down the day before. It is easy to get turned round on a Swiss lake.

Mrs. Horner, for the first time, was in real despair. The captain proved very gentlemanly and friendly, assured her that everyone on the boat would take care of Tommy, and that he would turn up the next day. The best thing was for them to take a return boat for Brunnen; and thus they saw more of this pretty place than they otherwise would have done. Tommy showed great good sense, and stayed on the *Winkelried* when it came back. His family were on the wharf at Brunnen, and they all went on happily to Alpnach, where they took a little carriage by themselves, and came by slow stages over the Brünig pass to Meyringen.

Tommy was not much scolded, for his mistake was a natural one, and he had conducted himself like a hero, explaining his blunder at once to the captain, who believed him and willingly took him in charge. The boat passed the night at Flüelen, and Tommy slept in the captain's cabin, and had sour-krout and *fluellen* for breakfast, which are the delicious trout abounding in the streams of this locality.

So after all, Tommy was a hero, and to this day refers with pride to the time "when I was at Flüelen."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

INTERLAKEN.

MISS Lejeune was rather tired after her day upon horseback; but Philip rose the next morning full of good spirits, and proposed to the girls to walk to Brienz, a distance of only nine miles. The elders thought it too far for Mary, but said Bessie might go;

INTERLAKEN.

and the pair started off early. The others followed later, in the same carriage which had brought them thus far, Tommy, as before, on

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Horner, as they drove along, "that Philip had this little trip off with you, Augusta. He behaved so well about Norway, that he deserved to do something a little more wonderful than the rest of us."

"I wish you could have seen how gallant and thoughtful he was," said Miss Augusta; "he seemed to me suddenly to become three years older."

At Brienz they took a steamer for Interlaken, but found they could stop over several hours, to look at the beautiful Falls of the Giessbach.

An easy sail brought them through lovely sunset lights to Interlaken. On account of their delay at the falls, it was late before they reached the town. They drove directly to the small pension Beau-Site, in consequence of advice from Professor Lessli, and instantly devoted themselves to a hearty meal.

Afterward they went to the salon which had been allotted to them, and while the others looked about them at the furniture and ornaments Mary stepped to the window. Her cry of delight drew them all thither, and they beheld the lovely Jungfrau, cold and glittering with snow, directly before them in a gap between nearer mountains, which seemed to have shrunk back on purpose to reveal her superior charms. At that moment a little sparkling point appeared over her shoulder. It was the moon, nearly full, which slowly went on creeping up the side, and then flooded the whole.

It was nearly a month since they left Heidelberg, where they had their last full moon. The time seemed longer in many ways, they had seen so much, and yet how the days were flying! and how soon their year's flight across Europe would be at an end!

The next day, after coffee, Mary and Bessie went out to survey the town of Interlaken. It has a long, wide street, laid out with trees on each side, and lined with little shops to decoy travellers with every kind of Swiss wood-carving, fine lace, and chamois-horn articles. All tourists begin by resisting, and end by yielding to these things. It was the height of the season, and even at the early hour of nine the street was full of pretty toilets, and omnibuses driving up pensions and hotels, which are many.

AT THE TOP OF THE FALL.

As the girls were walking along, they met Mr. O'Looney, the pleasant little youth from Dublin. He raised his hat and stopped, and seemed very glad to meet them again, then joined them, and showed them the shops he had been exploring.

Returning with them to their pension, to pay his respects to the ladies, he stayed chatting with them on their piazza all the morning. He was resting at Interlaken after a fatiguing trip on foot. Instead of coming from Lucerne as the Horners had done, he had been on foot to Grindelwald, ascending the Faulhorn, from which there is a

WELLHORN.

magnificent view of the Bernese Alps, and descending by the way of Lauterbrunnen to Interlaken. He talked pleasantly and simply about what he had seen, and Mary said:

"It saves us the trouble of doing these things, to have you describe them to us."

"I wish," he replied, "that I could describe the delicious pure fresh air, and the lovely light in the sky."

BOATING ON THE LAKE OF BRIENZ.

"But do you always have pleasant weather, Mr. O'Looney?" asked Miss Lejeune.

"Not always; there was a terrific storm once, last year, when I was up there in the Rhine valley, not far from the Glacier. Luckily I was under shelter, and it was a magnificent sight. But it made trouble afterward; the Brünig pass was very much washed, and when I went over it, men were digging on the road, and we all had to walk round the place through deep mud."

Mr. O'Looney's hotel was near the "Beau-Site," and he spent most of his time with the Horners, joining them in their walks, and planning

from Baedeker, excursions about Interlaken. It is a very good place as head-quarters for walks, either shorter or longer, for rowing on the Lake of Brienz, and for climbs, not too fatiguing, to points where are views of the ever beautiful Jungfrau.

The Horners became quite fond of Mr. O'Looney, though both the boys stoutly maintained that he was not half so nice as Mr. Hervey.

Several days passed rapidly at Interlaken, one of them a quiet

WETTERHORN.

Sunday, when they enjoyed the English service in the old convent church. On leaving, they crossed the little isthmus which divides two lakes by a little railway, on an observation car; a winding stair leads to the roof, where passengers may sit and enjoy the view.

The ride was but ten minutes long, and then they found themselves on the Lake of Thun. As they went from the train to the boat, no one said anything to Tommy in the way of caution, but every

BERNE MINSTER.

body remembered to look and see if he were present. He held tight his father's hand, and turned neither to the right nor left, until they were established in their favorite places in the stern.

Mr. O'Looney had asked the permission of Mrs. Horner to go with them as far as Thun. It was readily granted.

The Lake of Thun has its own attractions. Our travellers were constantly surprised at the individuality of each lake; among so many, every one has its own character, and no one repeats the others. The panorama of mountains about this one is very beautiful; towards Interlaken the Jungfrau is visible, as also are the Schreck-horn and Wetterhorn. The shore is studded with pretty villas, and a pictur-

esque castle of the von Erlach family, to whom belonged Rudolph von Erlach, who fought so bravely at the battle of Laupen, when the canton of Berne joined the Eidgenossen after the victory of Morgarten. A bronze statue of Rudolf adorns the square in front of the cathedral at Berne.

From Thun, the Horners came by train to Berne, a large and very amusing town, which Tommy liked the best of all the cities he had seen. The legend of its name is that the town was to be called after the first wild beast they caught in the oak woods where it was founded. The first beast was a bear, and the town was called Berne, and the duke gave the citizens for their shield a black bear on a white field. Bears, bears everywhere; bears in granite over the pillars of gateways; bears on the Kindlifresser-Brunnen, which represents an ogre devouring one child, while others stick out of his crammed pockets; and bears on the celebrated clock, which Tommy made a point of visiting a little before noon. He waited patiently for some time. At last, just at three minutes before twelve, a cock gave the signal by the flapping of his wings; then a whole troop of bears walked round a seated figure; as the hour struck, this old man with a beard turned an hour-glass, and counted the hour by raising his sceptre and opening his mouth. A queer figure struck the hour on a bell with a hammer, and the cock crowed again. The performance was all over in a few minutes, and left Tommy in a whirl of amazement. He meant to see it again, but never could get there just at the right time.

He saw the bears' den, and stood a long time watching the tumbles of the awkward beasts. The bear is like a god to the Bernese, who treat him almost with the veneration of the Egyptians towards their sacred animals. Those in the den are under the especial protection of the law, which forbids people to offer them anything to eat which might be bad for their health.

The houses in the old part of the town are built with arcades, all the sidewalks were under rounded arches, the second story projecting over them. This is very picturesque, and makes the streets always cool and shady.

Berne, with the other Swiss towns, vainly resisted the aggressions of Napoleon. After it capitulated to his army, the French carried off even the bears to the Jardin des Plantes. Tommy was amazed to learn that Martin, whose acquaintance he made in Paris, was a remote cousin to his four-footed friend here.

The cathedral is a fine Gothic building, with a beautiful carved balustrade around the top. After seeing the sights of Berne, the

BERNE.

Horners passed a day and night at the Pension Schänzli, just outside the town, for the sake of a magnificent view from the terrace. Below lies the city of Berne, and beyond, the whole panorama of the Bernese Oberland: the beautiful Jungfrau forms the centre of the group of outlines. They looked wistfully at her with a feeling that it was their last view of this most graceful of the Alpine peaks.

A dusty, hot ride in the cars awaited them the next day. The train was crowded. There were no seats except upon the sunny

side. A screaming child with a dirty German nurse sat in the seat with Philip, and poked its little fists into his face. Tommy was in Mr. Horner's lap, Bessie almost in Mary's. This lasted from two o'clock till six, with frequent stoppings to take in more and more excursionists. Under these conditions they took not much interest in the glimpse of Freiburg visible from the train; and were glad to leave the cars at Chexbres, a little station above the Lake of Geneva, where they scrambled into an omnibus, and rattled down a steep road towards Vevay.

The lake of Geneva spread out a wide expanse below them, more like a sea than any since Lake Constance. They began to notice at once a wonderful azure-blue quality in the color of the water. Before them rose the notched and jagged peaks of the Dent du Midi, growing more rosy, with violet shadows, as the evening advanced. It was soothing and refreshing after the hot, tedious day. A happy calm came on their spirits, and they were silent, with fatigue and admiration combined, as they drove up to the entrance of the handsome hotel Monnet, or "Trois Couronnes," as it is also called.

Mr. O'Looney had left them at Berne, to plunge once more into tke Alpine regions of Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

VEVAY.

VEVAY is built along the shore of the Lake of Geneva, near its eastern end, not far from the entrance of the Rhone. The Hotel Monnet is prettily placed, with a garden between it and the water, in which a band plays in the evening. Galleries and corridors afford a pleasant view of the lake and the opposite mountains, and the house is large and elegant, without the effect of a caravansary given by many of the first-class hotels in Switzerland.

At Vevay, the Horners met their trunks, and it must be confessed that it was with a deep feeling of satisfaction, that the feminine portion of the party cast aside their travelling costumes, and assumed light and pretty summer dresses, though not attempting the extreme toilettes of some of the other guests of the hotel. This was for the table d'hote dinner on the second day. Their party was marshalled in one of the small parlors, and they all entered the large and somewhat gorgeous dining-room together. Miss Lejeune wore something thin and black, with black lace at her throat. She looked remarkably well. The boys were neatly brushed, and cleanly collared, with irreproachable hands and nails. It was, altogether, a creditable party which advanced towards the chairs turned

ON THE GALLERY.

up for them at the lower end of one of the tables, a number of which, occupied by gay parties, filled the long hall. The guests were already assembling into their places. At the head of the very most important table, who should be seen but their old friend and fellow-voyager,

AT ANOTHER TABLE.

Mrs. Chevenix! She was very gorgeous, in a cap with poppies, a red crape shawl falling back from her shoulders: her fingers sparkled with rings.

She put up her glass as the Horners were quietly taking their seats.

"I am so near-sighted," she remarked audibly. "Jules, tell me, who are those people?"

"Horner, madame; *famille* Horner, out of America!"

"Ah, indeed! my good friends the Horners!"

All this had made a little bustle; and Mr. Horner, finding they were recognized, hastened to go and speak to Mrs. Chevenix, although at first he had avoided doing this, lest it should attract public attention to his party. Mary went with him. The greeting was very cordial.

"Come to me, all of you, after dinner," said Mrs. Chevenix. "This is delightful. I always take my coffee on the *premier balcon*. We will meet there, and discuss everything."

This meeting took place, and afterwards, by the all-powerful influence of Mrs. Chevenix, the seats of the Horners were placed next her at dinner. She introduced them to every one right and left, and thus they became acquainted with a very pleasant circle of people. There was often dancing in the evening; and always strolling about the grounds during the music of the band. The Horners rejoiced that they had with them "their good clothes," and this they owed o the experience and wise advice of Miss Lejeune.

As they were sitting on a bench one day, near the stone parapet which is built around this part of the lake, watching the groups strolling about, Bessie said,

"This is the place where Mr. James met Daisy Miller."

"My dear," said her mother, "how you mix up things. Mr. James is a real person, and Daisy Miller was only a character he invented."

"But she might have been real, mamma; he describes her just as he did the place. Perhaps if he were here now, he would describe us!"

"I am glad he is not here, now, then!" exclaimed her mother, "for I have no desire to see myself in a book."

"He is very pleasant to meet," remarked Miss Lejeune.

Many excursions are to be made from Vevay, and, as upon the other lakes, little steamers are continually running from somewhere everywhere, as the Horners soon discovered. But for the moment they were content to remain quietly at the hotel, and enjoy the life there

and to watch the beautiful *Dent du Midi*, across the fascinating lake.

It is just near enough to be able to see the depths and hollows of its sides, clothed in glowing green, and influenced by every play of light and shadow, as the clouds pass over it, or hang upon its summit. It is impossible to weary of studying it. Mary ran to her window every morning to see what was happening on the mountain,

LAKE LEMAN.

and what mood was affecting its aspect. The lake, too, was equally changeable. She wrote one day to her friend:

"I do wish you could see the lake at this moment. Such a color and such a tumult! It is the most fiendish lake! Living by it, and watching it, you receive the idea that it is ruled by demons; and a sort of mania seizes you to watch and see what it will do next. For a day or two now, we have been having rather commonplace weather, — white days, like our August ones, — without remarkable clouds or sunsets; anybody might know that the demons of the lake could not stand that long: they had their purpose, and were probably getting together their artillery. Last night they began. These demons, you know, do not live down in the lake, but up above, in the air, and round in the hollows of the mountains. It was black as pitch, and then it began to blow, — such a wind, — blowing past the hotel as set everything flying, inside and out. Then was the time to look to the windows, and make all fast. The lake seethed and frothed and hissed, and even in the darkness great lurid swaths of foam, as

if phosphorescent, followed each other, without any order of succession, light in the blackness, but when the sheets of lightning came, all black and sullen, and heaving with rage.

"This morning it was clear, but still rather sultry, and just now, since I began writing, it is at it again, with wind and rain. There are wonderful colors on the water, — bright green, blue and purple, and white-capped waves."

Such storms as these come up very suddenly on the lake, and make it dangerous to venture out in row-boats, when there is the least symptom of change.

There is a far-famed school for boys, "Sillig's," at Vevay. The parents of some of these boys were at the Monnet, and thus Philip and Tommy soon made their acquaintance, and learned from them their pursuits. They swim and dive in the lake, row, take long walks among the hills, and enjoy themselves; besides learning to talk French fluently. The course of instruction is considered very good. Philip rather pitied English boys, and some Americans, far away from their homes, alone here; but they seemed happy, and even rather proud of their lot.

The castle of Chillon is not far from Vevay. A pretty excursion either by steamboat, by rail, or on foot. The gloomy dungeon did not strike the terror it should into the hearts of our practical young people. Their emotions were weakened by learning that Byron did not know the real history of Bonnivard when he wrote the poem about him.

But Bonnivard was a real hero, who resisted the tyranny of the Duke of Savoy in 1504. It was the old quarrel between Catholic and Protestant. The latter called themselves Eidgenossen, which became corrupted into Huguenots, and thus arose that title, under which have suffered since so many martyrs. Bonnivard protested so boldly that he was kept for many years in the Castle of Chillon; but he was liberated at last.

The country about Vevay is devoted to grapes, and vineyards stretch up the hills, separated by high walls, with narrow paths between them. The walls themselves are pretty, with little ferns growing in

cracks, and small lizards darting about; but as they are so high above the head as to shut out all view, and as they are roughly paved with cobble-stones, it is tedious walking in them, and after a time, the foot-passenger feels himself hardly repaid for a long tramp by the views from the fields above, although these views are lovely, looking down upon the lake.

Outside Vevay, the shore of the lake is lined with pensions, where

MONTREUX.

people come in the grape-season for pleasure, or for the grape-cure. In the latter case, they eat as many grapes as possible all day long; and the effect has been proved very good for consumptive patients, in many cases, of this treatment, aided by the soft and pure air. Tommy thought it would be delightful to have to take this cure, but he was assured he would get as tired of grapes as of oatmeal, if he had to eat them all the time. The grapes were beginning to ripen, but were not yet plentiful. The vines are trimmed so close

about little stakes, that they have not the beauty of the rambling wild grape-vines, that hang over arbors elsewhere.

All summer long, men and women are working in the vineyards to keep the shoots from growing, which would diminish the size of the bunches; and to destroy all the small enemies that infest the vine.

Philip grew so tired of the long lanes and stiff vines, that he disliked the whole subject of grapes. Afterwards in Paris, when the season was in its very prime, he forgot, while tasting a beautiful bunch, how stupid he had thought the process of raising it.

At Bouveret, not far from Vevay, the Rhone comes into the Lake of Geneva, or Lake Léman, as it is called by the French. The river has changed the country around into a marsh. It rushes into the lake with such force that its current can be traced for over a mile in the lake, and the color, too, is different from the wonderful pellucid green of the rest of the lake.

All the young people had frequent baths at Vevay. There is a good bathing establishment in the town. The first time the girls went, the bathwoman showed them a place fenced off from the rest of the lake with ropes across it, for ladies.

"*Mais je sais nager!*" complained Mary.

"*Alors! mademoiselle, tout le lac est à vous!*" and the two girls ran to the end of a long pier, and plunged head first into the deep green water.

German was now laid aside, for every one talks French in Vevay. At first, German words kept coming into the Horners' heads, but very soon the easy French asserted itself again, and, as it happened, they had little further occasion to exercise their German.

The tenth of September came, and found them still at Vevay.

"Must we go home, mamma?" said Tommy.

"I am afraid so, Tommy," said his mamma. "Do not you begin to think you have had enough travelling?" continued Mrs. Horner, somewhat wearily.

"Never!" exclaimed Tommy.

This the rest echoed.

Perhaps they had, however, had enough for one time. It is a

good plan to go home and talk about it, to settle down and recall all the experiences of the journey, and collect and assort the ideas received.

Another time, they would know much better what they most wished to see, and could make an excursion to some one part of the world, exclusively for that country and no other. This family flight was to be considered only a trial trip, and all the Horners, great and small, formed castles in the air, beginning "When we come the next time!"

They left Vevay on the 13th of September, and sailed across to Geneva,—their last excursion upon a Swiss st boat.

FIELD FLOWERS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GENEVA.

QUIETLY floating along on beautiful Lake Léman, the Horners enjoyed its deep blue color, and the pretty little boats with lateen-sails, and regretted that they were to leave it so soon.

"Papa," said Philip, "the Swiss are a brave people, but they have

GENEVA.

always been quarrelling and fighting together. I think they are praised too much."

"You must remember," replied Mr. Horner, "that they have kept up a republic since the peace of Westphalia in 1648; and in some fashion for a much longer time. That is why we Americans should respect them."

"Yes, their wars for independence were grand: Morgarten and Laupen, and all that; but it was mean of them to fight for Louis XI. against Charles the Bald. It was not their quarrel, and they did it for money."

"True; and the Swiss have the reputation of loving money; ever since the time when Louis XI. discovered they could be bought, they have been willing to be mercenary troops."

"But," said Mary, "they are very brave, whatever they fight for. Think of the Swiss guards at the Tuileries!"

"Yes," replied her father; "and decided and strong-willed. Living among these mountains, I fancy, has imparted a rugged element to their character which generations of people brought up in smooth valleys would lack."

"Louis XI. is the king in Quentin Durward," remarked Bessie, "who wore little images round his hat."

"Was he the great grandfather of Louis XIV.?" asked Tommy.

"Why?" demanded Bessie scornfully.

"Because it goes twelve, thirteen, fourteen," replied Tommy meekly, aware that he had blundered.

Mr. Horner explained. "There were two centuries between them, and half a dozen or more kings with other names. Louis XI. belonged to the house of Valois; but, do you not know, Tommy?—Henry of Navarre, who became Henry IV., was not then the direct heir to the throne. His ancestor was St. Louis, and with him the great house of Bourbon began to reign."

"Enough! enough of dates and kings," exclaimed Miss Lejeune; "for see, there is Mt. Blanc, a monarch who never abdicates!"

They were passing Morges on the north shore of the lake, and through an opening of the mountains could see Mt. Blanc, snow-capped, lofty and grand.

"I am afraid his majesty will resent our neglecting him," said Mrs. Horner. "I wish we could see more of him."

"Another time, mamma!" said Mary. "You know we are coming again next year."

THE PRETTY WIDOW.

The young Horners were careful to lose no chance of impressing this idea upon their mother, afraid that, once at home, she would settle down, and be slow to start again.

They lunched on the boat, in a saloon with square windows all around, so that the views were not lost. At table they recognized the pretty widow who was on the *St. Laurent*, but instead of her devoted cavalier of the voyage, was a stout, red-faced gentleman, who tied his napkin round his throat, and "ate volubly," as Bessie expressed it, of everything within, or near his reach. The ladies had not been introduced to this lady, but after lunch Mr. Horner, who had some slight acquaintance with her, rose and joined her for awhile.

"Allow me to present you to my husband," she said. The Horners heard this, and Mary whispered, "Mamma, that's her husband! then

she was not a widow at all on the voyage, was she? How funny!"

"Hush, my dear, she will hear you; we only guessed she was a widow."

It is an odd thing about travelling, that fellow-passengers are always turning up. One seems never to be rid of them; and the little theories formed of their histories are often unravelled or upset by further observation.

Geneva is the town of Calvin, the favored home of Gibbon, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Madame de Staël. These great names associate

STATUE OF ROUSSEAU.

themselves with it; but in their brief visit to Geneva of a day, the Horners saw but little to suggest them, for they had not time for Ferney, to see the house of Voltaire, or to stop at Coppet to look at the portrait of Madame de Staël. In fact, they were tired of sight-seeing of this description; fairly satiated with lions.

They walked about the streets of the large town, looking at handsome shops, and admiring the beautiful jewelry, fans, and pretty

trifles, for which they are renowned. Every kind of mechanical toy which requires clock-work was to be found, music boxes of all descriptions, footstools that played a march, photograph albums that performed "Ever of Thee" while you looked at the likenesses, snuff-boxes, match boxes — all were musical The little travelling clocks with a cathedral chime, and all manner of watches, enchanted them.

A CARVED FAN.

Mr. and Mrs. Horner bought several things to add to the collection of little travel-presents they were taking home.

They all assembled at the hotel for dinner and a quiet evening.

When the bundles were brought home from the shops, the children seemed to be in a state of great excitement, and after a little whispering, they came together to Miss Lejuene, and Mary put a box in her hand.

"That is what we want, all of us, to give you," she said, "as a

souvenir of our flight, and because you took such good care of us in Norway."

Miss Lejeune was perfectly amazed. She found the case contained a lovely little enameled watch, with a pretty chain, exactly what she wanted, for, strange to say, she had hitherto possessed only a large old-fashioned time-keeper.

"My dears," she said, after it had been examined and praised, and wound up and listened to, "I accept it joyfully, but not as a reward, because I have done nothing but enjoy myself for a whole year!"

DISTANT VIEW OF GENEVA.

Now came another long pull from Geneva to Paris, thirteen hours and a half by train. But Miss Lejeune resigned herself heroically to one more night of misery, and said she should comfort herself when she was awake in the dark, by taking out her new watch and feeling of it, although she should not be able to see it. They left Geneva about two in the afternoon, in an immensely long train. The

station was crowded with passengers, and they had to wait a long time before they could get their tickets, or have their trunks weighed and labelled with the mysterious papers pasted on them by the skillful porters.

They were hardly settled in their places when the train entered a tunnel two miles and a half long, which kept them silent, and Bessie with her head in her mother's lap; she hated tunnels, and this was the very worst they had passed through.

A sort of weary content settled over the famille Horner, as they had so often been called. They leaned back in their respective corners. Who shall say what thoughts filled each mind? Perhaps the mamma was looking forward to home and housekeeping, and repose in her quiet corner. The papa may have allowed himself to revert to business affairs, and to consider what changes he could make at the office to allow him to come down town later in the morning.

Mary and Bessie thought of their friends and cousins at home, and of the glory they should gain in recounting their adventures abroad. Philip, — he never looked forward, — was still meditating on the Swiss republic, and Tommy was wondering where they should stop to eat next.

Miss Lejeune was devoting her attention, just then, wholly to her toilette for the next winter, and deciding what to order, and what not to buy, in Paris. So darkness fell, and the train went rumbling on, through many places of great interest and scenes of picturesque attraction; but these were all invisible in the night-time, and little heeded by the sleepy heads of the Horners. In the middle of the night, they stopped at Dijon, where there was a *buffet*, and Miss Lejeune, who was wide-awake, and Mr. Horner who was half asleep, tumbled out for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. This was considered to be the only meal on their travels of which Tommy took no cognizance. He was sound asleep with his head in his mother's lap, and when he awoke in the dawn, rather later than the rest, he could not imagine where the bunch of grapes came from which his father had put within easy reach of his hand.

They arrived in Paris in the morning about seven o'clock; had the usual delay in the waiting-room, but found and identified their luggage without difficulty, and rattled in their omnibus back to the familiar and well-beloved Hotel du Rhin, which seemed already like a kind of home. The porter with the ruffled hair stood at the door as if he had been there ever since they left. The gracious landlady came out and greeted them, and even said to Mary,

PLACE VENDOME AGAIN.

"*Comme vous etes devenue belle, mademoiselle,*" which seemed to Mary a fine instance of French politeness towards a young woman, dishevelled after a night of travel, with her hat jammed over her eyes, her ruffles awry, and shabby gloves.

They had written to announce their coming, and by great good luck, found that their own old salon had been kept for them. The sleeping chambers were different, and Phil and Tommy no longer had their delightful room with a view of the Place Vendôme, but a small crack looking out into a well going down through the house, with a view of nothing but gutters and pipes, a small square of sky fringed with chimneys above, and a rubbish hole far below.

However, nobody objected to anything proposed now. The ladies were scarcely seen from morning till night. They set off either singly or in pairs with long lists of shopping. The salon remained vacant all day, and each one lunched where he could. The boys and their father, besides the few purchases they had to make, had time to review their old favorite haunts, and to study up some neglected points of historical interest. In the evening they met around a pleasant dinner table, inspected the bargains and extravagances of the day, and discussed the wisdom of their selections.

There is a difference of opinion on the subject of shopping in Paris. Some ladies assert that everything is much cheaper and better in that city than in New York or Boston; and others directly the reverse.

However this may be, when American women are in Paris, they seldom resist the temptation of spending money there, and Mrs. Horner thought it well to buy whatever she and the girls would wear for the next winter at least, in the gay capital of fashion.

One evening Tommy and Mary were having a chat, and Mary said, "Now, Tommy, what do you like best of all the things we have done?"

"I don't know," said Tommy, and he reflected. Then he added in a low voice, "I know what I liked worst: that night alone at Flüelen."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PARIS AGAIN.

MY dear children, how you have grown!" exclaimed Mrs. Stuyvesant; "and how excessively pretty Mary has become!" she added in a tone meant to be low, but which was more audible than was wise.

The Horners had grown, and Mary was very pretty. She was taller

TUILERIES.

than last year and looked now in perfectly good health, her complexion slightly browned by their out-door summer, but not spoiled by exposure to the sun. This was two or three days after their return to Paris, and the results of their shopping were already visible in a pretty

street-costume which Mary was wearing. Both she and Bessie had outgrown all the clothes they had not worn out, and new ones were a necessity, and Mary in hers seemed to have blossomed into a young

TELESCOPE, PARIS OBSERVATORY.

lady. Philip was almost as tall as his father, and quite a different person from the little Jack of a year ago.

"Is this my friend Tommy?" demanded the cordial Mr. Stuyvesant. "Sir, my respects!"

An early day was appointed for a dinner at the Stuyvesants' apartment. The Horners had now so much to tell that they found it less dull than a previous occasion; it was easier to talk about Europe with their hosts than upon American topics, of which the Stuyvesants knew little or nothing. They had visited all the hotels in Switzerland, and had passed one summer at the Monnet.

The Tuileries garden was looking very pretty then. It was a little later in the season than when the Horners first saw it; the leaves were still on the trees, and the weather was warm enough for groups of people to stroll about and sit upon the benches.

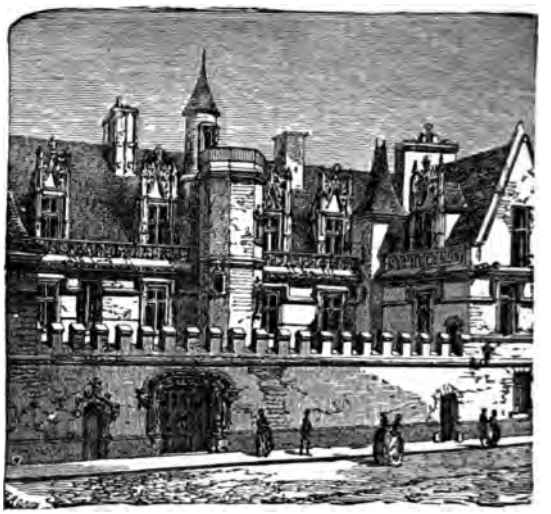
Philip and Tommy saw the wonders of the Paris observatory, especially the immense silver on glass reflector which is there. Mr. Stuyvesant introduced them to a gentleman who made it quite intelligible to them.

The Hotel Cluny was something which had been too long postponed on their former visit to do it justice; and all the Horners devoted a day to the study of it, before leaving Paris.

A Roman emperor is believed to have been the founder of the palace, of which a portion still exists in the Thermes or baths. Julian was proclaimed emperor here by his soldiers in 360.

At the close of the 15th century, the Abbot of Cluny in Burgundy built a small mansion which is the present Hotel Cluny, on the site of the old Roman palace, that they might have a suitable residence in Paris. The abbots put their house at the disposition of the king of France, as they were seldom in Paris; and it has been used from time to time as a royal resort. An English queen of France came here as a widow, and her room is still shown, called the chamber de la Reine Blanche. This was Mary, sister of Henry VIII. of England, who was married, much against her will, to Louis XII. She was his third wife, and he was growing old, but he wanted to make a friendly alliance with England. He died in 1515, only a year after this marriage, and la Reine Blanche was left a widow in the white chamber of Cluny, which was then newly built.

In 1833 the hotel fell into the hands of an enthusiastic collector of curiosities, which are now to be seen by the general public. There are so many, and they are so miscellaneous, that the Horners found it difficult to pick out the plums, and afterwards to remember what they had seen. Sixty little wooden figures, representing the kings of France from Clovis down to Louis XIII., amused them more than the jawbone of Molière did, which is also exhibited.



HOTEL CLUNY.

The last evening arrived. The room was full of *cartons*, — paper boxes, containing the last purchases. A man came from the Bon Marché with a huge pile of bundles and boxes, and the long list with prices attached, which must be looked over, verified, and paid. Their friend the abbé was making his last visit, but the ladies, rather absent-minded, with their hearts in their bargains, left the conversation chiefly to Mr. Horner. Perceiving this, the tactful Frenchman rose to go much earlier than his wont; and then Miss Lejeune and Mrs. Horner much regretted their preoccupation, for they liked him very much, and this was their last sight of him. But as soon as he was gone, they fell tooth and nail upon packing. Miss Augusta swept off an avalanche of packages to her room, and came back for more. The young people were sent to bed, and till midnight, lights were burning in the apartment Horner, while trunks were compressed to their utmost. At last all was still, and peace reigned until the early start of the next day.

More than the usual confusion of departure ruled in the Horners' rooms in the early morning. There was much luggage to be

strapped, two new trunks to be counted, one of them a packing-box belonging to Miss Lejeune. This box contained not only purchases for herself, but many commissions for friends at home; for almost every letter she had received of late contained some such passage as this:

"While you are buying your gloves, get me a dozen or so. My number is six and three-quarters you know; and of course you must remember that for mine the little finger has to be shorter than usual; but they understand that at the Bon Marché;" or, —

"What I want is a really good black silk, one that will not crack, and will wear well. You ought to be able to get it for seven francs the mètre."

And so on. Miss Lejeune was very stern in her doctrine that

SEINE.

no one should ever do any shopping in Paris for any friend, however intimate; but her practice was less perfect than her theory, and she went out every day with a little bunch of letters pinned together for reference as to the special injunctions contained in them.

The coffee was brought, the omnibus was waiting below. Mary served the other children in her hat, hand-bag and umbrella by her side. Bessie and the boys were ready and impatient for the start.

"Come, mamma, come papa!" cried Mary. "Your coffee is hot!"

"That is all, I believe," said Mrs. Horner, as she rose from her knees before the last trunk. "Run, Philip, and see if you cannot help Augusta."

"She is all right, mamma; her trunks are gone down. She is putting on her veil, I believe."

Mr. Horner finished the last shawl-strap. Miss Lejeune entered, her gloves in her hand. They took their coffee standing, threw a last glance round the room to be sure nothing was left, and hurried down to the omnibus.

It was a little late, and they rattled off at a rapid pace, and soon reached the Embarcadère du Nord in the Place Roubaix. There was just time to weigh the luggage, procure the tickets, and scramble into a carriage, before the little whistle shrieked, and the train moved out of the station.

"Well!" sighed Mrs. Horner, as she drew a long breath, "that is the worst scramble we have had."

"It will be the last," said Mr. Horner cheerfully, "as the trunks go direct to Liverpool. Our little things will be no trouble for the few days we are in London."

"I shall be thankful," she continued, "to be done with living in trunks."

"Oh mamma!" exclaimed Bessie. "I love our Norway valise, especially now it is stuck all over with Norway labels. I hope they will stay on always."

AT BOULOGNE.

A few hours brought them to Boulogne, and they went immediately on board the inconvenient little boat which plies the channel. All they saw of Boulogne was a long pier. It ran out into the water several hundred yards, covered with groups of people watching

the departure of the boat, which seems to be the chief event of Boulogne life. The Horners imagined them all to be the sort of

FOLKESTONE.

people, described in novels by Thackeray and others, as living there.

The much-dreaded passage was very mild for the Horners. A little roughness, and the fear that the sea might become more hostile,

made them sit huddled together upon the deck of the little boat; but the passage was soon over, and they were approaching, before they knew it, the white cliffs of Albion.

At Folkestone, the tidal express train was waiting, and a long ride of several hours brought them, after dark, to London.

"How queer to hear the people speaking English!" exclaimed Tommy; and so it seemed to them all; and yet they had a feeling, possibly on account of the familiar language, that they were already at home.

The train moved into the huge Charing Cross station. The luggage had to be examined.

"I suppose there is nothing here?" asked the obliging custom's officer, as he unlocked, for form's sake, a small valise belonging to the Horners.

"Nothing at all," said Mr. Horner. "These are only our clothes, in daily use."

As the top was laid back, however, conspicuously to be seen were two or three volumes of the Tauchnitz edition, which are liable to duty in England. This was a trifling difficulty, and made no trouble.

They drove to their hotel, and for the first time had an English supper and slept in English beds, and heard the English servants plentifully dropping their h's.

"'Ere's your 'ot water, madam," called the obliging maid at Miss Lejeune's door. The clock on the church near by struck the hour and all the quarters. So it had done in Germany, but it did it here with an English sound. Visions of Dickens' and of Thackeray's characters floated before them as they slept, and they awoke with a delightful thrill at the thought that they were in London. Everything they touched left a black mark on their fingers. This was the soot which pervades the dusky atmosphere of the great city.

But one day only was left for London, if they would reach Liverpool the night before the starting of the steamer, as they wished. It was the eighteenth of September, and they were to sail the

AT THE LONDON TERMINUS.

twentieth, in order to reach home on the first of October, — just a year from their start.

They all decided that the thing they wished most to see in London, was the Tower; and thither they went early in the morning, and satisfied themselves by going all over it and examining all its

LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

treasures. They went by the underground railway, which amused them much. They saw the famous Thames embankment, with Cleopatra's English needle on it; they looked wistfully at the outside of Westminster Abbey. Some of them had a dash through the streets in a hansom, and saw the Albert Monument in Kensington Gardens.

It was a hurried, wild sort of day, every one running about on his own devices; Mr. Horner very busy in the city. Somebody kept

tight hold of Tommy all the time, and for a wonder, the whole party turned up safe for a seven o'clock dinner. Here was found Miss Lejeune, sitting before a dull fire of coals, for the weather had been cold and foggy, with a French novel in her hand. She had not stirred from the hotel all day.

"I thought I would not begin on London for so short a time," she said, yawning, as she put down her book. "I was rather tired, and there is so much to do here, it seemed better to do nothing."

"Oh! aunt Gus, we love London!" cried Bessie. "Do not you like it?"

"Oh yes, I like it very much, and ever so many people in it. If there had been more time, I would have let several people know I was here, but we were not quite sure beforehand what day we should be here."

They all laughed at her. Mr. Horner said perhaps she was right. They went to bed early, and the next day were off for Liverpool.

TOWER OF LONDON.

CHAPTER XL.

FACING HOMEWARD.

IN the station at London, Bessie met a little girl sitting patiently on a trunk alone; she was about the size Bessie had been when the Horners started the year before; but now Bessie quite looked down on her. They began a little conversation, and she found her to be a little American named Nelly Ferguson, who was going home to New York with her father. Afterward, it turned out they were going by the very same steamer; but their acquaintance was established before that, for Nelly and her father travelled all the way to Liverpool in the same carriage.

It was a little crowded, for the compartments are intended for eight only, and this addition made nine in theirs; but it came about naturally. The Horners were already in their carriage, when Nelly's father passed by, looking for places, holding her by the hand.

It was late, the places were filling up, and the guard was closing the doors of the carriages.

"Papa, that is the same little girl; may she come in here?"

Mr. Horner threw open the door, and invited the gentleman to enter. He looked grateful, but hesitated. The guard hurried them in, the door was closed, the train moved off. Mr. Ferguson apologized for crowding them. He looked worried and sad, and with instinctive sympathy all the Horners made room, and convinced him that Nelly and Bessie could sit in the same division with Tommy without any real inconvenience.

It proved later that Nelly's history was sad. She came abroad with her parents, on account of the health of her mother, who was very ill; and while they went to the south of France, Nelly staid

with some aunts outside of London. The mother died, and Mr. Ferguson was now on the way back to America, having stopped in London to take up Nelly, and carry her back with him to New York.

She was a sweet little girl, and was soon telling the children about the place on the Thames, where she had been living with her aunts, and the pleasure of rowing on the broad river; of the parties that went out to fish in broad, flat-bottomed boats, and of the lovely cowslips and bluebells to be found in spring in the meadows.

FROM THE WINDOW.

None of these things came out on the first day; but the broad crape on Mr. Ferguson's hat warned the older Horners that he had lately met with some serious loss. He was a man some years older than Mr. Horner, intelligent and companionable.

At first the children kept at the windows of the carriage, and did not weary of the English landscape they were looking at for the first time. When they were well away from the far-reaching suburbs of London, they came upon beautiful fields and meadows, with large trees, pretty stone cottages, hedgerows and stiles, everything looking, as they thought, just like a drawing book of copies, or as if made to match a description by Miss Edgeworth. Occasionally the top of a castle, or the spire of a cathedral showed itself

ON THE THAMES.

in the distance. The neatness of the sides of the road on which the train travelled attracted their attention as it had done in France. Here, they were told, the master of each station may cultivate the ground about it, and is responsible for its appearance. When the way leads through a cutting, the sloping banks on either side are turfed and green. No one is allowed to cross the track as he likes in England; but at the stations a foot-bridge leads over the road from one side to the other. It is sometimes inconvenient, when one is late, to have to run up a long flight of steps, across the bridge, and down the other side, to take the train on its own side of the road; at home we should not hesitate to dart across the other track, at the risk of life and limb, but in England things are done with more method, and the habit of arriving at the last minute is not culti.ated.

Continual looking out of windows at flying objects, becomes fatiguing at last; and after an hour or two the Horners leaned back in their seats, and their minds reverted to their past experiences.

"How long it seems since we landed at Havre!" said Mary, "and how many, many things we have seen and done since then!"

"Which do you like best of all the places you have been in?" asked little Nelly Ferguson.

"What a question!" replied Philip, rather roughly; "as if anybody could tell!"

But the question set them all to thinking. Mary announced at last that she liked Paris best.

"Why, Mary?" asked her mother, rather surprised, for Mary's love of picturesque nature had showed itself very clearly of late.

"Oh think, mamma," replied Mary, "what a cosey time we had there; and then there are so many attractions. I shall never like German as well as French, but above all I never shall forget the pleasure of learning to see pictures in the right way."

Miss Lejeune patted her pupil's hand, but Philip said,

"Oh pshaw! there you go on your old masters. I prefer the Rhone glacier to everything else in Europe."

"What a cold taste!" said Bessie. "I know what I like best,

jogging along in carrioles in Norway, with something beautiful to look at sure to come, when we turned the next corner."

"What do you like best, Tommy?" asked Nelly.

"Bears," was the laconic reply; and Tommy had been faithful to this affection: bears in Paris, bears in Berlin, in Copenhagen, and at Berne, he had visited and fed with untiring devotion. He would have chosen the Zoölogical Garden for their one sight in London.

Liverpool was reached, and they went at once to the large and comfortable Adelphi. Baths were in order, followed by a tranquil evening and good dinner, to start the next morning perfectly fresh on their voyage.

The ladies all stayed in the hotel, but the boys went out with their father and admired the broad, well-built streets, handsome buildings, and the solid, prosperous look of the place.

LIVERPOOL BOY.

Liverpool is, next to London, the principal seaport of England. The older parts of the town are narrow and ill built, but picturesque; in the new part they are wide, airy, and well-paved. The Town Hall and St. George's Hall are showy and conspicuous buildings; but Philip Horner was so tired of buildings by this time, that he scarcely glanced at them.

The great docks interested him, however. They are the most remarkable feature of Liverpool. They lie along the margin of the River Mersey, most of them parallel with it, but some jutting out at right angles; wet docks and dry docks and all kinds of docks, immense places for ships of great burden, with gates

BEARS.

for letting in or excluding the water. The river wall, which fronts the line of these docks, is five miles long.

Miss Lejeune and Mr. Horner found much to admire in Liverpool, and they both would have been glad to stay longer, with letters to a few of

ARIZONA'S WHEEL.

the people of the town, in order to see the inside of some of the houses, and enjoy the society of the place. But the children were in a state of unsettled excitement, partly longing for home, partly looking forward to the voyage; they could no longer practice their rule of enjoying the pre

sent moment, but counted the hours before they should go on board their steamer. Tommy, strange to say, was tired out; and he slept during a great part of the Liverpool day. His mother was glad of it, for she wanted him to be fresh for the start on the Atlantic. She herself was nervous about the voyage, and spent the time at the hotel, changing her little sea effects from one package to another; making lists of last things she was sure would be forgotten.

The last day of their stay in Europe arrived. Their luck in weather did not yet desert them, and it was bright and clear.

Mr. Horner had a good deal to do, in gathering together the trunks which had been forwarded from Paris, and as they were to sail before noon, they all went early to the docks.

While Mr. Horner, taking Philip with him, hunted up their effects, among others their sea-chairs, left at Havre, to be forwarded to Liverpool, the ladies, with Tommy as guard, sat under a sort of shed, and watched the bustle already beginning. Several great steamers were to start on that day, and, on account of the tide, all at nearly the same time; but nearest them rose the huge bulk of the one in which their passages were engaged, the *Arizona*, of the Guion Line, — for Miss Lejeune was not even to go home in a White Star.

The hour of departure was approaching. Trunks were wheeled on huge barrows across the planks; passengers filed over the gangway to the deck of the steamer.

"Are we all here?"

Mr. Horner asked this, coming up with the smile of one who has attended to everything.

"I have found all our packages, every one," he continued, "sea-chairs, rugs, trunks, — I think nothing is forgotten. We may as well be going on board. Philip, give your arm to Miss Lejeune." Philip was now quite tall enough to perform this service.

Mrs. Horner took her husband's arm; the children followed behind them.

They had to turn out a little for a heap of trunks ready to go, on the top of which was one that looked very familiar to them all. It was a little portmanteau, marked C. H.

As they crossed the plank, and stepped on board the *Arizona*, a gentleman equipped for the voyage, with a rug over his arm, put out his hand to help the ladies.

It was Mr. Hervey.

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